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PICTORIAL REVIEW

NEW YORK (Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

ISSUED THE FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH AND DATED ONE MONTH IN ADVANCE

EDITED BY ARTHUR T. VANCE

Branch Offices:
Atlanta, Ga.
82-84 North Broad Street
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116 Bedford Street
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263-267 Adelaide Street, West

VOL. XX. No. 6

MARCH, 1919

Speaking of Pictorial Review's Fiction

Read what America's Foremost Literary Critic Has to Say

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN of *The Boston Transcript* is considered the foremost literary critic in America. He is a profound student of the short story and publishes annually a list of the best stories that have appeared in American magazines and newspapers during the year.

For 1918, Mr. O'Brien again gives pride of place to PICTORIAL REVIEW among magazines of its class. PICTORIAL REVIEW led them all. In fact, only three magazines of a purely literary character surpassed PICTORIAL REVIEW in quality of stories published. And these magazines cost Three and Four Dollars per year.

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Four of these Notable Pictures Appear in this Issue—pages 17-20

THE foremost artists of the world are painting a series of historical pictures of the great war especially for PICTORIAL REVIEW. We published the first of the series in February. Others will be found in this issue and there will be more in the months to come.

These noteworthy pictures will be reproduced in full color, full-page size, ready for framing. They are indeed worthy of preservation for future generations.

Don't miss a single one of them. They will constitute a pictorial history of the war that it will be impossible to duplicate.

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Single copies 20 cents

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
WILLIAM PAUL AHNELT, President and Publisher
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING, 214-226 West 39th Street, NEW YORK

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PICTORIAL REVIEW is published by The Pictorial Review Company, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York. William Paul Ahnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-Pres.; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-Pres.; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director

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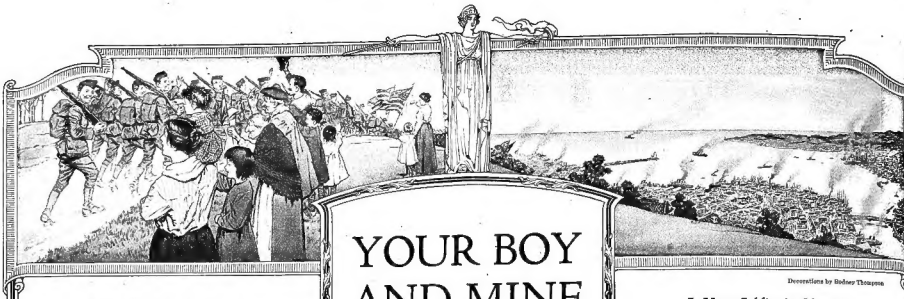


YOUR BOY AND MINE

Conducted By
IDA CLYDE CLARKE

EDITORIAL NOTE: Our boys are coming home every day, now, and we mothers of America must not be unprepared. New problems will present themselves, and Pictorial Review will continue to answer any inquiries regarding them, and try to help in their solution. Please send stamped, self-addressed envelop (large size) when you write. Address Ida Clyde Clarke, Washington Editor, Pictorial Review, 707 20th Street, Washington, D. C.

Decorations by Rodney Thompson

Little Facts of Big Interest

THE personal belongings and record of the last words of soldiers killed in France are kept by responsible persons abroad (generally the chaplains) and in due time will be sent to the nearest relatives. This will not be done for some months after peace, however.

Inquiries about Liberty Bonds paid for by soldiers and not received by relatives should be referred to the *Pay of the Army Division, Allotment Branch, 8th and E Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.* Liberty Bonds purchased by sailors are handled by the Auditor for the Navy Department.

Inquiries regarding the location in France of a particular soldier's grave should be referred to the *Cemeterial Section, Office of the Quartermaster-general, 19th and B Streets, Washington, D. C.* The Government contemplates bringing the bodies of American soldiers home after the war and burying them in National Cemeteries. This plan is not yet formulated and some prefer having the bodies of their loved ones remain in France. It will be many months before the bodies of our boys can be brought to this country in any event.

All letters of inquiry regarding men in France, whether casualties have been reported or not, should be referred to the *Casualty Section, War Department, First and B Streets, Washington, D., C.* Inquiries about men who are still in the United States should be sent to the *Office of the Adjutant-general, War Department, Washington, D. C.*

The modern American substitute for the pension is "Compensation." Compensation applies to officers and enlisted men alike, when employed in active service, regardless of rank or pay, and is payable for death or disability incurred in the line of duty and not caused by their own wilful misconduct. In case of death, compensation is paid to the wife, children, and dependent father or mother. Apply for application blanks to the *War Risk Insurance Bureau.*

The War Department does not give out advance notification of demobilization plans. People interested in the demobilization of certain divisions should watch their local papers for notification.

All inquiries regarding American prisoners should be addressed to the *Office of the Adjutant-general, War Department, Washington, D. C.*, as this office will receive the first official information regarding individual cases.

Making Soldiers Fit to Live

THE service planned by the Government for disabled soldiers is a distinctly personal one. In the first place the man may select his course of training. Among the courses given are those in agriculture, commerce and industry, transportation, or the professions. The first step in the preliminary training to fit the soldier for his definite occupation or pursuit. There follows a probationary period of employment and the subsequent permanent employment. But even then the Government's help does not stop, for there is a "follow up" plan to safeguard his interests and advise him regarding his personal and business affairs. Under the supervision of the Surgeon-general, the man is made physically fit to work.

Then, under the Federal Board of Vocational Education he is trained, after which employment is found for him through the United States Employment Service which has branch agencies in all the States.

Farms for Returned Soldiers

MASSACHUSETTS has taken the lead in a most important plan. The State Commission appointed by Governor Samuel W. McCall, at the request of Secretary Lane of the Interior Department, has begun planning for the State's returning soldiers to take up farming. The suggestion has been made that the State acquire 200,000 acres for division into forty-acre farms, and give the soldiers thirty years in which to pay for them. A central farm where soldiers can test their fitness and liking for farm life is also suggested. It is quite likely that this plan will find favor and be adopted in other States. Ask your State Agricultural College about it.

Finding the Right Job

ONE of the branches of activity of the United States Employment Service, Department of Labor, now very busy, is the Placement Section of the United States Public Reserve. This is maintained for the purpose of putting men and women of unusual qualifications in specialized positions. It works independently as well as through the regular employment offices, for it reaches out to the various Government Departments in which persons of extraordinary or unique attainments are needed, and even goes beyond them to put persons in positions where their highly individualized talents or training may be of the greatest possible value in the national life. H. P. Rusling, head of the section, and Mrs. Charles Eldridge, his assistant, make a study of each applicant. A man and his wife who had done important work in Alaska were directed to just the right places in the War Department. Perhaps the most typical instance of what this section accomplishes is that of the inventor of a highly efficient anti-submarine device. This man, who was not certain just what he could do for his country, was placed in a position where he could develop his idea. The work of this section, which has proved so successful, began as an experiment. Mr. Rusling sought the privilege of seeing what he could do in this unique venture. He volunteered to give his time, and gradually proved that there is a need for a branch of the employment service which draws from the great army of men and women who are different from the army of skilled and unskilled workers, either by reason of talent or training, experience or personality. If you feel that you are fitted for some specialized work, write to Mr. Rusling.

Rates for Discharged Soldiers

A REDUCTION of one-third in the current railroad coach fare for soldiers returning to their homes after being discharged from the Army, making the rate to them approximately two cents a mile, has been authorized. The law allows three and one-half cents per mile for transportation and sustenance of soldiers, and this action is to make certain that the allowance will cover the soldiers' entire traveling expenses. This ruling applies to all discharged soldiers, as well as to the 132,000 men stationed at the fourteen camps throughout the country who are being demobilized and honorably discharged as rapidly as possible.

Is Your Soldier in Siberia?

FOR the purpose of facilitating the transmission of messages sent to the United States by any person detailed to duty with our military or naval forces in Siberia, the Government has arranged that such person may, by special arrangement, have an address code-word registered with the cable censor in San Francisco for use by him in plain language cablegrams to a member of his family, partner, or other business connection in this country. The person wishing to register such an address should request permission through his commanding officer and should direct his request to the *Cable Censor, Postal Telegraph Building, San Francisco, Cal.* The code-word must consist of not more than ten letters and must be pronounceable. It is gratifying to know that American troops in Russia are equipped in the most complete manner to resist the cold of the North. Among other things that have been given are white sheepskin parkas, which resemble slip-on overcoats. They have been in use by Arctic Explorers and natives in Alaska. No better single garment to keep out the cold can be imagined. American soldiers in Russia have also been supplied with snowshoes, "mucklucks"—another form of snowshoe—and other Arctic paraphernalia to keep them comfortable.

Compensation Application Blanks

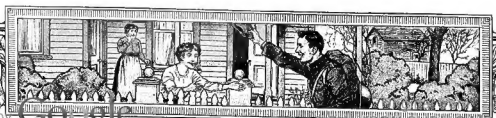
EVERY soldier claiming disability should have a compensation application blank (Form 526 Treasury Department, BWRI) at the time of his separation from the service. Care should be taken in answering Question 5 on page 2 of the application blank that a statement is made as to whether the claimant was accepted for general, special, or limited military service. The compensation application blank, when properly filled out and executed by the man, will be forwarded by the Camp Personnel Adjutant to the Compensation Section of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., with the copy of report of the physical examination attached thereto. The advice and assistance of the Camp War Risk Judge Advocate should be fully utilized in the preparation of an application for compensation, to save confusion and delay.

Reclaiming Land for Soldiers

A BILL appropriating $1,000,000 to make surveys of farms for returning soldiers has been unanimously reported by the Committee on Public Lands of the Senate. In its report the Committee says: "The proposed legislation is for the purpose of providing an opportunity to procure homes for those of our returning soldiers and sailors who may wish them upon their return from the war, as well as giving a like opportunity to thousands of workers in munition factories and other war industries who at the conclusion of the war will be out of employment. It is intended to promote, as nothing else ever has, the 'back-to-the-land' spirit." If you are interested, write to your *State Council of Defense, State Capitol*, for full information.

Men Wanted for Transports

THE United States Shipping Board calls for 5,000 volunteers to man the ships that are being used to bring our soldiers home from France. Men between eighteen and thirty-five years of age are acceptable. They are put aboard training ships at Boston, San Francisco, Seattle, New Orleans, and Cleveland for six weeks' training. Opportunity will be offered those who enlist in this service to remain permanently in the merchant marine after peace has been formally signed and the army returned to the United States. It is said that 400 men each month are required as firemen and hundreds of others as sailors, stewards, cooks, etc. The War Department Transport Service is co-operating fully with the Shipping Board.



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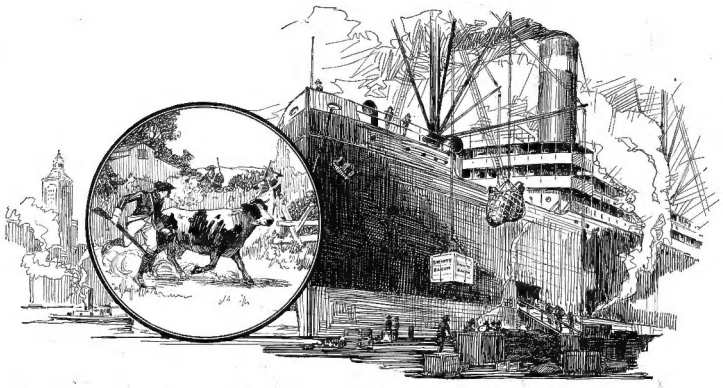

If the great war had been fought in George Washington's time

Of all the military problems that confronted George Washington there was none greater than that of feeding his armies.

Meat, the fighting man's most important ration then as now, was especially hard to obtain. Much of the time his soldiers had to depend for sustenance on what they could get by foraging.

* * *

America's job of meat supply, in the great war just ended, was a thousandfold bigger than Washington's. It was a job of feeding not only our own huge forces here and abroad but the Allied armies as well.

America succeeded because she had at her command what Washington didn't have—thousands of prosperous farms and *centralized large-scale organizations like that of Swift & Company for the production and distribution of meat.*

How well America succeeded, how well her meat machinery stood the test, is evidenced by a French military authority who not only said that France could not have held out without our support, but asserted that "the men over there in the French trenches are the best-fed men in Europe."

To give some idea of the immensity of the food problem—Swift & Company in one single month shipped 2,012 carloads of provisions overseas, valued at $21,268,000.

If America had been dependent on the meat supply methods of Washington's time, or even of Civil War time, it is not difficult to imagine what would have happened.

Speaking along this line, an American official said that it would have been a super-human task to gather and handle the meat necessary to feed the people during this great war if conditions had been the same as they were "during the Civil War, when the meat industry was scattered all over the country."

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Established 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 23,000 stockholders

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AND now little Mary Louise has acquired the proud privilege of washing her own rosy face and hands, without a bit of help from mother.

She finds it's lots of fun to chase the big floating cake of Ivory Soap around the wash bowl, making just mountains of fragrant cleansing suds to rub into her radiant cheeks. And mother knows that no matter how vigorously daughter scrubs, this pure mild lather can not irritate her tender skin.

Even though the rinsing be rather hurried—because of the reward to follow—there will be left no trace of soapy smell or unsightly gloss. Firm pink cheeks will be sweetly clean, ready for mother's kiss.

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MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S GREATEST NOVEL

DANGEROUS DAYS

A Story of American Married Life

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART ONE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

NATALIE SPENCER was giving a dinner. She was not an easy hostess. Like most women of futile lives she lacked a sense of proportion, and the small and unimportant details of the service absorbed her. Such conversation as she threw at random, to right and left, was trivial and distracted.

Yet the dinner was an unimportant one. It had been given with an eye more to the menu than to the guest list, which was characteristic of Natalie's mental processes. It was also characteristic that when the final course had been served without mishap, and she gave a sigh of relief before the gesture of withdrawal which was a signal to the other women, that she had realized no lack in it. The food had been good, the service satisfactory. She stood up, slim and beautifully dressed, and gathered up the women with a smile.

Through the open door the half-dozen women trailed out, Natalie in white, softly rustling as she moved, Mrs. Haverford in black velvet, a trifle tight over her ample figure, Marion Hayden, in a very brief garment she would have called a frock, perennial débutante that she was, rather negligible Mrs. Terry Mackenzie, and trailing behind the others, frankly loath to leave the men, Audrey Valentine. Clayton Spencer's eyes rested on Audrey with a smile of amused toleration, on her outrageously low green gown, that was somehow casually elegant, on her long green earrings and jade chain, on the cigaret between her slim fingers.

Audrey's audacity always amused him. In the doorway she turned and nonchalantly surveyed the room.

"For heaven's sake, hurry!" she apostrophized the table. "We are going to knit—I feel it. And don't give Chris anything more to drink, Clay. He's had enough."

She went on, a slim green figure, moving slowly and reluctantly toward the drawing-room, her head held high, a little smile still on her lips. But, alone for a moment, away from curious eyes, her expression changed, her smile faded, her lovely, irregular face took on a curious intensity.

What a devilish evening! Chris drinking too much, talking wildly, and always with furtive eyes on her. Chris! Oh, well, that was life, she supposed.

She stopped before a long mirror and gave a bit of careless attention to her hair. With more care she tinted her lips again with a cosmetic stick from the tiny, diamond-studded bag she carried. Then she turned and surveyed the hall and the library beyond. A new portrait of Natalie was there, hanging on the wall under a shaded light, and she wandered in, still with her cigaret, and surveyed it. Natalie had everything. The portrait showed it. It was beautiful, smug, complacent.

Mrs. Valentine's eyes narrowed slightly. She stood there, thinking about Natalie. She had not everything, after all. There was something she lacked. Charm, perhaps. She was a cold woman. But, then, Clay was cold, too. He was even a bit hard. Men said that; hard and ambitious, altho he was popular. Men liked strong men. It was only the weak they deplored and loved. Poor Chris!

She lounged into the drawing-room, smiling her slow, cool smile. In the big, uncarpeted alcove, where stood Natalie's great painted piano, Marion Hayden was playing softly, carefully posed for the entrance of the men. Natalie was sitting with her hands folded, in the exact center of a peacock-blue divan. The others were knitting.

"Very pretty effect, Toots!" Audrey called. And Miss Hayden gave her the unashamed smile of one woman of the world to another.

Audrey had a malicious impulse. She sat down beside Natalie, and against the blue divan her green gown shrieked a discord. She was vastly amused when Natalie found an excuse and moved away, to dispose herself carefully in a tall, old-gold chair, which framed her like a picture.

"We were talking of men, my dear," said Mrs. Haverford, placidly knitting.

"Of course," said Audrey, flippantly.

"Of what it is that they want more than anything else in the world."

"Children—sons," put in Mrs. Mackenzie. She was a robust, big woman with kindly eyes, and she was childless.

"Women!" called Toots Hayden. She was still posed, but she had stopped playing. Mrs. Haverford's eyes rested on her a moment, disapprovingly.

"What do you say, Natalie?" Audrey asked.

"I hadn't thought about it. Money, probably."

"YOU are all wrong," said Audrey, and lighted a fresh cigaret. "They want different things at different ages. That's why marriage is such a rotten failure. First they want women; any woman will do, really. So they marry—any woman. Then they want money. After that they want power and place. And when they've got that they begin to want—love."

"Good gracious, Audrey, what a cynical speech!" said Mrs. Mackenzie. "If they've been married all that time——"

"Oh, tut!" said Audrey, rudely.

She had the impulse of the unhappy woman to hurt, but she was rather ashamed of herself, too.

These women were her friends. Let them go on believing that life was a thing of lasting loves, that men were true to the end, and that the relationships of life were fixed and permanent things.

"I'm sorry," she said "I was just being clever! Let's talk about the war. It's the only thing worth talking about, anyhow."

In the dining-room Clayton Spencer, standing tall and erect, had watched the women go out. How typical the party was of Natalie, of her meticulous care in small things and her indifference or real ignorance as to what counted. Was it indifference, really, or was it supreme craftiness, the stupidity of her dinners, the general unattractiveness of the women she gathered around her, the ill-assortment of people who had little in themselves and nothing whatever in common?

OF ALL the party, only Audrey and the rector had interested him even remotely. Audrey amused him. Audrey was a curious mixture of intelligence and frivolity. She was a good fellow. Sometimes he thought she was a nice woman posing as not quite nice. He didn't know. He was not particularly analytical, but at least she had been one bit of cheer during the endless succession of courses.

The rector was the other, and he was relieved to find Doctor Haverford moving up to the vacant place at his right.

"I've been wanting to see you, Clay," he said in an undertone. "It's rather stupid to ask you how you found things over there. But I'm going to do it."

"You mean the war?"

"There's nothing else in the world, is there?"

"One wouldn't have thought so from the conversation here to-night."

Clayton Spencer glanced about the table. Rodney Page, the architect, was telling a story clearly not for the ears of the clergy, and his own son, Graham, forced in at the last moment to fill a vacancy, was sitting alone, bored and rather sulky, and sipping his third cognac.

Clayton had been aware, since his return from the continent and England days before, of a change in himself. He had not recognized it until he reached home. And he was angry with himself for feeling it. He had gone abroad for certain Italian contracts and had obtained them. A year or two, if the war lasted so long, and he would be on his feet at last, after years of struggle to keep his organization together through the hard times that preceded the war. He would be much more than on his feet. Given three more years of war, and he would be a very rich man.

And now that the goal was within sight, he was finding that it was not money he wanted. There were some things money could not buy. He had always spent money. His anxieties had not influenced his scale of living. Money, for instance, could not buy peace for the world, or peace for a man, either. It had only one value for a man; it gave him independence of other men, made him free.

"Three things," said the rector, apropos of something or other, and rather oratorically, "are required by the normal man. Work, play, and love. Assure the crippled soldier that he has lost none of these, and——"

Work and play and love. Well, God knows he had worked. Play? He would have to take up golf again more regularly. He ought to play three times a week. Perhaps he could take a motor-tour now and then, too. Natalie would like that.

Love? He had not thought about love very much. A married man of forty-five certainly had no business thinking about love. No, he certainly did not want love. He felt rather absurd, even thinking about it.

And yet, in the same flash, came a thought of the violent passions of his early twenties. There had been a time when he had suffered horribly because Natalie had not wanted to marry him. He was glad all that was over. No, he certainly did not want love.

He drew a long breath and straightened up.

"How about those plans, Rodney," he inquired genially. "Natalie says you have them ready to look over."

"I'll bring them round any time you say."

ANOTHER LITERARY TREAT

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART has probably written more successful books than any other American woman writer. "Dangerous Days," the opening instalment of which begins on this page, is her very best work. It is a big story—intensely interesting as a novel, vitally important in its faithful picture of a phase of American married life. Remember, if you don't like to read serials in monthly instalments, you can save the four numbers and read it all at once.

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"To-morrow, then. Better not lose any time. Building is going to be a slow matter, at the best."

"Slow and expensive," Page added. He smiled at his host, but Clayton Spencer remained grave.

"I've been away," he said, "and I don't know what Natalie and you have cooked up between you. But just remember this: I want a comfortable country house. I don't want a public library."

Page looked uncomfortable. The move into the drawing-room covered his uneasiness, but he found a moment later on to revert to the subject.

"I HAVE tried to carry out Natalie's ideas, Clay," he said. "She wanted a sizable place, you know. A wing for house-parties, and—that sort of thing."

Clayton's eyes roamed about the room. "She would, of course," he observed, rather curtly, and, moving through a French window, went out onto a tiny balcony into the night.

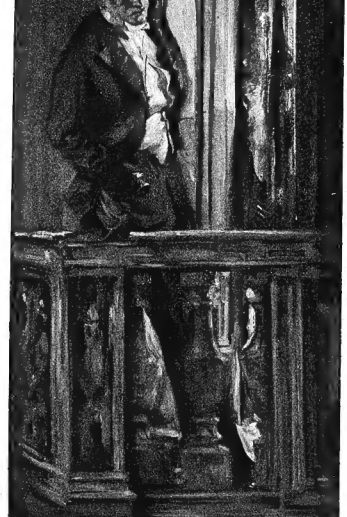
He was irritated with himself. What had come over him? He shook himself, and drew a long breath of the sweet night air.

His tall, boyishly straight figure dominated the little place. In the half-light he looked, indeed, like an overgrown boy.

He always looked like Graham's brother, anyhow; it was one of Natalie's complaints against him. But he put the thought of Natalie away, along with his new discontent. By George, it was something to feel that, if a man could not fight in this war, at least he could make shells to help end it. Oblivious to the laughter in the room behind him, the clink of glass as whiskey-and-soda was brought in, he planned there in the darkness, new organization, new expansions—and found in it a great content.

He was proud of his mills. They were his, of his making. The small iron foundry of his father's building had developed into the colossal furnaces that night after night lighted the down-town district like a great conflagration. He was proud of his mills and of his men. He liked to take men and see them work out his judgment of them. He was not often wrong. Take that room behind him: Rodney Page, *dilettante*, liked by women, who called him "Roddie," a trifle unscrupulous but not entirely a knave, the sort of man one trusted with everything but one's wife; Chris, too—only he let married women alone, and forgot to pay back the money he borrowed. There was only one man in the room about whom he was beginning to mistrust his judgment, and that was his own son.

Perhaps it was because he had so recently come from lands where millions of boys like Graham were pouring out their young lives like wine, that Clayton Spencer was seeing Graham with a new vision. He turned and glanced back into the drawing-room, where Graham, in the center of that misfit group and not quite himself, was stooping over Marion Hayden. They would have to face that, of course, the woman urge in the boy. Until now his escapades had been boyish ones, a few debts frankly revealed and as frankly regretted, some college mischiefs, a rather serious gambling fever, quickly curbed. But never women, thank God.



"He Planned in the Darkness, New Organization, New Expansions—and Found a Great Content"

But now the boy was through with college, and already he noticed something new in their relationship. Natalie had always spoiled him, and now there were, with increasing frequency, small consultations in her room when he was shut out, and he was beginning to notice a restraint in his relations with the boy, as the mother and son had united against him.

He was confident that Natalie was augmenting Graham's allowance from her own. His salary, rather, for he had taken the boy into the business, not as a partner—that would come later—but as the manager of a department. He never spoke to Natalie of money. Her house bills were paid at the office without question. But only that day Miss Potter, his secretary, had reported that Mrs. Spencer's bank had called up and he had made good a considerable overdraft.

He laid the cause of his discontent to Graham, finally. The boy had good stuff in him. He was not going to allow Natalie to spoil him, or to withdraw him into that little realm of detachment in which she lived. Natalie did not need him. She had not, either as a lover or a husband, for years. But the boy did.

There was a little stir in the room behind. The Haverfords were leaving, and the Hayden girl, who was plainly finding the party dull. Graham was looking down at her, a tall, handsome boy, with Natalie's blonde hair but his father's height and almost insolent good looks.

"Come around to-morrow," she was saying. "About four. There's always a crowd about five, you know."

Clayton knew, and felt a misgiving. The Hayden house was a late afternoon loafing and meeting place for the idle sons and daughters of the rich. Not the conservative old families, who had developed a sense of the responsibility of wealth, but of the second generation of easily acquired money. As she went out, with Graham at her elbow, he heard Chris, at the bridge table,

"Terrible house, the Haydens. Just one step from the Saturday night carouse in Clay's mill district."

When Graham came back, Mrs. Haverford put her hand on his arm.

"I wish you would come to see us, Graham. Delight so often speaks of you."

Graham stiffened almost imperceptibly.

"You know she doesn't approve of me."

"Why, Graham!"

"Well, ask her," he said. And there was a real bitterness under the lightness of his tone. "I'll come, of course, Mrs. Haverford. Thank you for asking me. I haven't a lot of time. I'm a sort of clerk down at the mill, you know."

Natalie overheard, and her eyes met Clayton's, with a sort of malicious triumph. She had been deeply resentful that he had not made Graham a partner at once. He remembered a conversation they had had a few months before.

"Why should he have to start at the bottom?" she had protested. "You have never been quite fair to him, Clay." His boyish diminutive had stuck to him. "You expect him to know as much about the mill now as you do, after all these years."

"Not at all. I want him to learn. That's precisely the reason why I'm not taking him in at once."

"How much salary is he to have?"

"Three thousand a year."

"Three thousand! Why, it will take all of that to buy him a car."

"There are three cars here now; I should think he could manage."

"Every boy wants his own car."

"I pay my other managers three thousand," he had said, still patient. "He will live here. His car can be kept here, without expense. Personally, I think it too much money for the service he will be able to give the first year or two."

And, altho she had let it go at that, he had felt in her been resentment. Graham had got a car of his own, was using it hard, if the bills the chauffeur presented were an indication, and Natalie had overdrawn her account two thousand five hundred dollars.

He went into the library and shut the door. The room rested him, after the babel across. He lighted a cigar, and stood for a moment before Natalie's portrait. It had been painted while he was abroad at, he suspected, Rodney's instigation. It left him quite cold, as did Natalie herself.

He could look at it dispassionately, as he had never quite cared to regard Natalie. Between them, personally, there was always the element she never allowed him to forget, that she had given him a son. This was Natalie herself, Natalie at forty-one, girlish, beautiful, fretful and—selfish. Natalie with whom he was to live the rest of his life—who was to share his wealth and his future, and with whom he shared not a single thought in common.

He had a curious sense of disloyalty as he sat down at his desk and picked up a pad and pencil. But a moment later he had forgotten her, as he had forgotten the party across the hall. He had work to do. Thank God for work.

NATALIE was in bed when he went up-stairs. Through the door of his dressing-room he could see her lying, surrounded by papers. Natalie's handsome bed was always covered with things, her handkerchief, a novel, her silk dressing-gown flung over the footboard, sometimes bits of dress materials and lace. Natalie did most of her planning in bed.

He went in and, clearing a space, sat down on the foot of the bed, facing her. Her hair was arranged in a loose knot on top of her head, and there was a tiny space, perhaps a quarter of an inch, slightly darker than the rest. He realized with a little start that she had had her hair touched up during his absence. Still, she looked very pretty, her skin slightly glistening with its night's bath of cold cream, her slim arms lying out on the blue silk eiderdown coverlet.

"Well, what was wrong?" she demanded. "I saw when I went out that you were angry about something. Your face was awful."

"Oh, come now, Natalie," he protested. "It wasn't anything of the sort. The dinner was all right. The guests were—all right."

"You are always finding fault with me," she complained. "It's either money, or my clothes, or Graham, or something." Her eyes filled. She looked young and absurdly childish.

"I don't want to find fault with you, Natalie," he said gravely. "I would like to see you happy. Sometimes I think you are not. I have my business, but you have nothing to do, and—I suppose you wouldn't be interested in war-work, would you? There are a lot of committees, and since I've been in England I realize what a vast amount is needed. Clothes, you know, and bandages, and—well, everything."

"Nothing to do," she looked up, her eyes wide and indignant. "But of course you would think that. This house runs itself, I suppose."

"Let's be honest, Natalie," he said, with a touch of impatience. "Actually how much time each day do you give this house? You have plenty of trained servants. An hour? Two hours?"

"I'll not discuss it with you." She took up a typewritten sheet and pretended to read it carefully. Clayton had a half-humorous, half-irritated conviction that if he was actually hunting happiness he had begun his search for it rather badly. He took the paper from her, gently.

"What's this?" he inquired. "Anything I should not see?"

"Decorator's estimates for the new house." Her voice was resentful. "You'll have to see them some time."

"Library curtains, gray Chippendale velvet, gold gimp, faced with colonial yellow," he read in an item picked at random, "two thousand dollars! That's going some for curtains, isn't it?"

"It's not too much for that sort of thing."

"But, look here, Natalie," he expostulated. "This is to be a country house, isn't it? I thought you wanted chintzes and homey things. This looks like a city house, in the country."

He glanced down at the total. The hangings alone, with a tapestry or two, were to be thirty-five thousand dollars. He whistled.

"Hangings alone! And—what sort of a house has Rodney planned, anyhow?"

"Italian, with a sunken garden. The landscape estimates are there, too."

He did not look at them.

"It seems to me you and Rodney have been pretty busy while I've been away," he remarked. "Well, I want you to be happy, my dear. Only—I don't want to tie up a fortune just now. We may get into this war, and if we do—"

He rose, and yawned, his arms above his head. "I'm off to bed," he said. "Big day to-morrow. I'll want Graham at the office at 8:30."

She had sat up in bed, and was staring at him. Her face was pale.

"Do you mean that *we* are going to get into this war?"

"I think it very likely, my dear."

"But if we do, Graham——!"

"We might as well face it. Graham will probably want to go."

HE'LL do nothing of the sort," she said sharply. "He's all I have. All. Do you think I'm going to send him over there to be cannon-fodder? I won't let him go."

She was trembling violently.

"I won't want him to go, of course. But if the thing comes—he's of age, you know."

She eyed him with thinly veiled hostility.

"You're hard, Clay," she accused him. "You're hard all the way through. You're proud, too. Proud and hard. You'd want to be able to say your son was in the army. It's not because you care anything about the war, except to make money out of it. What is the war to you, anyhow? You don't like the English. You don't even let me have a French butler."

"Perhaps you are right, Natalie," he said, after a moment. "I haven't cared about this war as much as I should. Not the human side of it, anyhow. But you ought to understand that by making shells for the Allies, I am not only making money for myself; they need the shells. And I'll give them the best. I don't intend only to profit by their misfortunes."

She had hardly listened.

"Then, if we get into it, as you say, you'll encourage Graham to go?"

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"There Was Only One Man in the Room about Whom He Was Beginning to Mistrust His Judgment, and that Was His Own Son"

"I shall allow him to go, if he feels it his duty."

"Oh, duty, duty! I'm sick of the word." She bent forward and suddenly caught one of his hands. "You won't make him go, Clay?" she begged. "You—you'll let him make his own decision?"

"If you will."

"What do you mean?"

"If you'll keep your hands off, too. We're not in it, yet. God knows I hope we won't be. But if I promise not to influence him, you must do the same thing."

"I haven't any more influence over Graham than that," she said, and snapped her finger. But she did not look at him.

"Promise," he said, steadily.

"Oh, all right." Her voice and face were sulky. She looked much as Graham had that evening at the table.

"Is that a promise?"

"Good heavens, do you want me to swear to it?"

"I want you to play fair. That's all."

She leaned back again among her pillows and gathered up her papers.

"All right," she said, indifferently. And, small bundle of samples in her hand, resumed her reading and her inspection of textiles.

"Good night, Natalie."

"Good night." She did not look up.

OUTSIDE his wife's door he hesitated. Then he crossed and without knocking entered Graham's bedroom. The boy was lounging in a long chair by an open fire. He was in his dressing-gown and slippers, and an empty whiskey-and-soda glass stood beside him on a small stand. Graham was sound asleep. Clayton touched him on the shoulder, but he slept on, his head to one side, his breathing slow and heavy. It required some little effort to waken him.

"Graham!" said Clayton sharply.

Graham sat up suddenly and looked at him. The whites of his eyes were red, but he had slept off the dinner wine. He was quite himself.

Clayton put his hand on the boy's shoulder and patted him.

"We'll have to do better next time. That's all."

For a moment the veil of constraint of Natalie's weaving lifted between them.

"I'm a pretty bad egg, I guess. You'd better shove me off the dock and let me swim—or drown."

"I'd hardly like to do that, you know. You are all I have."

"I'm no good at the mill."

"You haven't had very much time. I've been a good many years learning the business."

He moved to the doorway. Graham stood staring ahead of him. He had the courage of the last whiskey-and-soda, and a sort of desperate contrition.

"Father."

"Yes, Graham."

"I wish you'd let me go to France and fly."

Something like a cold hand seemed to close round Clayton's heart.

"Fly! Why?"

"Because I'm not doing any good here. And—because I'd like to see if I have any good stuff in me. All the fellows are going," he added, rather weakly.

"That's not a particularly worthy reason, is it?"

"It's about as worthy as making money out of shells, when we haven't any reason for selling them to the Allies more than the Germans, except that we can't ship to the Germans."

He looked rather frightened then. But Clayton was not angry. He saw Natalie's fine hand there, and the boy's impressionable nature.

"Think that over, Graham," he said gravely. "I don't believe you quite mean it. Good night."

He went across to his own bedroom, where his silk pajamas, neatly folded, lay on his painted Louis XVI. bed.

He undressed slowly, his mind full of Graham and the problem he presented. Then he thought of Natalie, and of the little things that made up her life and filled her days. He glanced about the room, beautiful, formal, exquisitely appointed.

His father's portrait was gone from over the mantel, and an old French water-color hung there instead. That was too bad of Natalie. Or had it been Rodney? He would bring it back. And he gave a fleeting thought to Graham and his request to go abroad. He had not meant it. It was sheer reaction. But he would talk to Graham.

After he had put out the light he lay for a long time, staring into the darkness. It was not love he wanted: he was through with all that. Power was the thing, integrity and power.

To yield to no man, to achieve independence for one's soul—not that he put it that way. He formulated it, drowsily: "Not to give a damn for any one, so long as you're right." Of course, it was not always possible to know if one was right. He yawned. His conscious mind was drowsing, and from the depths below, released from the sentry of his waking hours, came the call of his starved imagination.

There was no moral to be adduced from Graham's waking the next morning. He roused, reluctantly enough, but blithe and hungry.

He sang as he splashed in his shower, chose his tie whistling, and went down the staircase two steps at a time to a ravenous breakfast.

Clayton, who was already at the table in the blue-and-white breakfast room, rose and folded his paper.

"The car's waiting," he said. "I'll be ready in five minutes."

HE WENT slowly up the stairs. In her pink bedroom Natalie had just wakened. Madeline, her elderly French maid, had brought her breakfast, and she was lying back among the pillows, the litter of the early mail about her and a morning paper on her knee.

He bent over and kissed her, perfunctorily, and he was quick to see that her resentment of the evening before had survived the night.

"Sleep well?" he inquired, looking down at her. She evaded his eyes.

"Not particularly."

"Any plans for to-day?"

"I'll just play around. I'm lunching out, and I may run out with Rodney to Linndale. The landscape men are there to-day."

"Have you given the landscape contract?"

"Yes. And please go out. You make my head ache."

"How much is it to be?"

"I don't know. Ask Rodney."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, my dear. This is not Rodney's investment."

"Nor mine, I suppose!"

"All I want you to do, Natalie, is to consult me. I want you to have a free hand, but some one with a sense of responsibility ought to check up these expenditures. But it isn't only that. I'd rather like to have a hand in the thing myself. I've rather looked forward to the time when we could have the sort of country place we wanted."

"You don't like any of the strings to get out of your fingers, do you?"

"I didn't come up to quarrel, Natalie. I wish you wouldn't force it on me."

"I force it on you," she cried, and laughed in a forced and high-pitched note. "Just because I won't be over-ridden without a protest! I'm through, that's all. I sha'n't

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go near the place again." Which was what he carried away with him that morning to the mill.

He was not greatly disturbed by her threat to keep her hands off.

He knew quite well, indeed, that the afternoon would find her, with Rodney Page, picking her way in her high-heeled shoes over the waste that was some day to bloom, not like the rose of his desire but according to the formal and rigid blueprint which Rodney would be carrying. But in five minutes he had put the incident out of his mind.

After all, if it gave her happiness and occupation, certainly she needed both. And his powers of inhibition were strong. For many years he had walled up the small frictions of his married life and its disappointments, and outside that wall had built up an existence of his own, which was the mill.

When he went down-stairs he found that Graham had ordered his own car and was already in it, drawing on his gloves.

"Have to come back up-town early, Dad," he called in explanation, and drove off, going at the reckless speed he affected.

Clayton drove down alone in the limousine. He had meant to outline his plans of expansion to Graham, but he had had no intention of consulting him. In his own department the boy did neither better nor worse than any other of the dozens of young men in the organization. If he had shown neither special aptitude for nor interest in the business, he had at least not signally failed to show either.

In his office in the mill administration building, he found the general manager waiting. Through the door into the conference-room beyond he could see the superintendents of the various departments, with Graham rather aloof and detached, and a sprinkling of the most important foremen. On his desk, neatly machined, was the first tentative shell-case made in the mill machine-shop, an experiment rather than a realization.

Hutchinson, the general manager, was not alone. Opposite him, very neatly dressed in his best clothes, his hat in his hand and a set expression on his face, was one of the boss rollers of the steel mill, Herman Klein. At Clayton's entrance he made a motion to depart, but Hutchinson stopped him.

"If Mr. Spencer what you've been telling me, Klein," he said curtly.

Klein fingered his hat, but his face remained set.

"I've just been saying, Mr. Spencer," he said, in good English, but with the guttural accent which thirty years in America had not eliminated, "that I'll be leaving you now."

"Leaving! Why?"

"Because of that!" He pointed, without intentional drama, at the shell-case. "I can't make those shells for you, Mr. Spencer, and me a German."

"You're an American, aren't you?"

"I am, sir. It is not that. It is that I——" His face worked. He had dropped back to the old idiom, after years of painful struggle to abandon it. "It iss that I am a German, also. I have people there, in the war. To make shells to kill hem—no."

"He is determined, Mr. Spencer," said Hutchinson. "I have been arguing with him, but—you can't argue with a German."

CLAYTON was uneasily aware of something like sympathy for the man.

"I understand how you feel, Klein," he observed. "But of course you know, whether you go or stay, the shells will be made, anyhow."

"I know that."

"You are throwing up a good position."

"I'll try to get another."

The prospective loss of Klein was a rather serious one. Clayton, seated behind his great desk, eyed him keenly, and then stooped to bribery. He mentioned a change in the wage scale, with bonuses to all foremen and rollers. He knew Klein's pride in the mill, and he outlined briefly the growth that was about to be developed. But the boss roller remained obdurate. He understood that such things were to be, but it was not necessary that he assist Germany's enemies against her. Against the determination in his heavy square figure Clayton argued in vain. When, ten minutes later, he went into the conference-room, followed by a secretary with a sheaf of papers, the mill was minus a boss roller, and there was rankling in his mind Klein's last words.

"I have no objection, Mr. Spencer, to your making money out of this war, but I will not."

There had been no insolence in his tone. He had gone out, with his heavy German stolidity of mien unchanged, and had closed the door behind him with quiet finality.

Graham left the conference that morning in a rather exalted mood. The old mill was coming into its own at last. He had a sense of boyish triumph in the new developments, a feeling of being a part of big activities that would bring rich rewards. And he felt a new pride in his father. He had sat, a little way from the long table, and had watched the faces of the men gathered about it as, clearly and forcibly, the outlines of the new departure were given out. Hitherto "Spencer's" had made steel only. Now, they were not only to make the steel, but they were to forge the ingots into rough casts; these casts were then to be carried to the new munition works, there to be machined, drilled, polished, provided with fuses, which "Spencer's" were also to make, and shipped abroad.

The question of speeding production had been faced and met. The various problems had been discussed and the bonus system tentatively taken up. Then the men had dispersed, each infected with the drive of his father's contagious force.

"Pretty fine old boy," Graham had considered. And he wondered vaguely if, when his time came, he would be able to take hold. For a few minutes Natalie's closetings lost their effect. He saw his father, not as one from whom to hide extravagance and unpaid bills, but as the head of a great concern that was now to be a part of the war itself.

HE WANDERED into his father's office, and picked up the shell. Clayton was already at his letters, but looked up.

"Think we rather had them, eh, Graham?"

"Think you did, sir. Carried them off their feet. Pretty, isn't it?" He held up the shell-case. "If a fellow could only forget what the damned things are for!"

"They are to help to end the war," said Clayton, crisply. "Don't forget that, boy." And went back to his steady dictation.

Graham went out of the building into the mill yard. His own office was across the yard. He dodged in front of a yard locomotive, picked his way about masses of lumber and the general litter of all mill yards, and opened the door of his own building. Just inside his office a girl was sitting on a straight chair, her hat a trifle crooked, and her eyes red from crying. He paused in amazement.

"Why, Miss Klein!" he said. "What's the matter?"

"Father has given up his job."

"No!"

"I'm telling you, Mr. Spencer. He won't help to make those shells. He's been acting queer for three or four days and this morning he told your father."

Graham sat down.

"Now let's get this," he said. "He won't make shells for the Allies and so he's given up his position. All right. That's bad, but he's a good workman. He'll not have any trouble getting another job. Now, why are *you* crying?"

'I didn't think you'd want me to stay on."

Putting her fear into words brought back her long hours of terror. She collapsed into the chair again and fell to unquiet sobbing. Graham was disturbed.

"You're a queer girl," he said. "Why should that lose me my most valued assistant?"

When she made no reply he got up and going over to her put a hand on her shoulder. "Tell me that," he said.

He looked down at her. The hair grew very soft and blonde at the nape of her neck, and he ran a finger lightly across it. "Tell me that."

"I was afraid it would."

"And, even if it had, which you are a goose for thinking, you're just as good in your line as your father is in his. I've been expecting any time to hear of your leaving me for a handsomer man!"

He had been what he would have termed jollying her back to normality again. But to his intense surprize she suddenly leaned back and looked up into his face. There was no doubting what he saw there. Just for a moment the situation threatened to get out of hand. Then he patted her shoulders and put the safety of his desk between them.

"Run away and bathe your eyes," he said, "and then come back here looking like the best secretary in the State, and not like a Winter thaw. We have the deuce of a lot of work to do."

During the remainder of the day he began to wonder if he had not been a fatuous idiot. Anna did her work with the thoroughness of her German blood, plus her American training. She came back minus her hat, and with her eyes carefully powdered. And not once during the morning was he able to meet her eyes fully. By the middle of the afternoon sex vanity and curiosity began to get the better of his judgment, and he made an excuse, when she stood beside him over some papers, her hand on the desk, to lay his fingers over hers. She drew her hand away quickly, and when he glanced up, boyishly smiling, her face was flushed.

"Please," she said. And he felt hurt and rebuffed. He had no sentiment for her whatever, but the devil of mischief of twenty-two was behind him, urging him on to the eternal experiment. He was very formal with her for the rest of the day, and had the satisfaction of leaving her, at four o'clock, white-faced and miserable over her machine in the little office next to his.

He forgot her immediately, in the attempt to leave the mill without encountering his father. Clayton, he knew, would be staying late, and would be exacting similar tribute to the emergency from the entire force. Also, he had been going about the yard with contractors most of the afternoon. But Graham made his escape safely. It was two hours later when his father, getting into the limousine, noticed the absence of the boy's red car, and asked the gateman how long it had been gone.

"Since about four o'clock, Mr. Spencer."

SUDDENLY Clayton felt a reaction from the activities of the day. He sank back in the deeply padded seat, and felt tired and—in some odd fashion—lonely. He would have liked to talk to Graham on the way up-town, if only to crystallize his own thoughts. He would have liked to be going home to review with Natalie the day's events, the fine spirit of his men, the small difficulties. But Natalie hated the mention of the mill.

He thought it probable, too, that they were dining out. Yes, he remembered. They were dining at the Chris Valentines. Well, that was better than it might have been. They were not dull, anyhow. His mind wandered to the Valentine house, small, not too well-ordered, frequently noisy, but always gay and extremely smart.

He smiled a little. Certain of Audrey's impertinences came to his mind. She was an amusing young woman. He had an idea that she was always in debt, and that the tact concerned her very little. He fancied that few things concerned her very deeply, including Chris. But she knew about food. Her dinners were as casual as her house, as to service, but they were worth eating. She claimed to pay for them out of her bridge winnings, and, indeed, her invitation for to-night had been frankness itself.

"I'm going to have a party, Clay," she had said. "I've made two killings at bridge, and somebody has shipped Chris some ducks. If you'll send me some cigarets like the last, I'll make it Tuesday."

He had sent the cigarets, and this was Tuesday. The pleasant rolling of the car soothed him. He reviewed his unrest of the night before, and smiled at it. Happiness! Happiness came from a sense of achievement. Integrity and power, that was the combination. The respect of one's fellow men, the day's work well done. Romance was done, at his age, but there remained the adventure of success. A few years more, and he would leave the mill to Graham and play a while. After that—he had always liked politics. They needed business men in politics. If men of training and leisure would only go in for it there would be some chance of cleaning up the situation. Yes, he might do that. He was an easy speaker, and——

The car drew up at the curb and the chauffeur got out. Natalie's car had drawn up just ahead, and the footman was already opening the door. Rodney Page got out, and assisted Natalie to alight. Clayton smiled. So she had changed her mind. He saw Rodney bend over her hand and kiss it after his usual ceremonious manner. Natalie seemed a trifle breathless when she turned and saw him.

"You're early, aren't you?" she said.

"I fancy it is you who are late."

Then he realized that the chauffeur was waiting to speak to him.

"Yes, Jackson?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I guess I'll be leaving at the end of my month, Mr. Spencer."

"Come into the library and I'll talk to you. What's wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong, sir. I have been very well suited. It's only—I used to be in the regular army, sir, and I guess I'm going to be needed again."

"You mean—we are going to be involved?"

"Yes, sir. I think we are."

"There's no answer to that, Jackson," he said. But a sense of irritation stirred him as he went up the steps to the house door. Jackson was a good man. Jackson and Klein, and who knew whom next.

"Oh, damn the war," he reflected rather wearily.

The Winter which preceded the entrance of the United States into the war was an extraordinary one. Altho the war was in the nation's mind, it was not yet in its soul.

Life went on much as before. An abiding faith in the Allies was the foundation stone of its complacency. The great six-months' battle of the Somme, with its million casualties, was resulting favorably. On the east the Russians had made some gains. There were wagers that the Germans would be done in the Spring.

Give—and Be Glad

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

THERE is a saying that the only things that are worth keeping are the things that we give away. Well, the world has been giving itself away—in money, in brains, in resources, but most of all, in bodies and in blood.

Human hearts to-day are taking to themselves a kind of "higher education."

For to be ignorant of heart, during these days, is to draw on ignominy and disgrace. And to be wealthy and secure, bereft of serving, is really to be poor and perishable.

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here," said the immortal Lincoln at Gettysburg, "but it will never forget what THEY *did* here."

Out of range of the shells and the roar of cannon of the battle-fields, yet have we been most truly in range for service and sacrifice.

And the cup of cold water that we give in what we have and in all that we are, is what enables us to establish "a new birth of Freedom, which shall not perish from the earth."

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But again Washington knew that the British and French losses at the Somme had been frightful; that the amount of lost territory regained was negligible as against the territory still held; that the food problem in the British islands was acute; that the submarine sinkings were colossal. Our peace was at a fearful cost.

And on the edge of this volcano America played.

When Graham Spencer left the mill that Tuesday afternoon, it was to visit Marion Hayden. He was rather bored now at the prospect. He would have preferred going to the Club to play billiards, which was his custom of a late afternoon. He drove rather more slowly than usual and so missed Marion's invitation to get there before the crowd.

THREE cars before the house showed that she already had callers, and indeed when the parlor-maid opened the door a burst of laughter greeted him. The Hayden house was a general rendezvous. There were usually, by seven o'clock, whiskey-and-soda glasses and tea-cups on most of the furniture, and half-smoked cigarets on everything that would hold them, including the piano.

Marion herself met him in the hall, and led him past the drawing-room door.

"There are people in every room who want to be left alone," she volunteered. "I kept the library as long as I could. We can sit on the stairs, if you like."

Which they proceeded to do, quite amiably. From various open doors came subdued voices. The air was pungent with tobacco smoke permeated with a faint scent of late afternoon highballs.

"Was I pretty awful last night?" he asked.

"You were very interesting. And—I imagine—rather indiscreet."

"Fine! What did I say?"

"You boasted, my dear young friend."

"Great Scott! I must have been awful."

"About the new war contracts."

"Oh, business!"

"But I found it very interesting. You know, I like business. And I like big figures. Poor people always do. Has it really gone through? I mean, those things do slip up sometimes, don't they?"

"It's gone through, all right. Sealed and delivered."

Encouraged by her interest, he elaborated on the new work. He even developed an enthusiasm for it, to his own surprize. And the girl listened intently, leaning forward so that her arm brushed his shoulder. Her eyes, slightly narrowed, watched him closely. She knew every move of the game she was determining to play.

Marion Hayden, at twenty-five, knew already what her little world had not yet realized, that such beauty as she had had was the beauty of youth only, and that that was going.

She already noticed a change in the personnel of her followers. Men still came to see her, a dangerous percentage of them married. They brought or sent her tribute, flowers, candy, and cigarets. She was enormously popular at dances. But more and more her dinner invitations were from the older crowd. Like Natalie Spencer's stupid party the night before.

So she watched Graham and listened. He was a nice boy and a handsome one. Also he promised to be sole heir to a great business. If the war only lasted long enough——

"Imagine your knowing all those things," she said admiringly. "You're a partner, aren't you?"

He flushed. "Not yet. But of course I shall be."

"When you really get going, I wonder if you will take me round and show me how shells are made? I'm the most ignorant person you ever knew."

"I'll be awfully glad to."

"Very well. For that promise you shall have a highball. You're an awful dear, you know."

She placed a slim hand on his shoulder and patted it. Then, leaning rather heavily on him for support, she got to her feet.

"We'll go in and stir up some of the lovers," she suggested. "And if Tommy Hale hasn't burned up the piano we can dance a bit. You dance divinely, you know."

It was after seven when he reached home. He felt every inch a man.

He held himself very straight as he entered the house, and the boyish grin with which he customarily greeted the butler had given place to a dignified nod.

Natalie was in her dressing-room. At his knock she told the maid to admit him, and threw a dressing-gown over her bare shoulders. Then she sent the maid away and herself cautiously closed the door into Clayton's room.

"I've got the money for you, darling," she said. From her jewel-case she took a roll of bills and held them out to him. "Five hundred."

"I hate to take it, Mother."

"Never mind about taking it. Pay those bills before your father learns about them. That's all."

He was divided between gratitude and indignation. His new-found maturity seemed to be slipping from him. Somehow here at home they always managed to make him feel like a small boy.

He sat down, still uneasily fingering the roll of bills. Just how far Natalie's methods threatened to undermine his character was revealed when, at a sound in Clayton's room, he stuck the money hastily into his pocket.

"Graham, your father thinks we may be forced into the war."

"Good for us. It's time, that's sure."

"Graham!"

"Why, good heavens, Mother," he began, "we should have been in it last May. We should——"

She was holding out both hands to him, piteously.

"You won't go. Promise me you won't go."

When he hesitated she resorted to her old methods with both Clayton and the boy. She was doing all she could to make them happy. She made no demands, none. But when she asked for something that meant more than life to her, it was refused, of course. She had gone through all sorts of humiliation to get him that money, and this was the gratitude she received.

Graham listened. She was a really pathetic figure, crouched in her low chair, and shaken with terror. She must have rather a bad time; there were so many things she dared not take to his father. She brought them to him instead, her small grievances, her elaborate extravagances, her disappointments. It did not occur to him that she transferred to his young shoulders many of her own burdens. He was only grateful for her confidence, and a trifle bewildered by it And she had helped him out of a hole just now.

"All right. I promise," he said at last. "But you're worrying yourself for nothing, Mother."

She was quite content then, cheered at once, consulted her diamond-studded watch and rang for the maid.

"Heavens, how late it is," she exclaimed. "Run out now, dear. And Graham, tell Buckham to do up a dozen dinner-napkins in paper. Audrey Valentine has telephoned that she has just got in, and finds she hasn't enough. If that isn't like her!"

Months afterward, Clayton Spencer, looking back, realized that the night of the dinner at the Chris Valentines marked the beginning of a new epoch for him. Yet he never quite understood what it was that had caused the change.

Afterward he remembered that Audrey was not quite her usual frivolous self that evening. But perhaps that was only in retrospect, in view of what he learned later. She was very daringly dressed, as usual, with a long chain and earrings of black opals, and as usual all the men in the room were grouped around her.

"Thank heaven for one dignified man," she exclaimed, looking up at him. "Clayton, you do give tone to my parties."

It was not until they went in to dinner that he missed Chris. He heard Audrey giving his excuses.

"He's been called out of town," she said. "Clay, you're to have his place. And the flowers are low, so I can look across and admire you."

There were a dozen guests, and things moved rapidly. Audrey's dinners were always hilarious. And Audrey herself, Clayton perceived from his place of vantage, was flirting almost riotously with the man on her left. She had two high spots of color in her cheeks, and Clayton fancied —or was that in retrospect, too?—that her gaiety was rather forced. Once he caught her eyes and it seemed to him that she was trying to convey something to him.

And then, of course, the talk turned to the war, and he caught a flash of irritation on Natalie's face.

"I WISH I were a man," Audrey said suddenly. "I don't see how any man with red blood in his veins can sit still, and not take a gun and try to stop it. Sometimes I think I'll cut off my hair, and go over anyhow. I've only got one accomplishment. I can shoot. I'd like to sit in a tree somewhere and pick them off. The butchers!"

She looked around the table, coolly appraising every man there.

"Look at us," she said. "Here we sit, overfed, overdressed. Only not overwined because I can't afford it. And probably—yes, I think actually—every man at this table is more or less making money out of it all. There's Clay making a fortune. There's Roddie, making money out of Clay. Here am I, serving Clayton's cigarets—I don't know why I pick on you, Clay. The rest are just as bad. You're the most conspicuous, that's all."

Natalie evidently felt that the situation required saving.

"I'm sure we all send money over," she protested. "To the Belgians and all that. And if they want things we have to sell——"

"Oh yes, I know all that," Audrey broke in, rather wearily. "I know. We're the saviors of the Belgians, and we're given a lot of money and shiploads of clothes. But we're not stopping the war. And it's got to be stopped!"

Clayton watched her. Somehow what she had just said seemed to crystallize much that he had been feeling. The damnable butchery ought to be stopped.

"Right, Audrey," he supported her. "I'd give up every single prospect I have if the thing could be ended now."

He meant it, then. He might not have meant it, entirely, to-morrow or the day after. But he meant it then. He glanced down the table, to find Natalie looking at him with cynical amusement.

Clayton found Audrey in the hall as they moved at last toward the drawing-room. He was the last of the line of men, and as he paused before her she touched him lightly on the arm.

"I want to talk to you, Clay. Unless you're going to play."

"I'd rather not, unless you need me."

"The Hayden House Was a Loafing and Meeting Place for the Idle Sons and Daughters of the Rich"

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"I don't. I'm not playing either. And I must talk to some one."

There was something wrong with Audrey. Her usual insouciance was gone, and her hands nervously fingered the opal beads of her long necklace.

"What I really want to do," she added, "is to scream. But don't look like that. I sha'n't do it. Suppose we go up to Chris's study."

Chris's study was dark. She groped her way in and lighted the lamp, and then turned and faced him.

"I'm in an awful mess, Clay," she said. "And the worst of it is, I don't know just what sort of a mess it is."

"ARE you going to tell me about it?"

"All I know. And if I don't start to yelling like a tom-cat."

"You're not going to do that. Let me get you something." He was terrified by her eyes. "Some aromatic ammonia." That was Natalie's cure for everything.

"I'm not going to faint. I never do. Close the door and sit down. And then—give me a hundred dollars, if you have it. Will you?"

"Is that enough?" he asked. And drew out his black silk evening wallet, with its monogram in seed pearls. He laid the money on her knee, for she made no move to take it. She sat back, her face colorless and surveyed him intently.

"What a comfort you are, Clay," she said. "Not a word in question. Just like that! Yet you know I don't borrow money, usually."

"The only thing that is important is that I have the money with me. Are you sure it's enough?"

"Plenty. I'll send it back in a week or so. I'm selling this house. It's practically sold. I don't know why anybody wants it. It's a poky little place. But—well, it doesn't matter about the house. I called up some people to-day who have been wanting one in this neighborhood and I'm practically sure they'll take it."

"But—you and Chris——"

"We have separated, Clay. At least, Chris has gone! There's a long story behind it. I'm not up to telling it to-night. And this money will end part of it. That's all I'm going to tell about the money. It's a small sum, isn't it, to break up a family!"

"Why, it's absurd! It's—it's horrible, Audrey."

"Oh, it isn't the money. That's a trifle. I just had to have it quickly. And when I learned I needed it of course the banks were closed. Besides, I fancy Chris had to have all there was."

Clayton was puzzled and distressed. He had not liked Chris. He had hated his cynicism, his pose of indifference. His very fastidiousness had never seemed entirely genuine. And this going away and taking all Audrey's small reserve of money——

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. I believe on his way to Canada."

"Do you mean——"

"Oh no, he didn't steal anything. He's going to enlist in the Canadian army. Or he said so when he left."

"Look here, Audrey, you can't tell me only part of the story. Do you mean to say that Chris has had a magnificent impulse and gone to fight? Or that he's running away from something?"

"Both," said Audrey. "I'll tell you this much, Clay. Chris has got himself into a scrape. I won't tell you about that, because after all that's his story. And I'm not asking for sympathy. If you dare to pity me I'll cry, and I'll never forgive you."

"Why didn't he stay and face it like a man? Not leave you to face it."

"Because the only person it greatly concerned was myself. He didn't want to face me. The thing that is driving me almost mad is that he may be killed over there. Not because I love him so much. I think you know how things have been. But because he went to—well, I think to reinstate himself in my esteem, to show me he's a man, after all."

"Good heavens, Audrey. And you went through dinner with all this to bear!"

"I've got to carry it right along, haven't I? You know how I've been about this war, Clay. I've talked and talked about wondering how our men could stay out of it. So when the smash came, he just said he was going. He would show me there was some good stuff in him still. You see, I've really driven him to it, and if he's killed——"

"But, good heavens, Audrey! Chris has no right to cut off like this, and leave you. I don't know the story, but at least he must support you. A man can't just run away and evade every obligation. I think I'll have to go after him and give him a talking to."

"No!" she said, bending forward. "Don't do that. He has had a bad scare. But he's had one decent impulse, too. Let him alone, Clay."

She placed the money on the stand, and rose. As she faced him, she impulsively placed her hands on his shoulders.

"I wish I could tell you, Clay," she said, in her low, slightly husky voice, "how very, very much I admire you. You're pretty much of a man, you know. And—there aren't such a lot of them."

For an uneasy moment he thought she was going to kiss him. But she let her hands fall, and smiling faintly, led the way down-stairs. Once down, however, she voiced the underlying thought in her mind.

"If he comes out, Clay, he'll never forgive me, probably. And if he is—if he doesn't, I'll never forgive myself. So I'm damned either way."

But ten minutes later, with a man on either side of her, she was sitting at the piano with a cigaret tucked behind her ear, looking distractingly pretty and very gay and singing a slightly indecorous but very witty little French song.

He missed her, somewhat later. She was gone a full half hour, and he fancied her absence had something to do with the money she had borrowed.

Two things helped greatly to restore Clayton to a more normal state of mind during the next few days. One of them undoubtedly was the Valentine situation. Beside Audrey's predicament and Chris's wretched endeavor to get away and yet prove himself a man, his own position seemed, if not comfortable, at least tenable. He would have described it, had he been a man to put such a thing into words, as that "he and Natalie didn't exactly hit it off."

The other was his work. The directorate for the new munition plant had been selected, and on Thursday of that week he gave a dinner at his club to the directors. It had been gratifying to him to find how easily his past reputation carried the matter of the vast credits needed, how absolutely his new board deferred to his judgment. The dinner became, in a way, an ovation. He was vastly pleased and a little humble. He wanted terribly to make good, to justify their faith in him. They were the big financial men of his time, and they were agreeing to back his judgment to the fullest extent.

Afterward they went to a midnight roof-garden, and at first it was rather dreary. Their youth was only comparative after all, and the eyes of the girls who danced and sang passed over them, to rest on boys in their twenties.

Clayton had watched the scene with a rather weary interest. He was, indeed, trying to put himself in Graham's place, at Graham's age. He remembered once, at twenty, having slipped off to see "The Black Crook," then the epitome of wickedness, and the disillusionment of seeing women in tights with their accentuated curves and hideous lack of appeal to the imagination. The caterers of such wares had learned since then. Here were soft draperies instead, laces and chiffons. The suggestion was not to the eyes but to the mind. How devilishly clever it all was.

Perhaps there were some things he ought to discuss with Graham. He wondered how a man led up to such a thing.

Nolan bent toward him. "I've been watching for a girl," he said, "but I don't see her. Last time I was here I came with Chris. She was his girl."

"Chris!"

"Yes. It stumped me, at first. She came and sat with us, not a bad little thing, but—Good Lord, Clay, ignorant and not even pretty! And Chris was fastidious, in a way. I don't understand it."

The ancient perplexity of a man over the sex selections of his friends puckered his forehead.

"Damned if I understand it," he repeated.

A great wave of pity for Audrey Valentine surged in Clayton Spencer's heart. She had known it, of course; that was why Chris had gone away. How long had she known it? She was protecting Chris's name, even now. For all her frivolity, there was something rather big in Audrey. The way she had held up at her dinner, for instance—and he rather fancied that the idea of his going into the army had come from her, directly or indirectly. So Chris, from being a fugitive, was already by way of being a hero to his friends.

Poor Audrey!

HE MADE a mental note to send her some flowers in the morning.

He ordered them on his way down-town, and for some curious reason she was in his mind most of the day. Chris had been a fool, to throw away a thing so worth having. Not every man had behind him a woman of Audrey's sort.

That afternoon, accompanied by a rather boyishly excited elderly clergyman, he took two hours off from the mill and purchased a new car for Doctor Haverford.

The rector was divided between pleasure at the gift and apprehension at its cost, but Clayton, having determined to do a thing, always did it well.

"Nonsense," he said, "my dear man, the church has owed you this car for at least ten years. If you only get half the pleasure out of using it that I'm having in presenting it to you, it will be well worth while. I only wish you'd let me endow the thing. It's likely to cost you a small fortune."

Flying up-town a little later in Clayton's handsome car, the rector dreamed certain dreams. First his mind went to his parish visiting list, so endless, so never cleaned up, and now about to be made a pleasure instead of a penance. And into his mind, so strangely compounded of worldliness and spirituality, came a further dream—of Delight and Graham Spencer—of ease at last for the girl after the struggle to keep up appearances of a clergyman's family in a wealthy parish.

In the gymnasium he found Delight, captaining a basket-ball team. In her knickers and middy blouse she looked like a little girl, and he stood watching her as, flushed and excited, she ran round the long room. At last she came over and dropped onto the steps at his feet.

"Well?" she inquired, looking up. "Did you get it?"

"I did, indeed. A beauty, Delight."

"A flivver?"

"Not at all. A very handsome car." He told her the make, and she flushed again with pleasure.

"Joy and rapture!" she said. "Did you warn him I am to drive it?"

"I did. He suggests that Graham give you some lessons."

"Graham!"

"Why not?"

She looked up at him with clear, slightly humorous eyes.

"Don't get any queer ideas about Graham Spencer and me, Daddy," she said. "In the first place, I intend to choose my own husband. He's to look as much as possible like you, but a trifle less nose. And in the second place, after I've backed the car into a telegraph pole, and turned it over in a ditch, Graham Spencer is just naturally going to know I am no woman to tie to."

And when Clayton, calling up with his usual thoughtfulness that evening, offered Graham as instructor, she refused gratefully but firmly.

"You're a dear to think of it," she said, "and you're a dear to have given Daddy the car. But I'm just naturally going to fight it out in my own way if it takes all Winter."

NATALIE, gathering her refusal from Clayton's protest, had heaved a sigh of relief. Not that she objected to Delight Haverford. She liked her as much as she liked and understood any young girl, which was very little. But she did not want Graham to marry. To marry would be to lose him. And again, watching Clayton's handsome head above his newspaper, she reflected that Graham was all *she had.*

Nevertheless, Delight received a lesson in driving from Graham, and that within two days.

On Saturday afternoon, finding the mill getting on his nerves, Clayton suggested to Graham what might be the last golf of the Autumn and Graham consented cheerfully enough. For one thing, the offices closed at noon, and Anna Klein had gone. He was playing a little game with Anna—a light-hearted matter of a glance now and then caught and held, a touched hand, very casually done, and an admiring comment now and then on her work. And Anna was blossoming like a flower. She sat up late to make fresh white blouses for the office, and rose early to have abundance of time to dress. She had taken to using a touch of rouge, too, altho she put it on after she reached the mill, and took it off before she started for home.

Her father, sullen and irritable these days, would have probably been grateful for using it.

But Anna had gone, and a telephone call to Marion Hayden had told him she was not at home. He thought it possible she had gone to the country club, and accepted his father's suggestion of golf willingly.

On the way over they had sighted Delight in the new car. She had tried to turn, had backed into a ditch and was at that moment ruefully surveying a machine which had apparently sat down on its rear wheels with its engine pointed pathetically skyward.

Delight's face fell when she recognized them.

"Of course it would have to be you," she said. "Of all the people who might have seen my shame—I'm going on with you. I never want to see the old thing again."

"Anything smashed?" Graham inquired.

"It looks smashed. I can't tell."

It was not until the car was out of the ditch, and Clayton had driven off in Graham's car toward the club that Delight remembered her father's voice the day he had told her Graham would teach her to drive. She stiffened and he was quick to see the change in her manner. The total damage was one flat tire, and while the engine was inflating it, he looked at her. She had grown to be quite pretty. His eyes approved her.

"Better let me come around and give you a few lessons, Delight."

"You can come if you like. You'll be bored, probably."

"You're being awfully nasty, you know. Here I come to pull you out of a ditch and generally rescue you, and—Come, now, Delight, what is it? There's something. We used to be pals."

"I don't know, Graham," she said truthfully.

"I only know—well, I hear things, of course. Nothing very bad. Just little things. I wish you wouldn't insist. It's idiotic. What does it matter what I think?"

Graham flushed. He knew well enough one thing she had heard. Her father and mother had been at dinner the other night, and he had had too much to drink.

"Sorry."

He stopped the pump and put away the tools, all in silence. Good heavens, was all the world divided into two sorts of people: the knockers—and under that heading he placed his father, Delight, and all those who occasionally disapproved of him—and the decent sort who liked a fellow and understood him?"

But his training had been too good to permit him to show his angry scorn. He made an effort and summoned a smile.

"All ready," he said. "And since you won't let me teach you, perhaps I'd better take you home."

"You were going to the club."

"Oh, that's all right. Father's probably found some one."

But she insisted that he drive them both to the club, and turn the car round there. Then, with a grinding of gear levers that made him groan, she was off toward home, leaving Graham staring after her.

"Well, can you beat it?" he inquired of the empty air.

"Can you beat it?"

And wounded in all the pride of new manhood, he joined

Pictorial Review's Historical Paintings

ON PAGES 17 to 20, of this issue, PICTORIAL REVIEW continues its series of Historical Paintings of the Great War. If you didn't get the first of this series, published in February—a wonderful picture by the famous English artist, F. Matania—lose no time in placing your order for it before the supply is exhausted. This series of paintings will be by the greatest artists both here and abroad. They will constitute a valuable souvenir of the Great War. All of them will be published full-page size in full color, suitable for framing. There will be another four-page instalment next month.

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Marion and her rather riotous crowd around the fire inside the club-house. Clayton had given him up and was going around alone, followed by a small caddie. The links were empty, and the caddie lonely. He ventured small bits of conversation now and then, looking up with admiration at Clayton's tall figure. And, after a little, Clayton took the bag from him and used him only for retrieving balls. The boy played round, whistling.

"Kinda quiet to-day, ain't it," he offered, trudging a foot or two behind.

"It is, rather, young man."

"Mostly, on Saturdays I caddie for Mr. Valentine. But he's gone to the war."

"Oh, he has, has he?" Clayton built a small tee, and placed his ball on it. "Well, maybe we'll all be going some day."

He drove off and started after the ball. It was not until he was on the green that he was conscious of the boy beside him again.

"How old d'you have to be to get into the army, Mr. Spencer?" inquired the caddie, anxiously.

Clayton looked at him quizzically.

"Want to try for it, do you? Well, I'm afraid you'll have to wait a bit."

"I'm older than I look, Mr. Spencer."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Afraid you'll have to wait a while," said Clayton, and achieved a well-nigh-perfect long putt.

"I'd just like to get a whack at them Germans," offered the boy, and getting no response trudged along again at his heels.

Suddenly Clayton saw Audrey Valentine. She was swinging toward him, her bag with its clubs slung over her shoulder, her hands in the pockets of an orange-colored sweater.

In her black-velvet tam and short skirt she had looked like a little girl, and at first he did not recognize her. She had seen him, however, and swung toward him.

"Hello, Clay," she called, when they were within hailing distance. "Bully shot, that last."

"Where's your caddie?"

"I didn't want one. I had a feeling that, if I took one and he lost a ball these impecunious times of mine, I'd murder him. Saw you at the fifth hole. I'd know your silhouette anywhere."

Under her rakish cap her eyes were rather defiant. She did not want pity; she almost dared him to pity her.

"Come round again with me, Audrey, won't you?"

"I'm off my game to-day. I'll wander along, if you don't mind. I'll probably sneeze or something when you're driving, of course."

"Nothing," he said, gravely approaching his ball, "so adds distance to my drive as a good explosive sneeze just behind it."

THE sense of companionship warmed him. Altho neither of them realized it, their mutual loneliness and dissatisfaction had brought them together, and mentally at least they were clinging, each desperately to the other. But their talk was disjointed:

"I'll return that hundred soon. I've sold the house."

"I wish you wouldn't worry about it. It's ridiculous, Audrey."

And, a hundred yards or so further on, "They wouldn't have Chris in Canada. His heart. He's going into the French Ambulance Service."

"Good for Chris."

But she came out very frankly, when they started back to the club-house.

"It's done me a lot of good, meeting you, Clay. There's something so big and solid and dependable about you. I wonder—I suppose you don't mind my using you as a sort of anchor to windward?"

"Good heavens, Audrey! If I could only do something."

"You don't have to do a thing." She smiled up at him, and her old audacity was quite gone. "You've just got to be. And—you don't have to send me flowers, you know. I mean, I understand that you're sorry for me, without that. You're the only person in the world I'd allow to be sorry for me."

She called "Joey!" and gave him her clubs.

"Joey wants to be a soldier," she observed.

"So he says."

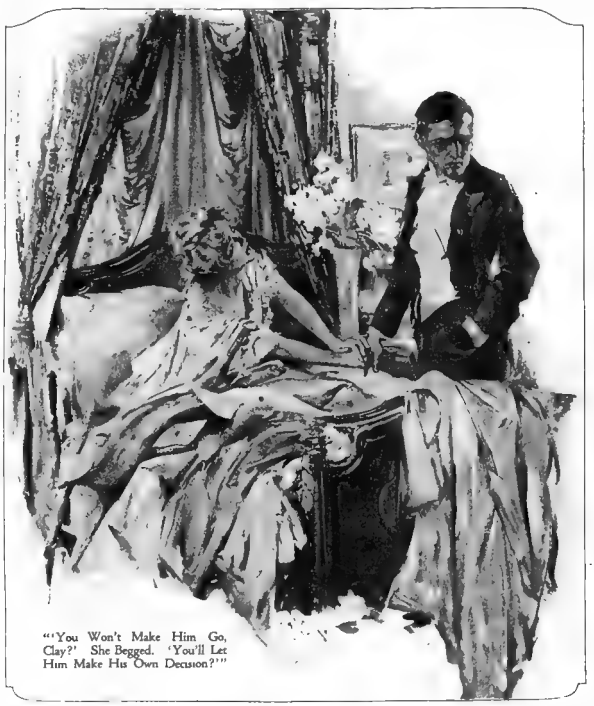
"I want to be a soldier, too, Clay. A good soldier."

He suspected that she was rather close to unusual tears. As they approached the club-house they saw Graham and Marion Hayden standing outside. Graham was absently dropping balls and swinging at them. It was too late when Clayton saw the danger and shouted sharply.

A ball caught the caddie on the side of the head and he dropped like a shot.

All through that night Clayton and Audrey Valentine sat by the boy's white bed in the hospital. Clayton knew Graham was waiting outside, but he did not go out to speak to him. He was afraid of himself, afraid in his anger that he would widen the breach between them.

Early in the evening Natalie had come, in a great evening-coat that looked queerly out of place, but she had come, he



"'You Won't Make Him Go, Clay?' She Begged. 'You'll Let Him Make His Own Decision?'"

knew, not through sympathy for the thin little figure on the bed, but as he had known she would come, to plead for Graham. And her cry of joy when the surgeons had said the boy would live was again for Graham.

She had been too engrossed to comment on Audrey's presence there, and Audrey had gone out immediately and left them together. Clayton was forced, that night, to an unwilling comparison of Natalie with another woman. On the surface of their lives, where only they met, Natalie had always borne comparison well. But here was a new standard to measure by, and another woman, a woman with hands to serve and watchful, intelligent eyes, outmeasured her.

Not that Clayton knew all this. He felt, in a vague way, that Natalie was out of place there, and he felt, even more strongly, that she had not the faintest interest in the still figure on its white bed—save as it touched Graham and herself.

He was resentful, too, that she felt it necessary to plead with him for his own boy. Good God, if she felt that way about him, no wonder Graham——

She had placed a hand on Clayton's arm, as he sat in that soundless vigil, and bent down to whisper, altho no sound would have penetrated that death-like stupor.

"It was an accident, Clay," she pled. "You know—Graham's the kindest soul in the world. You know that, Clay."

"He had been drinking." His voice sounded cold and strained to his own ears.

"Not much. Almost nothing, Toots says positively."

"Then I'd rather he had been, Natalie. If he drove that ball out of wanton indifference——"

"He didn't see the boy."

"He should have looked."

In her anger she ceased her sibilant whispering, and stood erect.

"I told him you'd be hard," she said. "He's outside, half-sick with fright, because he is afraid. Afraid of you," she added, and went out, her silks rustling in the quiet corridor.

She had gone away soon after that, the nurse informed him. And toward dawn Clayton left Audrey in the sick room and found Graham. He was asleep in a chair in the waiting-room, and looked boyish and very tired. Clayton's heart contracted.

He went back to his vigil, and let Graham sleep on.

Sometime later he roused from a doze in his chair. Graham was across the bed from him, looking down. Audrey was gone. And the injured boy stirred and opened his eyes.

"H-hello, Joey," said Graham, with a catch in his voice. Joey lay still, his eyes taking in his new surroundings. Then he put out a hand and touched the bandage on his head.

"What I got on?" he demanded, faintly.

Graham caught his father's eyes across the bed, and smiled a shaky, tremulous smile.

"I guess he's all right, Father," he said. And suddenly crumpled up beside the bed, and fell into a paroxysm of silent sobbing. With his arm around the boy's shoulders, Clayton felt in that gray dawn the greatest thankfulness of his life. Joey would live. That cup was taken from his boy's lips. And he and Graham were together again, close together. The boy's grip on his hand was tight. Please God, they would always be together from now on.

Clayton did not care to tell Natalie of Chris's flight. She would learn it soon enough, he knew, and he felt unwilling to discuss the affair as Natalie would want to discuss it. Not that he cared about Chris, but he had begun to feel a protective interest in Audrey Valentine, an interest that had in it a curious aversion to hearing her name in connection with Chris's sordid story.

He and Natalie met rarely in the next few days. He dined frequently at his club with men connected in various ways with the new enterprise, and transacted an enormous amount of business over the dinner or luncheon table.

The door of Natalie's room was always closed on those occasions when he returned, and he felt that with the stubbornness characteristic of her she was still harboring resentment against him for what he had said at the hospital

It was Mrs. Haverford, punctually paying her dinner-call in an age which exacts dinner-calls no longer —even from its bachelors—who brought Natalie the news of Chris's going. Natalie, who went down to see her with a mental protest, found her at a drawing-room window, making violent signals at somebody without, and was unable to conceal her amazement.

"It's Delight," explained Mrs. Haverford. "She's driving me round. She won't come in, and she's forgotten her fur coat. And it's simply bitter outside. Well, my dear, how are you?"

Natalie was well, and said so. She was conscious that Mrs. Haverford was listening with only half an ear, and indeed, a moment later she had risen again and hurried to the window.

"NATALIE!" she cried. "Do come and watch. She's turning the car. We do think she drives wonderfully. Only a few days, too."

"Why won't she come in?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Unless she is afraid Graham may be here."

"What in the world has Graham got to do with it?" Natalie's voice was faintly scornful.

"I was going to ask you that, Natalie. Have they quarreled, or anything?"

"I don't think they meet at all, do they?"

"They met once since Clayton gave Doctor Haverford the car. Graham helped her when she had got into a ditch, I believe. And I thought perhaps they had quarreled about something."

"That would imply a degree of intimacy that hardly exists, does it?" Natalie said, sharply.

But Mrs. Haverford had not fought the verbal battles of the parish for twenty years in vain.

"It was the day of that unfortunate incident at the country club, Natalie."

"Natalie colored.

"Accident, rather than incident."

"How is the poor child?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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"'What's the Matter, Nell? Nothing Is, that Doesn't Hit You and Me—Except the War'"

THE MOLESKIN COAT

"Conscience Does Make Cowards of Us All"

By ALICE BROWN

AUTHOR OF "TIME," "THE MOURNING VEIL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

ELINOR HORTON had come in town with her husband from Grasslands, where they lived all the year round, loving it and abusing it according to the weather. In Spring and Summer and the early Fall they loved it exceedingly with a proud boastfulness known only to the suburban; but in Winter they occupied the intervals of evening calm, when they weren't thrilling over seed catalogs or marveling at the planets in their bright array, with intemperate strictures on the water-pipes and the furnace and the board walks up the hill. They were so entirely happy that it was an added ecstasy to fume about the outer limits of their content—secondary conditions which really they wouldn't have changed for anything lest they upset the gay balance of it all.

This was November and a sparkling day they were loath to leave behind them, as it walked their country solitudes. The pale sun was finding its earthward way through bare branches, and little flocks of birds whirred and settled and whirred on again. These two loved the day, but they had to leave it, Horace due at his office and Elinor for her three hours' bandage-rolling. They were in an excellent temper toward each other and laughed a good deal, as they walked, at accumulated jokes, inconsiderable enough, but born of young housekeeping, and people turned to look at them for a fine healthy couple with presumably not a care in the world. But Elinor was conscious of care, of a whimsical sort, one so impalpable that it shook its fairy fist at her in the distance, advanced, retreated, and again threatened: "I shall solidify into something real unless you watch out." This was the coming, to-night, from her stay in Europe where she had been at first studying and then working in terrible and humble ways for the Allies, of Fay Horton, a far-off cousin of her husband with whom he had, he owned to her—owned it and then forgot it—once been boyishly in love. Elinor had never seen her, and she felt for her that mixture of mad longing and aversion women have for the other women who have been swept by the waft of the passion that afterward, for themselves alone, greatened into the big winds. Nothing could be more frank than Horace's attitude toward this girl, both now and in the past. She had played the piano wonderfully and the family had combined to send her abroad. He had given a little, according to his means. He heartily wished it had been more. And to-night she was coming on from New York and he was to meet her at the station and take her out to Grasslands.

Elinor, at Peach & Pond's, the big establishment where she had been accustomed to make her gay incursions into fine raiment before the days when the hardships of the Allies forbade her having any, stopped, and Horace brought up tardily, a step ahead.

"Hello," said he. "You going in here?"

"Yes," said she. "Give me my coat."

It was her worn old squirrel he was carrying.

"Well, he said, "we'll be along about seven. That is, if Fay gets in all right. 'Bye."

And tho he gave her his best smile while he put the coat on her arm, and even turned, as she did, for one look more, Elinor felt absurdly as if she were parting from him. The shade of Fay, the unknown, lay on the path before them. By the time she had got up to the work-rooms she had space for a crowd of impetuous discontents, all with herself as she caught revealing glimpses in long mirrors. She was conscious of her three-year-old-suit, her only dependence because she had given two other potential ones to the war, as Horace had given the greatcoat he might have had. They had thrown in recklessly everything they could snatch away from their ordinary habits of life. For the first time she did not so much regret it as find herself confronted with the vision of herself in her chosen plainness.

Fay was floating toward her, not in the modern reticence of splendor that stands for cloth of gold, but with an indescribable air of distinction that comes from contact with foreign suitabilities.

AND then her vapors fled, for she was confronted by Mrs. Ellwood, the expert fitter, of a more kindly disposition to the modest buyer than her exalted state might have led one to expect, and was asking how much it would cost to have her squirrel coat repaired; she'd have to wear it one season more. Mrs. Ellwood took the coat and looked it over in silence, lips compressed, eyes keen as the shafts of fate.

Elinor, watching her with a timidity only not actual cowardice, because the great goddess of the needle seemed so kind, followed her over collar and cuff and abraded sleeve with an unhappy discouragement it seemed the coat itself must share. Then, when sympathy for her poor old friend, who was not standing up at all under this inquisition, became almost insupportable, she put out a hand to snatch it, with one of those futile palliatives:

"It's no matter—after all, I think I won't decide immediately—another day." The priestess of furs opened her lips and spoke:

"I don't believe you'd better think of repairing this, Mrs. Horton. It wouldn't pay you."

"If you could just patch it up a little, so I could finish the season with it," Elinor offered, momentarily forgetting the season had just begun.

"But you see," said the priestess, "we can't get the fur now. The dyes, you know. And besides, if I put in new pieces where it's worn off, the rest would be just as bad in a month or two. No, Mrs. Horton, that coat's gone. Why not come down and let me fit you to a new one? We've just got some in. Splendid style; excellent value."

"Squirrel?"

Poor Elinor remembered that one hadn't cost so very much and it had been warm and soft and kind.

"No, oh no—the dyes, you see. But I can fit you to something you'll be perfectly satisfied with."

The next half hour was like a dream to Elinor. She tried on coat after coat with a certain wretched joy. She forgot the Allies to whom all her loyalties were pledged, in the luxurious delight of slipping her arms into smooth satin sleeves and feeling the delicious softness of pelts about her neck. She was in one of those trances of forgetful delight wherein women swoon back into the childhood of being when immemorial ancestors decked themselves with beads and feathers and met their own image in a stream. And ever the unseen, prophetic presence of Fay, the unknown, was beside her vying with her in haughty elegance.

Elinor became difficult, hard to please. One coat was too long, another too short, and all of them too heavy. She grew arrogant and represented to her inner mind that this was why she had chosen the old squirrel, not because it was cheap but because it was light.

And then, suddenly, as the kingdoms of the earth are unrolled before the predetermined mind, an old impossible dream became embodied into a temptation, and she said to the patient priestess who was soothing, abetting, leading her on from height to height, "Let me see the plainest moleskin you have."

That was the last of her. The instant she ran her arms into the enveloping luxury, she was lost. She made her objections, tribute these to the god of decency—and perhaps the Allies—faintly. It was perishable, was it not?

"But you'll use it carefully," the priestess assured her. "It may wear off a little along the edges, but you can have those renewed."

Elinor seemed to listen coldly as who should not be caught by speciousness, and took it off without a lingering look at it.

She laid it down, to leave it there, the fair abomination, and at the same time she said—was it her own lips that spoke or the priestess prompting them?—

"Well, I think you may send it out."

The approving priestess in her very silence was commendatory. She had inarticulate ways of making you feel you were wise among women and had done well. She was even a stay and prop when Elinor modified her order:

"Or no. I'll take it."

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She, the all-knowing priestess, seemed to accept reasons you couldn't state, reasons common to all womankind caught in a mesh of accountability to him who pays the bills. Yet so clever a priestess was she that her general omniscience never obtruded itself into the concrete of a suspicion you'd have to resent. No, she sold you your coat and left you your self-respect, a double largess.

Elinor got into her poor little jacket again—it had a clumsy interlining—and with the familiar feel of it all her old homely limitations and chosen hardships—and they were hardships, in a small way, to a pretty woman—came back and surrounded her like plain, decent, and perhaps reproachful servitors. For an instant while they clamored—tho they were respectful about it, too, they were such humble friends—begging her not to throw them over, she thought she was going to yield and take back her word. The old coat, now irrecoverably on the arm of the priestess, looked comforting and kind, sweet as lost bowers to an exiled soul.

But as she was about to utter her recantation, the phalanx of the powers against her loomed up tremendous. There was the priestess—kind, but knowing so well what fur a woman deserved—there was the old dream suddenly materialized, there was the compelling figure of Fay walking toward her in raiment of mysterious charm.

"WELL," said she, and until the priestess answered her she hadn't known she spoke aloud, "I hope God'll forgive me, but I don't see how He can."

The priestess took one step toward her, consummate in its gliding grace. Even when the heart spoke in her she couldn't allow herself one retrograde movement unbefitting the perfect saleswoman.

"Oh, Mrs. Horton!" she said, "He will, He will!"

And so potent did she seem at that moment, so far-reaching her threads of influence over even the psychological effect of fur-buying, that Elinor was momentarily comforted and briefly felt He would.

Elinor walked to her appointment, the coat disposed carelessly over one arm, so that a sweep of gorgeous lining showed along its sumptuousness. There was brief delight in that, the pleasure of the squaw, she told herself contemptuously, in gauds. But when she entered the bare surroundings where women sat at their bandage-making, when she encountered the piles of gauze that meant nothing less terrible than the stanching of men's blood, her heart dropped to depths unplumbed. She had left the coat in the dressing-room and now her inner self cried out to her: "I hope—we hope, all your heavenly guardians—that somebody'll steal it."

But nobody did steal it—nobody was in the least likely to, she concluded, except herself. She had stolen it. Indubitably it wasn't hers, for she hadn't paid for it, and she began to foresee it was to be paid for in several ways unconnected with Peach & Pond. When she hurried for the train it was again on her arm, and now she hated it, and in her own house, without another look at it, she hung it in the dark hall closet where the old squirrel had held recognized and honorable place.

Horace came at seven, and not only was Fay with him, but a Semitic gentleman named Bernstein, of a robust presence and the glory of Solomon in his clothes. He wouldn't stay, and only stepped into the hall, it appeared, with the obvious purpose of seeing Fay, to the uttermost point of her destination, greatly, as Elinor saw at once, to the disgust of Horace, who might be supposed to manage that.

Then he was gone in a bluster of urging her to be ready in the morning "early," and again emphatically "early," and Fay, slim, pale, dark-eyed, exquisitely shaped, was meeting Elinor for the first time and with a frank interest and an equal challenging. She showed plainly how curious she was over Horace's wife and quite as frankly that she wanted to be liked. But the instant over, and while they were standing together by the fireplace, Horace, obviously exhilarated by the occasion, telling her she really had changed, she'd grown up, and he'd go to Paris himself if it would turn him out so fine, she laughed and said to him, "You didn't like him, did you?"

"'It's Beautiful, Mrs. Horton, Beautiful. Do You S'pose a Burglar Left It There?'"

"Your Israelite?" said Horace. "No, I didn't. Where'd you get him?"

"He's all right," she asserted, yet making it at the same time humorously plain she understood the other inevitable point of view. "He came over on the steamer. He's arranged a little tour for me already—Middle West. I'm to play, and incidentally, speak for France. The speaking's on my own, he says."

"He'd better give his coat to France," Horace grumbled.

"That fur! my word! What is it, dear?"

This last was in a quick aside to Elinor. She wasn't sure, but it made her think he must have heard her give a little moan. But she answered him:

"Something I'd forgotten," and hurried into the hall. She took the moleskin coat from its hanger and went slinking up-stairs. But where to put it? What refuge had the offending thing whose only fault was that it existed and had found itself in the wrong house? Not in her own room. An inner, wary self, just come to life in her, forbade. She could fancy it swaying out of the closet to listen when she and Horace talked over the days—days had hitherto held no secret sins—or, if Horace went to hang up a coat of his own, brushing his hand insinuatingly with a malicious "Just look at me." For now it was definitely malicious. It had entered her home to play the devil in it, not to break it up, perhaps, but to show Horace that dark stratum he hadn't yet suspected in her. She hadn't seen it either, not since she had been living step by step with the Allies and their great agony; and before that—well, before that what she wanted she had, in a moderate way, and didn't have to scheme for it.

THE door of the guest-room stood ajar. She heard the mulling of the fire she had lighted half an hour before. There was something kind and helpful in the fire-sound. "Come in here," it said. "I'll take care of it." So she carried the coat in and hung it in the shallow closet next the chimney and turned the key. The other closet was spacious enough, even if Fay had as many costumes as Queen Elizabeth. Now, with the key safely under a pile of handkerchiefs in her bureau drawer, she ran down-stairs in time to meet Fay's trunk and direct the men up with it. Horace came, too, and when the men had gone and Fay had said prettily, "Oh, what a darling room!" and as Elinor opened a door, "And what a splendid closet!" Horace seemed to waken to the householder's particular form of vanity and strode across to the other one.

"Here's another," he announced. "Rather knowing place for it, don't you think! What the devil!" For the door hadn't yielded, and he had again assaulted it and still it wouldn't yield. "Why, the door's locked. What you got in here, Nell?"

"Oh!" said Elinor, breathless. She was at his elbow, and she put a hand on his imploringly. "Don't! don't shake it. I guess it—sticks."

"Sticks?" said Horace. "It's locked."

"Locked? Oh, no. I guess not. That is, not really."

"Really?" said Horace. "What do you mean by 'really'? A lock's either turned or it isn't. Where's the key?"

"The key?" said Elinor, wanderingly. "I'll see if I can find it. Only not now. Not this minute, Horace. Fay's unpacking."

FAY, who was taking out her dresses—very few they were and, Elinor noted bitterly, of an uttermost simplicity—called attention to her silliness in bringing a trunk at all, she was to go again so soon. It wasn't altogether her stupidity, but Bernstein hadn't made his actual offer until they were coming out on the train, tho it had indeed been foolish of her not to leave it at the station overnight.

Anyway she didn't want another closet. The big one was far too spacious for all the clothes she had in the world; and now Horace gave up his probings of the lock and went off, grumbling. He had a theory. Elinor knew, with a dull certainty, that the mechanical problem didn't exist which he, at more or less pains, couldn't unravel; and if you gave him a new and particularly teasing one he entered on it joyously.

"Don't come back now," she called down to him. "Fay's going to dress."

"All right," said Horace. "You find the key. After supper I'll tackle it again."

Elinor went into her own room and stood there, thinking. Now she was moved, not only by the apprehension of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

"'It's Never so Nice as at This Time of Day—All those Evergreens and the City Lights Beyond'"

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"Wait! The Special Had Been Traced. To an Abandoned Factory Siding, Five Miles up the Bronx River Valley!"

The Philanthropist

The Story of An Idol with Clay Feet

By

FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM

AT NINE o'clock in the morning on the seventeenth of February Stephen Linguard bade good-by on his door-step to the two keepers of his conscience. To the one, a bright-eyed alert young man whose air was more that of a man of business than a dominie which his cloth proclaimed him, Linguard said—

"Bancroft, you tempt me! We shall see—we shall see! Let the idea simmer for a few days."

Linguard's gaze was clear and engaging, his voice was deep and rich, and his smile disarming. There was something beautiful in the handclasp that accompanied his words, and the flashing of the eyes that told of the meeting of these two minds on a common ground. Linguard buttoned his coat about him, drew his cap well down, and tugged at his gloves. Then he turned on his brother-in-law, Abner Hastings. Hastings was a squat man, puffy, yellow, and asthmatic, and his eyes were half-closed by wrinkles of flesh. Linguard and Hastings exchanged no word. They regarded each other casually, as tho by chance they had come into each other's line of vision.

Stephen Linguard was divided into two parts. It would be difficult to say which was the stronger impulse in his nature—his passion for making money, or his passion for giving it away. He practised the latter vanity with the greatest stealth, through his almoner, Bancroft When, by chance, some rumor of this weakness got abroad, it was accepted with lifted eyebrows and won him the satirical appellation of The Philanthropist.

The two men watched him off; the dominie glowing frankly with admiration for the colossus; Hastings eyed the almoner with a curious smile.

LINGUARD stepped down the gravel path and started forth, proceeding with the utmost caution

The fog was as thick as a wad of batting. It was as if all the cotton enumerated as bales in the Statistical Abstract had been rolled into one wet clammy ball and wedged here. From the broad expanse of the Tappan Zee, which on clear days could be seen over the trees, came loud bleatings from lost ferry-boats, and the dismal wailing of a fog-horn—sounds that reached Linguard's ears with that alarming distinctness and sense of proximity characteristic of fogs. Linguard's way down the path was a familiar one. Nevertheless, several times he found himself wandering out on the snow-encrusted grass. At last he reached the gate. A square of smoky light appeared in the mist; there was a heavy vibration in the air, and the chugging of a busy air-pump, assuring him, in some esoteric way, that his train—the Millionaires' Special, as it was dubbed by wags—was on the dot this morning, as usual. With re-assurance at this evidence of normal, he mounted the steps of the little platform—scarcely more than a hitching-block, and confidently entered his private car.

The interior was fitted up as an office. With all his resources Linguard could muster only twenty-four hours to each working day—and it was a tight squeeze. His secretaries had the morning's mail ready for Linguard when he stepped aboard -or at least such gleanings from it as required his personal attention. A battery of clerks rose to salute their lord and master. The great man, with his marvelous capacity for concentration, passed easily to the matters of the moment.

The Special made haste slowly. The block-lights and semaphores had to be picked up with extreme care. It was very fortunate there were steel rails to guide the wheels, else there is no telling whither they might have drifted in such weather. The air was filled with the tooting of whistles, occasionally bitten by the sharp report of a warning torpedo, and the brakes slid on and off with subdued sighs. There was a nervous tension in the air, but if the men in the group about the colossus felt it, they gave no sign. There were stops, backings, desultory goings ahead—but the monotonous tones ran on without a break.

In the midst of one stop which seemed interminable to a young secretary who for several minutes had been listening intently, he rose softly to his feet and rubbed a spot clear in the moisture on the window, and peered out. They should be in the tunnel, he thought, as he glanced at his watch. It was quite evident, however, from the luminosity of the fog, that they were not. He listened for the clang of street-car bells, the honk of auto-horns, the medley of street clamor which should have met his ears. But he heard nothing.

He glanced over his shoulder at the pre-occupied Linguard, who was keeping two stenographers busy. Then, slipping into his greatcoat, the clerk softly opened the door and let himself out. Everything was as quiet as the grave, save for the distant wail of river craft

The puzzled secretary began to explore, alive to the thought that running about on the main line right-of-way in such weather was not the healthiest of outdoor sports.

THERE should be another track here. But there was none—at least not on this side of the train. The young man lighted a cigaret and weighed this discovery for several seconds. Then, careless of the danger, he crept under the car and emerged safely on the other side. He took several cautious forward steps—then came to an abrupt halt.

"It is preposterous, of course," he said to himself. "They wouldn't sidetrack this train—or somebody would lose his head at the collar-button!"

He stood aghast. There was no second track! Here they were, pulled up on a single track—in a fog—a fog so dense that it was mixed with a jangle of bells, whistles, warning cries. That is, it had been filled with alarms Now all was suddenly hushed! Now there was nothing to be heard, not even the undertone of the city, through whose by-paths they should be threading.

"Hello! the conductor!" cried the secretary; and he swung himself aboard the car and entered it. There was no conductor! He searched first in a desultory way—then feverishly. He got down and went forward to the electric engine. The monster was as quiet as a slumbering beast of burden. "Hello, up there!" he shouted, and getting no response he climbed to the cab. The cab was empty.

"Must be some sort of tie-up, ahead," he speculated, and made what speed he could forward. There was snow everywhere, its shiny crust visible through the fog. But there were no tracks ahead! The overhang of the engine was suspended over a clean cloth of snow that had not been cut by wheels. He began desperately kicking at the snow. Yes, there were rails under the crust. It had not snowed for days. Ergo, no train had gone farther on this track for days. The secretary went down on his knees. There were footprints. At this discovery, which seemed to promise everything, he started on again. Fifty yards farther on, the footprints ceased abruptly at a substantial wooden gate. It was surmounted by barbed wire, ten feet in the air. It was a thief-proof fence. He kicked and pounded and yelled, but only the echo of his clamor replied.

HE STARTED back at a half run. As he passed the train, a door opened—not his door—and a voice cried out to know what was up.

"I am trying to find out," he said, without stopping, and he heard the door shut. There were no footprints in the snow behind the train. But a flagman who should have been down the track might have balanced himself on the rails and walked clear of the snow. The rails stood out sharp and distinct, like a line cut through confectionery icing. A hundred yards beyond the train, the explorer came on a second gate surmounted by barbed wire—and locked. They were locked in, at both ends!

The secretary came back to the train and leaned against his car to collect his thoughts. He could hear the familiar drone of Linguard's voice, the click of the typewriter keys, and an occasional word from one of the clerks. They seemed delightfully oblivious of the fact that the Millionaires' Special was sidetracked—abandoned by its crew—in a cache—barricaded like a prison! Until he himself had adventured farther, he would not dare the wrath of Linguard with such a cock-and-bull story.

"My brain is mired!" the secretary assured himself, as he groped his way through the fog. "This is the twentieth century—these things simply don't happen." In the first place, who would dare commit such an outrage? With Linguard!—and the Millionaires' Special! It was a pretty kettle of fish! Who else was aboard this morning, besides Linguard? That must have been old Whitcomb who had called him to know what was up. Whitcomb was Wedron's chief clerk. This thought hit him with the force of a sledge-hammer. Linguard and Wedron! Here! Locked in the same coop!

"'Bancroft, You Tempt Me! Let the Idea Simmer for a Few Days!'"

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Recently there had appeared a cartoon of Linguard and Wedron in a morning newspaper. It had so delighted Linguard that he had begged for the original, and had it framed for his private office. It represented the two financiers as tom-cats, their tails tied together, and slung over a taut clothes-line. That was Linguard and Wedron, in a nutshell. And here they were, locked in together!

The explorer brought up against a brick wall—and came back to the present. He found a window, dusty and greasy with grime. He rubbed a slot clean and peered in. The interior was that of a machine-shop, evidently long since abandoned, to judge from the heaps of upset rusty machinery, shafting, and scrap that littered the floor. This promised something. He worked his way along the wall till he came to a door. Through its glass panes he made out a room that had evidently served as an office in its day. Now it was empty, save for a rickety table, a chair, and several boxes. There was a telephone on the table.

"Ho! the watchman!" he yelled, with new hope in his heart. But no one answered. A violent throbbing suddenly smote his ears. In an instant the secretary was on his way back to the train at a tight run; but he pulled up short half-way. Obviously the train could not go off and leave him. It was only an automatic air-pump come to life for a moment. He made his way back to the office door. That telephone was providential. He kicked a clod free of the frozen earth, and with it as a weapon deliberately smashed the glass door; and he thrust his arm in through the hole. To his delight, his fingers found a spring-lock and the door swung open.

"NOW we'll see what's what," he breathed. "It's the first time I ever telephoned to any one to ask where I was! But it is a cinch I've got to know before I face S. L. with this fairy tale."

The secretary picked up the receiver. The familiar click told him that the wire was alive.

"Operator—what is the location of this number?" he asked, "—that is—I'd like to—the fact is, I—"

He came to a halt. It was preposterous! The thing would start a riot!

"Give me eight, four, seven, six, please," he put in.

"What exchange?" asked the girl at the other end.

"No exchange— It is a private wire. This is E. J. Willis talking."

It was true. This was Linguard's leased wire running into his Wall Street office, a telephone whose number could not be had by an outsider for love or money. Even then, a caller must send in his name before he could get a connection.

"Very well," said the operator, suddenly obsequious. Soon the familiar voice of Rankin, the office manager down-town, came in—

"Hello, Willis! What's on your mind?"

"Listen to me. Please don't interrupt," said Willis; and, speaking very fast, he outlined the situation—the fairy tale which his own ears refused to believe as he put it into words. When he had finished, there was a brief silence at the other end, as tho Rankin were deliberating. Then a derisive laugh came over the wire.

"What brand are you smoking, this morning, Willis?"

"Get busy—get on the job!" ran on Willis, his tones tense with excitement. "First, find out where this telephone is. Then get the railroad people at Grand Central! None of the small fry—get direct to the big boss of the works! Tell him"—his voice lowered instinctively—"tell him it is S. L. And God save him, if a word of this gets out! Oh, Rankin," cried Willis ruefully, "there'll be a basketful of heads before this business is through!"

"Are you really serious?" demanded the incredulous Rankin.

"I tell you," shrieked Willis, now beside himself with rage, "that the Special has been sidetracked—hung up on an abandoned factory siding—the crew has vanished—we're locked in! Inside of a thief-proof fence! Somewhere above Spuyten Duyvil. Where, I don't know. Why, I don't know. That's for you to find out!"

Silence answered this outburst—it lasted so long that the frantic Willis began banging the hook.

"Just a minute, Willis. You say you think Wedron is there, too?" There was an eager note in the question. But Willis, in his anguish did not catch it.

"I am not worrying over Wedron's troubles. What's that got to do with it, anyway?" he demanded.

Another pause. Then——

"Oh, nothing, Willis. Merely a coincidence, I guess. I heard a man say last night that there would be a killing in Powers Specialty stock if Linguard and Wedron ever kissed and made up. Well, ta-ta, my boy. I will start the relief expeditions, at once," and he hung up the receiver.

Willis sat staring at the telephone. After several seconds, he pulled himself together with a jerk, like a sleeper, suddenly aroused. The whole thing was preposterous, of course. Still, when one thought calmly about it, it was simple enough. The secretary, alive to the situation, faithful to the utmost in the service of his employer, knowing full well that every minute counted, suddenly found himself intrigued by the astounding predicament. Railroad trains do not go astray and get themselves locked in, by accident—no, not even in a fog. It was absurd, beyond belief—but possible, of course. All it needed was a man daring enough to take the helm and put the thing through. Even the motive was not lacking.

The stakes were tremendous! Wall Street, jumpy as a wild trout, would rise to the bait! There were plenty of aristocratic picaroons who would ask nothing better than the chance. Let but a hint be cast abroad that Linguard and Wedron, the two fighting tom-cats with their tails tied together, were sidetracked in some out-of-the-way factory yard in their special train—and the underground machinery of Wall Street would do the rest. When the Goliaths had quarreled years ago, it was a catastrophe involving thousands of innocent investors, and as many shrewd gamblers—and millions of dollars. Should there be a reconciliation—or the appearance of one—(Willis could not repress a grim smile at the idea)—the whole process would be worked over again—backward! Willis, perhaps better than any other man except the two principals themselves, knew how futile was the hope of a reconciliation. Linguard and Wedron were of the type that does not forgive, forget. They would carry their hatred to the grave; their careers would continue to be, in the future as in the past, a series of bitter campaigns against each other.

But—let them simply be found together—in some out-of-the-way spot like this—tearing at each other's throats, if you will—but together! And who would believe this wild story of kidnapping? To steal a million was one thing—to steal a millionaire quite another! In a flash the whole scheme unfolded itself.

"'It's Wicked! It's Criminal! Oh, Edmund, I Can Never Forgive Myself'"

A TRAIN, particularly the Millionaires' Special, the most famous train in America, can't lose itself, and stay lost, without raising a hue and cry. The Special ran in the block between the Peekskill Local and the Albany Express. A hundred men would be searching for it by now. There were not so many sidings between Peekskill and Forty-second Street. It would only be the question of minutes, or half-hours at the most, after the shock of a lost train broke on the minds of the officials, before the Special would be traced here! Linguard and Wedron would be found, together! They might explain themselves blue in the face, rage till the heavens fell. To what purpose? Wall Street would shriek with mirth, hold its sides—and buy Powers Specialty stock to the point of panic!

"That's it!" cried the astounded Willis, and he snatched a morning paper from his pocket. There was a little paragraph in fine type, which he remembered having read with a pitying smile. It said that there had been quiet but steady buying of stock of the defunct Pdwers Specialty for the last fortnight, but it was impossible to trace the source.

"That's the clue to the whole situation," he thought. Armed with this conclusion he started for the train, where the sinister Linguard and the crafty Wedron, their hands clean for once in their lives, were buried to their ears in routine, blissfully unconscious of the catastrophe, possibly even blessing the fog for the extra minutes it was giving them to clear up their big morning's mail. Willis was in the act of opening the door and bursting in on Linguard, like a bombshell. But he paused, and listened. The monotonous drone of the Big Fellow's voice, and the click of the typewriter, told him too well what was going on inside.

A sprite tugged at his elbow. Willy-nilly, he was drawn back to the bare office. That telephone was bothering him. If he saw the situation clearly, why had the perpetrators been so careless as to leave this telephone so handy? Now, for the first time he examined the instrument carefully. It was too new and shiny for the part it was playing. He picked it up. There should have been a circle free from dust under it. That is, if the telephone had been there from the beginning. But there was no such token. His eye traced the wire to an aperture in the wall. There were some fresh shavings on the floor, as if the connection had been hastily made with the aid of auger and bit. Then a new doubt assailed him! Had he been talking with Rankin at all? Or did this planted line run merely to some blind alley, where the conspirators could impersonate the office manager? This was a bolt from the blue!

Suddenly on an impulse Willis picked up the instrument again and called for a number. A voice answered. He thrilled. They could not fool him here. The owner of the voice evidently identified his "hello" for the voice said:

"What is the matter, dearie? Has anything happened? Your voice sounds so strange, Edmund."

It was his wife. Of that he had no doubt. He breathed easier. He was thinking hard. With a nervous glance around, as tho some stern eye had detected him in an unworthy act, he answered:

"Evelyn!"—his tones were low and strained—"I can't explain to you now. Listen very carefully. Go down-town at once. Don't lose a minute! Sell the Steel and Copper at the market. Buy Powers Specialty stock—Common. Check on our joint account—spread it out thin. Not a word to a living soul!"

He blessed her then and there. She didn't protest or ask why. She said: "Very well. I will go at once. I am dressed."

"Some one has tied a knot in the tail of the Big Fellows. Looks as if they were going to twist the knot. Mum's the word, Evelyn!"

He was putting down the receiver when he suddenly became aware that Whitcomb, the aged secretary-in-chief of old Wedron, was standing at his elbow. Whitcomb had heard all. There was no doubt of that.

"What's what?" demanded Whitcomb fiercely. There was a threat in his voice.

"Sit down," commanded Willis, indicating a box in lieu of a chair. He wetted his lips and mopped his damp forehead. Then he related everything, including his own suspicions.

"I am afraid I am getting old," said Whitcomb quietly. "Would you mind repeating that, word for word?"

Willis went through it again from beginning to end; as he ended the aged clerk was already taking the receiver from the hook.

"Don't go, Willis," said the old man in a whisper. "I want a little moral support. I want to get in on it, too."

IT WAS his broker that Whitcomb was calling; he was thinking of green fields and running brooks, away from the turmoil of the Street where men make fortunes out of suspicion and fear. The sudden sound of heavy blows, followed quickly by a crash at the end of the yard caused the two clerks to spring to their feet and dash madly in the direction of the sound. Through the fog which was beginning to lift, they saw the big gates swing open; and a hand-car loaded with men ran along the track and came to a stop. A white-faced man bristling with pugnacity ran up to the two clerks.

"What's the meaning of this? What are you doing on this siding? Where's your flagman out behind? Where is the conductor of this train? Who locked that gate?"

"Wait just a second," said Willis, taking charge. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I am the division superintendent!" shouted the man. "Who in thunder are you?"

Willis told him, very quickly and much to the point. He ended by saying: "When this thing is over, there won't be any division superintendent—no! my friend, take my word for it, there won't be any New York Central Railroad!"

The official was a man of action. He could afford to be astonished later, not now.

"Ditch that hand-car," he called to his men, and he ran forward to the electric cab. Without a look behind he

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Now that We've Got to Reconstruct the World, Let Us Do It Right

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

ALREADY the beautiful work of rehabilitation has begun in small degree. Some of the ravaged villages of France are being rebuilt, and, with all due respect, with too much respect perhaps for the ancient prejudices of the inhabitants, they are building just such houses as were there before—with one new thing—more windows. More light. More sunshine. More health and happiness.

Can we not do more than that? Here is a world, shocked by this social earthquake of barbaric war, swept and devastated by a conflagration which leaves whole nations in ruins. Here are we, the citizens of the world remaining, having in our hands an opportunity such as never before was offered to people competent to use it, an opportunity to rebuild the world in such wise as shall make impossible forever another such outbreak of horror.

This world is an entailed estate. It has come down to us from the previous occupants, our boasted forefathers, to whom we owe all the accumulated blessings of civilization, and, also let us carefully remember, all the curses of civilization as well. Poverty, vice, crime, and most of our diseases, are legacies from the ignorance or the indifference of our ancestors.

We are not ignorant, as they were. In the face of our present misery we should no longer be indifferent. As we now live, as we change and improve the conditions of life which have made possible, yes, made inevitable, this war, so shall our children profit by a better world, or suffer in a worse one. Unless we do this, beyond this war and its accompaniment of successful and repressed revolutions, loom other wars and revolutions, worse than this as this was worse than all that went before.

We have all the materials for better living, for a decent world wherein every child should grow up to the best that is in him. We have power enough. We have enough special knowledge. And we have the good will. In spite of all the hand-made hatred with which Germany attacked her neighbors, and the too-well-deserved hatred her neighbors now feel toward her, there is even now among us enough loving kindness for every one to feel happier if peace and progress were assured to all.

War we have always had, this one proves us no worse. But the numerous and powerful associations for human betterment, these are peculiar to our age, and prove that we do move upward.

The Problems that Call for Solution

THIS war at last is over. What have we to face?

A ghastly loss by death. This we must, and we can bear; this we have borne, throughout history. A more painful burden of maimed and injured, needing an effective love and care not only to maintain them, but to put hope and joy into lives so wrecked that the rest of us might be spared. This, too, we can bear and help.

The waste of property, except when in irreplaceable works of art, may be made good from the earth's vast stores and the labor of our hands and brains. In fifty years we shall have outlived our griefs, replaced our losses, and be as good as we were before.

If we do no more than that, the world is doomed to further misery like ours.

The political injustices and shortcomings of the world were not the only causes of this war. Even with full citizenship for all women and all men, with the integrity of small nations guaranteed by the world union, with restitution and re-apportionment of land to satisfy every people—if that were possible, the world would not be safe. More than all this, we need economic justice.

Progressive democracy is the tendency of social evolution. Democracy means freedom in political, social, and economic relationship. This allows of more perfect interchange of functions, and that means happiness and normal growth, both for the individual and the society. Free choice in social service, that is true democracy.

The "equality of opportunity" with which we are so familiar, must be in economic opportunity as well as political, if our democracy is to be legitimate. What good is it to give people an equal vote if their education is so unequal that some of them are easily able to confuse and deceive the others?

Such freedom, such equality as we have had so far, has its best result in the growing demand of the people for more. Our women citizens are freer from preconceived economic prejudices than are men. Almost any woman, any mother, can see that a country would be better for having all its citizens strong, intelligent, well educated, fully employed, healthy, and handsome; and the same average woman can see that this is impossible while the great majority of children grow up in poverty.

This is not put forward as the demand of any class. The poverty of so large a proportion of our citizens is a direct injury to all the others. This is what the rebuilders of the world must see, that we can not afford poverty. The anger, the sullen bitterness of such huge masses of the people, is but too well founded; and those considered more fortunate must recognize at last that they, too, are injured, that the whole country is less united, less strong, less rich, less powerful, because of the injustice in economic conditions.

We Must Begin with Ourselves

CHANGING conditions of our own making involves a change in ideas. Here lies the real work before us. If we would rebuild the world we must consider that old text, "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

In this so-needed transformation, the most imperative desideratum is better people. This does not mean merely better behaved people, but better stock. There could be no nobler, no more practical, no more absolutely feminine ambition before our women than this; to use the mighty power of selective motherhood, and the still mightier power of true education, to definitely improve the human race.

There is a work of salvage immediately before us which will call on all our resources of surgery, of marvelous artificial limbs and hand-made features, but when the world's maimed heroes are mended as far as may be, it still remains for us to see that the rest of their lives are made pleasant. We want more happiness in common life, and we can have it, we can make it.

The strong reconstructive minds busy with rebuilding devastated villages, or restoring cathedrals, should apply themselves also to the cities and towns where we all live, to the scattered communities in the country, to all the machinery of common life, that it may be improved. As an earnest, capable housewife sets herself to a general housecleaning, with a view to fresh paint and paper, new plumbing, and better furnishings, so should we now set ourselves to a world-cleaning such as never was hoped for before.

What are the practical needs of the world, the common "advantages" which all mothers and fathers desire for their own children, and which all mothers and fathers should demand and secure for all children? If we rightly meet the needs of all children we shall go far in our task of rebuilding the world. If we do not we shall never have a fit world to live in.

These needs are no mystery. The first is to be born of loving healthy parents.

It is of no use to say we should have begun with their grandparents—we did not. We must begin now to prepare some proper grandparents for those to come after us.

Toward the "loving" we can only contribute a full education and opportunity for wide acquaintance in youth, but the health we can largely insure. There is no single asset of more importance to human happiness. To secure it we must bend our social energies, our new enthusiasm, toward the enforcement of all sound measures giving to every one short work hours, sure and continuous employment, and assured payment sufficient to provide proper food, clothing, housing, medical and dental attention, together with such rest, change, and amusement as best promote well-being.

This program is not offered as a reward for industry, but as tending to produce the most and best industry in all lines. If we wish for a high grade of citizenship for the whole community, we must take the same measures to develop it that we do in our own families.

We may thus begin at once to provide improved parents, but with every child now here as well as all who follow, we must be ready with the best, the fullest, the most steadily improving education. Any child, no matter how impoverished in infancy, may be improved by right education.

This roused and eager world, justly terrified by its mad outbreak of primitive barbarism, and determined to prevent another, must now study carefully what kind of people it is making. Poets may be born not made, but the mass of mankind is made, or more often spoiled, by the conditions it grows up in.

This is education: the effect of surrounding conditions upon us. It is not merely what we make children learn and do in a few hours a day, but what they learn and do in every minute they are awake. We have hardly begun to educate yet. We must plan wiser methods according to our best wisdom, carefully leaving room for improvement by the better methods of those we are training to be wiser than we are.

The school day should be co-terminous with the work day; the school a second home to every child from earliest years. This one measure would secure clean, safe, beautiful, and elevating surroundings for all our little ones while their parents are at work. If the work day is eight hours, so should be the school day, leaving the families sixteen out of the twenty-four, more or less, together.

To make this arrangement practical our schools must be more numerous, larger, better fitted for a wider range of uses, far more sanitary and beautiful. The teachers, too, must be increased in number and raised in quality. Our children, all of them, should grow up under the influence of the best people we can produce—that is the way to improve humanity. Such teachers must of course be properly paid and honored.

Expensive? Yes, very; and more remunerative than any other possible investment.

Among suggestions as to employment of our people after the war let this stand high, we can profitably employ about ten per cent. in education. This covers every grade, from the trained nurse-teacher, through all the range of general and technical schooling, the college and university, and the continuous educational facilities provided for grown people throughout life.

An Entirely New System of Industry

AFTER our children have grown up to their fullest, each one as strong, healthy, handsome, intelligent, and skilled as his or her nature allows, we have then to arrange a broadly organized system of industry which shall ensure to each an opportunity to do his or her best work. We suffer personally from having to do what we do not like and are not fitted for, and collectively from the inferiority of such work.

Again the war has taught us much. We have been forced to see that society needs the right man in the right place, and woman, too, in the mine, the mill, the shop, as well as the army; in fact we have learned that mine, mill, and shop are *part of the army*. If this lesson is thoroughly assimilated, it is another thing worth all we have lost. The army fights for us all, it is *us* fighting. The worker works for us all, it is *us* working. We are fools if we do not select and train fit soldiers for the fighting army, fit workers for the working army, both to be honored and paid as befits world service.

To do this demands of us great changes in idea and practice, but those changes are already introduced by the war,

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+ D. J. Card Mercier, archbp of Malines

CARDINAL MERCIER

ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES — *HERO OF BELGIUM*

That fearless Prince of the Church who, in the strength of conscious righteousness, dared, tho physically helpless before a ruthless enemy, to raise his voice in protest.

By the force of his noble character, he struck powerful blows for the sacred cause of liberty more telling than those of an army delivered upon the field of battle.

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILHELM FUNK

THE SECOND OF PICTORIAL REVIEW'S SERIES OF GREAT WAR PAINTINGS

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THE THOMAS E. FORTUNE RYAN'S SERIES OF GREAT WAR PAINTINGS

THE AMERICAN ENGINEERS AT CAMBRAI

FROM THE PAINTING BY HOWARD GIBBS, A.N.A.

The first real fight in which the Americans took part. Practically unarmed, except for picks and shovels, they jumped into the breach at Cambrai, stopped the advance of the Germans, and saved the day for the Allied cause

COURTESY OF [illegible]

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FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

With true British tenacity—his army "with their backs against the wall" -he held back the seemingly irresistible onslaught of the Germans until the coming of the Americans and the turning of the tide

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"KAMERAD!"

FROM THE PAINTING BY N. C. WYETH

THE fierce fighting at Cantigny, Bois Belleau, and Château-Thierry was enough to show the Germans the kind of soldiers the Americans were, and that their cause was hopeless. After the lesson of those glorious days, whenever the Americans met the enemy, German hands flew up and German lips cried "Kamerad!" because they realized the Americans were not playing at war, but were in dead earnest. It was the beginning of the end.

The Fifth of Pictorial Review's Series of Great War Paintings

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WRAPPED IN SILK

Final Instalment of this Thrilling and Romantic Spy-Story

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES

"'When I See You,' He Said Hoarsely, 'I Can not Believe It. I Can not Believe You Are Anything but Good and Pure'"

MAJOR LAND returned to the hotel from the War Department and, in his pocket was a little silk-wrapped package containing the answer of America to the Versailles War Council. His orders were to proceed to New York in the morning and to set sail at the earliest possible date for France. And he was glad, glad to get away from America, away from Renée Saxe.

Land was older than he had been two days before; he had lost his boyishness. Now he was a man, serious, tired, hurt. He had loved but once, and that with a great love. It was bitter that the woman he should have chosen from all the world was treacherous, cruel, mercenary—a spy. He remembered the story of the young Belgian officer who had been tricked and ruthlessly betrayed. Perhaps she had planned some such catastrophe for *himself*. The whole affair was an incredible nightmare—but a nightmare woven of the warp and woof of fact.

He had but one desire—to get back into the line of battle, to be again with his men at the front. In his ears sounded the scream of shells, the *rat-tat-tat-tat-tat* of machine guns—and the sound was sweet. It held out promise to him. He would request—demand—active service; and in the trenches he would forget.

In his room he took the packet wrapped in silk from his pocket and regarded it. Somehow it was typical of Renée and Rachel, those women who were so inextricably tangled in the affair. Wrapped in Silk! And they, too, were wrapped in silk—soft, clinging, tempting, alluring. He hated that packet. If he had been inclined to temperament he would have cursed it as the source of all his misery, for had there been no such message he would never have encountered Renée and Rachel; he would never have been the object of the attentions of the army of Teutonic spies. He stood with the packet in his hand, and, as he stood, eyes of which he was unaware watched his every movement.

In the adjoining room was a man, and that man stood with his face pressed to the wall. He stood upon a chair, and his eye was glued to a tiny hole that had its end in Major Land's room—exactly in the black center of a design of the wall-paper.

The man stood motionless, scarcely breathing, but missing no movement of the Major's.

Land thrust the packet into his pocket as some one rapped on his door. It was a page with a letter, and the letter was from Renée.

"I must see you once more," it said in its pitiful briefness. "Once more—and then never again. I beg it of you."

He crushed the letter in his hand and paced up and down the room. Those words had quickened to burning life his desire to see her, to be near her. He might be mistaken, there might be some explanation. He tried to argue for her, tried to conjure up sophistries, plausibilities, even while admitting that they were fathered by his longing. He despised her, but he loved her.

The watching eyes saw him take the silken packet from his pocket and regard it for minutes, and those eyes communicated to an acute brain the thoughts of the Major. The Major was calculating the possibilities, estimating the possible danger to that invaluable message. What should he do with it? How should he insure its safety?

THE eyes watched eagerly, while the Major pondered. It was their duty to discover how he would dispose of that paper, and they read his thoughts as if he spoke them aloud.

The Major knew his movements away from his room would be watched. Of that much the dullest would be certain. So he haunted about for materials, and while the hidden eyes twinkled with sardonic enjoyment, he fashioned a dummy packet, sealed it in an envelop and laid it on the desk. That packet was to be deposited in the safe of the hotel. It was to tantalize the watching spies; to make them believe it was not on the Major's person. If the spies believed the packet were in the hotel's safe, then the Major would be safe from molestation.

The thing was childish, thought the spy, and yet it was fortunate the spy was there, peering through the tiny hole, for childish as the makeshift was, it might otherwise have sufficed.

The Major's train of thought continued. A precious thing is carefully concealed. Therefore the thing to do was to take no precautions, to put the packet where no sane man would trust it.

But where? The Major felt over his uniform. His hand stopped at the left breast-pocket of his coat, a pocket with a buttoned flap. He shrugged his shoulders, opened the flap, and thrust the message inside. It was enough. Very softly the spy climbed down from his chair and tiptoed across the room in shoeless feet.

He wrote a moment on a tiny square of paper, folded it with precision and tiptoed out of the room, putting on his shoes at the door.

In two minutes he was on the street heading toward Pennsylvania Avenue. Here he turned to the left and lounged toward the Capitol, sauntering along as if the world held no important affair for him. He looked in shop-windows, stopped to gaze at the passing traffic, dropped into a tobacconist's to buy cigarets. But always he drew nearer and nearer to the corner where stood a pudgy little man with green trousers and a brown coat—a little man with a cage of birds who sold stereotyped fortunes to all who applied.

Presently the spy stopped to watch.

"Fortune, sir?" said the little man. "The future is an open book. My little birds have the occult power of reading the past and the years to come. They do not lie. The wise man regards his future. Danger may be avoided, good fortune courted. Only ten cents, sir—a dime which may bring you riches and fame."

"I'll try anything once," said the spy with a jovial grin. "Here's your dime, old sport. Give us a copy."

The little man rapped on the bars of the cage with his baton; a parrakeet of petulant mien dropped a folded slip in his hand and he tendered it gravely to the spy, who read it with amused tolerance. He seemed about to turn away, slipping the paper in his pocket, but he turned again and took out another dime.

"Here's your fortune, old sport," he said. "Take it back and save paper. But give me another. I'm mighty interested in the future. See if you can't get a more circumstantial look for me."

"Yes, indeed. I shall demand it of my wisest bird. You have faith, have you not? It is well."

Again he went through the by-play of rapping on the bars of the cage and of receiving a folded slip. He handed it to the spy, who read it, still wearing an amused grin, and sauntered on his way.

But the man with the birds did not throw away the fortune the spy had returned to him as inadequate. He did not read it, but slipped it unobtrusively into his pocket. It was not the fortune the bird had dropped from its beak, but the paper the spy had written in the room adjoining Major Land's. Its message was brief:

"Left-hand breast-pocket of coat.
Oiled silk. Thin. Three by four.

That was all, but it was sufficient to have well earned his day's pay.

Presently the little man gathered up his paraphernalia and moved away. Business had not been brisk—but within the hour two letters were delivered at the apartment occupied by Renée Saxe and Rachel Laurens, one for each young woman. They opened them in the privacy of their rooms. Each letter contained a tiny packet, wrapped in oiled silk, thin, about three inches by four in size, and an unsigned note which said:

"Left-hand breast-pocket of coat. He will come."

To Rachel Laurens the note meant the losing of a man she loved and hoped to win; to Renée Saxe it meant the losing of a man who loved her, whom she had won. Two women could not have met a crisis in manners more different. Rachel Laurens raged. Her lips were white with passion, her eyes blazed tigerishly, and she paced up and down her room, hands clenched into fists, defiant, yet afraid to defy; hating, yet afraid to translate hatred into action.

She was beautiful in her rage, yet, could a man have seen her in that moment he might have hesitated for all her beauty. It was dangerous, feline, cruel—and yet so impotent.

She was bound, helpless. Rage as she would, she knew she dared not rebel. Fear bound her as love nor ambition nor money could have bound. And because she knew it to be true, she raged the more. She told herself that she would not go through with the affair; that she would betray the plan to Major Land and demand the protection of the United States, yet as she said it, she knew she dared not take the risk.

SHE loved! Hers had been a life to which much love had come. It had been given to her, but never had she returned it; never had she desired a man's love because she wanted to bestow her own love upon him. And now—now that she knew what love was, what power for agony or happiness it carried, she could not give. Love was in her very hands, and duty forced her to cast it away and to glean hatred in its place.

But Renée—she sat very still in the quiet of despair, of resignation. Fear did not drive her, but necessity, the necessity of an obligation which she could not cast off. And she knew that she was loved; the prize was hers, and her despair was the deeper for that. It is strange, but she did not consider the possibility of defiance. The thing had to be done; the sacrifice was demanded of her, and she would give it.

She sat, hands clasped tightly upon her knees, and stared at the floor.

But one hope remained—that Major Land would come; that she might see him yet once again before the final parting which would remove him from her life. It was a little thing to ask of Fate. She had written to ask it of Douglas Land, and in her heart she believed he would come; she believed it would be impossible for him to give up that last glimpse of her, cost him what it would. If he loved her as his eyes had declared, he would come; nothing could hold him away from her. The thought brought something akin to happiness. At least she would have that; in future years she would be able to look back on that moment as a precious moment. If he came it meant that he loved

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her in spite of everything. That was all the world had to offer her now.

But if he did not come, she had failed. It was her business to make him love her; to make him come to her on that last day when the silk-wrapped packet was in his hands. If he did not come, then she had failed, and she must not fail.

When would he come? It was impossible for either girl to say—and each must be ready. Rage, despair, must be laid aside and business taken up—the business of making themselves beautiful, alluring.

Each must appear at her best—a best to blind the eyes of caution, to make possible the thing that must be done.

They busied themselves before their mirrors—and when they had done, the mirrors told to each a story which should make any woman happy: that she was wonderfully, rarely beautiful, maddeningly alluring. And then they waited.

Renée's pitiful note had been received by Douglas Land; Rachel's was on its way to him, and reached his hands as he struggled with himself to set duty before desire and to leave the city without going again to that apartment.

WOULD he come to see her before he went away? It was one more pressure applied where little additional pressure was necessary to move him in the direction of desire. But he put off the decision; he put it off even tho he knew in his secret heart what the decision would be. He knew he was going to see Renée Saxe again, but he refused to admit it. He argued with himself; told himself flatly that he would not go, that to go would be unbelievable folly.

He even told himself that he did not want to go and that the sight of Renée would be hateful to him. But he was going, and he knew he was going. He merely procrastinated, putting off the execution of a suppressed decision until the moment of demanded action arrived. He dallied about his room, shaved, made his toilet with meticulous care. It was a subterfuge to draw his mind from the woman he loved—to consume time that hung heavily and ever more heavily on his hands. He tried to read the papers, but he could not concentrate even upon the bulletin from the front. Renée was in his mind, excluding everything else. He was mad to see her. The softness of her lips was in his memory; the delight of her yielding body lived in his arms. He was going to see her! He was going, and only awaited the hour.

He dined early and hastily, on what he neither knew nor cared. He was going to see her—to see her again! Now he admitted it openly to himself, and was happy. Actually he was happy. He knew he should see her—beyond that he did not dare to think. That he should hold her again in his arms; that her lips should be pressed to his, was a reflection too dangerous to entertain. No. He would see her calmly, coldly, and say good-by. That was all. Just a few formal words of farewell and he would take his leave. It was little to ask, and where was the danger of it?

With no little ostentation he placed the dummy packet in the safekeeping of the hotel, watched the clerk lock it in a deposit box, and then turned away. He had taken his precautions. If it were true that his every movement were watched, then hostile eyes had seen him dispose of the packet in a place where it would be impossible to reach it. Those hostile eyes would see and without delay information would be carried that the Major no longer had the packet on his person. From that moment, the Major reasoned, the interest of the spies would concentrate, not on himself, but on the safety deposit box in the hotel. And that interest would continue to center there until the Major returned and recovered the bit of silk.

He went out upon the street, and as he walked he considered his situation, for the moment thoroughly awake to the dangers that threatened him and the matter that had been entrusted to him. He had been selected to bear the message because he was trusted, because the War Department relied on his intelligence and his devotion. He asked himself if he had been worthy of that trust; if he had conducted himself as one conducts himself when he carries that which is more precious than life—and the answer was, No.

HIS friend of the Secret Service had warned him that his every movement was watched; that unseen eyes were upon him every instant, and most of all was he observed when he fancied himself safe from observation. When had he fancied himself safe from observation—and when had he acted as if he were safe from prying eyes. He thought back over the day, reviewing each moment of it. But once had he fancied himself safe, hidden, and that was the most important moment of the day—it was when he had stood in his room but a few moments before; it was when he had made an exchange of packets, thrusting the true message carelessly into the pocket of his coat and preparing to deceive those he watched by depositing a false packet in the box of the hotel. Then he had acted with confidence; he had proceeded exactly as if he were alone in the work; with no eye to see what he had done. Perhaps he had been right, but—the thought came to him with a sort of stern rebuke—he had no right to be confident; he had no right to trust to appearances. The moment when a spy would most desire to watch him was the moment when he was alone, in perfect security.

He did not believe it was possible for a spy to have watched his movements in that bedroom. It did not seem humanly possible, and yet it was not impossible. If, then, it was not impossible, it was his duty to conduct himself as if it had been possible and *as if it had been done*. He must say to himself that the substitution was known to the enemy, and he must act accordingly.

If the enemy knew of the substitution, how would the enemy act? It would act upon the supposition that he did not suspect he had been seen.

They would be aware of the presence of the packet in his pocket, and would direct their efforts to obtaining it. They would suppose his precautions taken. Undoubtedly their plans were laid by this time on that supposition, and he—if he were worthy of the trust of his government—must think one step ahead of them, must change his own plan and must be prepared in a manner which they could not and would not suspect. He must insure, past all peradventure, the safety of the package which meant so much to the cause he was serving. Even a man in love may not be altogether a fool. He may have his moments of lucidity.

The Major was capable of quick thought. He stepped to the curb and stopped a passing taxicab.

"The Capitol," he said, "and quickly."

Presently he was hurrying up the steps in the shadow of the great dome. For ten minutes he walked up and down the corridors turning, twisting, stopping in recesses and around corners to make sure that he was not followed. Then he went down and almost ran through that tunnel which connects the Capitol with the House Office building far off across the Capitol grounds and on the other side of the street. Once in the other huge building he walked with all possible speed to the end of the corridor, stopped a few moments to watch the way he had just come, and then hastily opened a door and stepped inside.

"Hello, John," he said to a youngish man who bent over a mahogany desk.

"Huh. Sort of sudden, aren't you?"

"This is my sudden day. John, I've known you a heap of years, and I don't know as there's a man I'm more justified in trusting—and I've got to trust somebody."

"Since I've got to be a Representative," said John Grey, "I dunno—I dunno. But you can try—once."

"You've got a safe?"

"Right there."

"ALL right. Now quit running the nation for a while and go run errands. I want a piece of oiled silk like that." The Major held a silken packet in the hollow of his hand, his back carefully toward the window. "Quickly. I'll wait here."

"Kind of mysterious, ain't you?" Grey said, putting on his hat.

"And if there's anybody—anybody at all—in the corridor outside, don't go. Come right back in."

"Shell-shock, probably," said Grey, as if to himself. "But you have to humor 'em." And he went out.

In half an hour Grey returned with his purchase, and together they fashioned a packet exactly similar to the one which was genuine—a packet containing slips of thin paper, on each of which the Major wrote his name—for purposes of identification.

"Now," he said, "go to this address," he extended a tiny note-book, "tell Ted Richmond to have two men here instantly, to be placed under my orders. And that will be all, I guess, except that you may have to vacate your office for a day. But you won't mind that?"

"I like it—I like it. Sha'n't I vacate my house, too, or my hat—or even my pants? Any little thing you want, Doug. Just ask for it—that's all. When folks get the way you are their friends have to make these little sacrifices. Now, can't I escort you to a nice, comfortable padded cell?"

"You hike," said the Major with a grin.

The Major sat down and smoked and waited. One gets quick action from the Secret Service, so it was no surprize to him when, twenty minutes later, Representative Grey re-appeared with two well-dressed, intelligent-looking young men, who gave one the impression of being well able to look after themselves in fair weather or in foul.

"Major Land?" one of them asked. "We were told to put ourselves under your orders."

"Very well. There is something in that safe that must remain there. You men will stay in this room and guard that safe until I come back. Allow no one to open that safe except in my presence or that of General ——. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly."

John Grey was standing by solemnly. "Suppose there's something in there that *I* want?" he said.

"Think how much more you'll enjoy having it when you get it," said the Major callously. "So long, John, and much obliged."

"Come again when you're cured—completely," said the Representative.

The Major walked through the tunnel to the Capitol, and thence down Pennsylvania Avenue. He felt more himself now than he had felt for days. It was because he was conscious of having done his duty, not shirked it, not turned his head aside to avoid seeing that which might arouse his suspicions.

He had determined to face the facts. Not only had he determined to face the facts, but to discover, if possible, what were the facts. His attitude had changed. If Renée or Rachel, or both of them, were spies, he wanted to know it. He would give them an opportunity. If they had been planning for an opportunity to steal his packet, he would give them the chance—and then his mind would be at rest—so he fancied. There was something of desperation, something of resignation in his attitude. He *must* know the truth.

The silk-wrapped packet was in that pocket. If a trap were baited for him at the girls' apartment, he would walk into it. If the packet were taken from him, guilt would be proven, and he fancied he would be well able to determine which girl was the thief. If it were not taken that would go a long way toward disproving Ted Richmond's charges, and his own suspicions. He could not help being hopeful. He could not prevent a lingering confidence in the integrity of the girls—a confidence that was the confidence of desire and not of belief.

INEVITABLY, almost without volition, his footsteps turned toward the apartment that sheltered Renée, and he found himself at the corner. With resolution he turned away and forced himself to walk for yet another half hour. At last he came back, stood at the door, and then, looking at his watch, compelled himself to pass and to walk for another fifteen minutes. He was like a child with a single bit of candy—putting it to his lips, and withdrawing it again that the delight of eating it might be prolonged.

Again he came back and entered. In the hall he passed a man of big frame who stared at him curiously—a man in overalls, carrying a pail. The Major passed him with only one of those fleeting, scarcely comprehended thoughts, that here was the janitor and that he had a splendid beard. He walked up the stairs and stood at the door of the apartment. Below, at the foot of the stairs the janitor stood and listened for Land to enter.

Down the stairs came the sound of an opened and closed door. The janitor descended to the basement, where, in a corner behind the furnace crouched the pudgy figure of a little man with green trousers and a brown coat.

"He is here," said the janitor.

"Good. Now we must wait. It is on the knees of the gods."

"If there is another failure. I have waited long, and it has been hard, bitter."

"There will be no failure. The packet is in the Major's pocket, easy of access. Have no fear. We shall succeed."

"But you are suspected. Were you followed here. This Secret Service is efficient."

"I was not followed."

"You are sure?"

"I *know*."

"Shall I go up—to watch?"

"Not now. You must not be seen. When the time comes to watch I will tell you. You must trust to me."

"I do trust to you—and to her."

"They are wonderful women—wonderful, both of them."

The young man with the beard closed his eyes and drew a great breath. "I must be doing something. This waiting is horrible. I must do something."

"You will stay here—*here*—until he comes back."

"But if he does not come back?"

"He will come. I promise it. I have insured it. The Chatterbox will meet him as he goes. Never fear. I have planned this well, and he will walk into our hands."

"I know. The plans can not fail. But——"

"Any plan can fail until it has succeeded," said the little man. "Even mine."

As Major Land entered the apartment, both Rachel Laurens and Renée Saxe stepped from their chambers into the drawing-room. Both had been awaiting him; both advanced toward him, and stopped. The Major hesitated. It was an awkward situation. He, in love with Renée Saxe, had called to see her alone; it was she alone that he desired to see. Yet Rachel had written requesting him to call and was expecting him. Both were there. There was no privacy for either. It was a most difficult matter for Land to say, "Mademoiselle Laurens, my call is upon Mademoiselle Saxe. Would you mind leaving the room?" One does not ordinarily say such things. He was nonplused.

There was a silence, uncomfortable in its tension. Then Rachel Laurens spoke:

"Mademoiselle," she said, "it was at my request that Major Land called. I wished to speak to him privately."

Renée scarcely glanced at her housemate. "And I," she said, "requested the Major to come. I fancy he is here in answer to my note."

Rachel shrugged her shoulders. "Unfortunately we can not divide him. But my business is important, more important than he knows. It is not a mere personal whim. If you will retire, Mademoiselle, for twenty minutes, I am sure it will not inconvenience you."

Renée's cheeks were pale, but her mouth was determined, compressed. "Suppose," she said, "we leave the decision to the Major. Inasmuch as he is here, it is his right to say whom he has come to see. Major Land?"

The Major turned to Rachel uncomfortably, realizing that there was nothing for him to do but take the bit in his teeth and run with the situation. "Mademoiselle," he said a trifle unsteadily, "I am placed most uncomfortably.

The Story of the Story

THE mysterious actions of the man with the green birds, and the attack in the shanty on the outskirts of the city have gone far toward convincing Major Land that one or the other of the two beautiful women is guilty. Both love him madly, but at last he has fallen desperately in love with Renée. He proposes to her, and she confesses to having been in the shanty the night of the attack. Apparently there is no longer any doubt of the fact that Renée, the woman he loves, is the dangerous German spy.

Read this instalment for the solution of the problem, and then turn to the great new serial, "Dangerous Days," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, beginning in this number; complete in four issues.

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There is but one thing to say. Two days ago I told Mademoiselle Saxe that I loved her. It was in answer to her note that I have come."

Rachel's eyes met his unwaveringly, steadily, and he saw their expression change. They darkened, her nostrils quivered, she drew a deep breath. Then her color slowly faded and the black of her eyes glowed somberly as if a hot flame had surged upward behind it. Her shoulders moved forward and met together. There was something feline, threatening, in the movement, something that reminded him of a tigress gathering itself together for the spring. And then she smiled.

"I UNDERSTAND," she said, but her voice did not match her smile. It was cold, dead. "I shall withdraw. But we have been friends, have we not? After—after you have spoken with Mademoiselle Saxe will you not have a word of farewell to say to me?"

"I should never go without, Mademoiselle," he said

Rachel looked at Renée. "It gives me joy to congratulate you, Mademoiselle," she said slowly, and walked from the room.

Renée and Land were alone. Neither spoke, for neither was able to find words. Renée looked with appealing eyes and Land saw how tremulous were her lips—how slender, how young, how sweet, how *good*, she seemed. She was his ideal, perfect. About her was no single feature, no single defect that denoted anything other than sweetness and womanliness—but he knew she was neither good nor womanly, but a tool, a girl whose beauty had been sold to the Secret Service of Germany to be used as lure in its trap.

"Douglas," she whispered, swaying a little.

"Renée, Renée," he said, and then, "It isn't true. It can't be true. Tell me it is a lie and that you will marry me to-night before I go."

"If I could. If only I could" Her voice was a cry of grief. "Oh, I love you, Douglas, I love you."

"If you loved me," he said with boyish logic, "nothing else would matter. You would marry me."

"You don't know. I can not. I am not free But I love you."

She took a tiny step toward him, but he did not advance to meet her. She saw him put his hands behind his back, but could not see how he locked his fingers to keep them there, to prevent his arm from stretching out to her hungrily.

"When I see you," he said hoarsely, "I can not believe it. I can not believe you are anything but good and pure. It is a wicked thing. Beauty like yours should not be given—"

She covered her face and moaned—the merest trifle of a moan, but it reached his heart.

"You're not bad—*bad*," he said. "I can't believe it. I won't believe it. You don't do this willingly."

"No," she said almost inaudibly. "No."

"Then—then marry me, Renée. Marry me to-night. That will end it all. Nothing can harm you then. There will be nothing for you to fear. You will be protected."

"If only I could!"

"You can. It is just a little resolution that you need. Come. Now! Put on your hat and we will go. In an hour we will be married, and you will have left all this behind forever."

"I can not."

"You can. Come. Oh, Renée, my dear, come. I will forget all this. It will be as if it never existed. It shall never be allowed to trouble you again. Just come, now, before it is too late."

"It is too late."

"No. This is America. You are free here. You will be protected. Renée, I don't know how you were caught in this thing. I don't know what you have done. God help me, I don't care. I want you. Come."

"I dare not, and if I dared I would not."

"Would not? You mean that? Would not?"

"Yes, Douglas."

"Because you do not love me?"

"Love you?" she smiled wanly, tremulously. "Monsieur, my heart is dying. When you go it will be dead. Oh, you must believe that. It is all I have to hope for, that you will believe that—just that I love you, love you!"

"No. If it were true you would come. If you wanted me, Renée, as I want you, nothing could hold you from me. See. I have come. I have risked everything, future, career, to come here. I have been warned, and if I should fail in the trust that has been reposed in me after that warning, there could be no excuse. No. I came with my eyes open. Because I could not stay away. That is how I love. And you——"

"If it were only my career—or my life, I should come gladly, if only for the joy of being your wife for an hour."

"Just words," he said bitterly, "words that mean nothing. What can I believe? Think, child, think. You are in America, not in Germany. You are free to choose what you will do. If you choose to give up this thing, this despicable business, you have only to say so, only to come with me and be my wife. But you will not."

"I will not because I can not. Oh, I can bear it no longer. Go—go!"

"Come with me. If I go now it must be forever. For the last time I ask you—come."

"I can not," she said, tottering as she stood; striving vainly to take the blow standing, bravely. "I can not do it."

He advanced a step, looked into her eyes with eyes that burned hotly. Her own eyes did not falter.

"Come," he said.

"No."

There was a moment's silence, then he backed toward the door, fumbled for the knob blindly.

"Douglas," she cried.

He stopped, strode toward her and seized her fiercely in his arms. She clung to him, held him, turned up her face to his lips blindly, pitifully. Her hands caressed him, touched his cheeks with their softness.

"Renée," he said imploringly, but she made no reply save to cling to him the more closely, as if she were determined never to release him—and always, always the arm that was not about his neck moved downward and downward from his shoulder until it reached the level of his left-hand breast-pocket, and there it stopped.

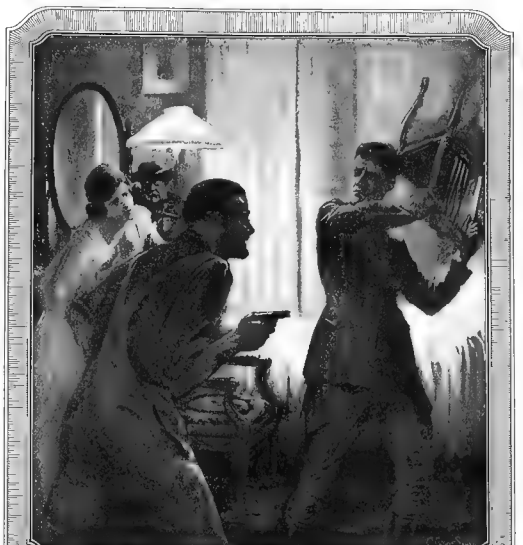
"Kiss me," she whispered; and strained his lips to hers. It was a moment of ecstacy—a moment of agony. It was their last moment together; it marked the end. Her hand dropped from the level of his left-hand breast-pocket to conceal itself in the folds of her dress. And then she drew herself away, gently, reluctantly.

For a moment she stood very straight, almost triumphant. Her will had conquered her weakness. "Good-by," she said, extending her hand. "It is better to part like this, is it not? Like friends, Monsieur. Good-by!"

Then before he could stay her she ran to Rachel Laurens' door and rapped. "Mademoiselle," she cried, and there was a strange note in her voice that startled Douglas—a note that had its meaning, a hidden meaning, but a deep significance —Mademoiselle, we have said good-by. Major Land awaits you."

Once more she gave her eyes to Land. "Good-by," she said, and then, catching her breath as if she had felt a stab of pain, she laughed—*laughed*—and disappeared into her bedroom. "See," she cried, "I am not sad—I am not sad—I can laugh. See, Monsieur, I can laugh."

The closing of the door meant to Major Land that she had passed out of his life; that the episode was ended. It was catastrophe—the dropping of a black curtain between him



"He Shouted Loudly, 'Renée I Am Here, Douglas Land. Call for Help—Quick! Quick!'"

and happiness. It seemed the *end*—as if life ceased at that moment, and all the rest of the years were to be automatic, without soul. He could see himself continuing, proceeding about his daily affairs, a thing of wood and springs, with no emotions but bitter memories. A mirthless, joyless gulf stretched at his feet.

Rachel's door opened, and he turned toward her. At another moment the appeal of her beauty would have arrested his thoughts, would have quickened his pulse and compelled his obeisance. Never had she been so beautiful, never had she made herself so desirable, so entrancing. It seemed that Nature had builded for a supreme moment of beauty and that the moment had arrived. The song of her beauty would have pierced even the wax in the ears of the wily Ulysses, but Major Land's ears were stopped by a more impervious wax—the wax of heart-break. He looked at her unmoved.

She came across the room, seeming not to walk, not to exert physical effort, and stood close to him. Her fingers touched his arm and remained there and her eyes, big, dark, wonderful, were raised to his.

"You are going away—over there," she said softly.

"Yes."

"And you go in happiness. You love and are loved. That is sweet, Monsieur, to part in joy."

He did not reply, but she did not expect reply.

"It may be, Major Land, that we shall never meet again. You go to battle—and the brave fall. You will do your duty, and where duty is there danger lies closest. I will say farewell to you, Monsieur, as I would say farewell to one I shall never see again—without restraints and without concealments"

There was a dignity in her manner, a wonderful womanliness, and it impressed him.

"Good-by, Mademoiselle," he said.

"NOT yet. There is much to say—and little time to say it I should have been very happy if Fate could have given me your love. I am frank. I can say it without shame."

"Mademoiselle!"

"Yes, it is true. I have loved you, Monsieur—loved you so that I was willing to do a thing for you that I did not believe I would dare to do. You do not understand. You never will understand."

A man might have been justified in a feeling of pride to hear such a woman declare her love for him; but Land felt no pride. It left him cold, uninterested. She saw that this was true, and her eyes glowed for an instant under her lashes.

"You have chosen—Mademoiselle Renée. You do not know why, and I do not know why. It is so. And I—I am desolate; I will not conceal it. I could almost hate you, Monsieur—almost."

She paused, and he found no rejoinder. He wanted to go away, to be alone, but he could not leave her so, without a word. One does not curtly leave a beautiful woman who is declaring her love. Words must be said.

While he fumbled for words, her attitude changed. She had been calm, and a fine dignity sat upon her. But now it vanished, melting away before his eyes. She seemed to grow smaller, younger, more girlish. Wo pictured itself on her face, and despair. Her lips trembled and her hands moved upward toward her heart. She swayed as if she would fall.

"Monsieur," she said in a tiny voice, "I can not bear it."

It touched him; through the chill of his own wo it pierced to his heart and awakened his sympathy.

"Poor child," he said. "poor child. But it can not be true. You only fancy——"

"Fancy! You can say it is fancy when I am dying before your eyes; when my heart is breaking! You are cruel, cruel."

She tottered, swayed toward him, and he caught her in his arms, frightened, embarrassed. She sobbed and he strove to comfort her as a brother would comfort a weeping sister. It was no brotherly sympathy she craved. She clung to him and trembled and wept.

"Just once," she begged. "I shall—never see you—again. Kiss me once—as if you loved me. Kiss me and say good-by. Then I can pretend — pretend that you are dead."

His lips had just touched Renée's in farewell; how could he wipe out that kiss with another? He turned away his head, not with repugnance for she was very lovely, very desirable, but with the impulse of a clean man who loves and is true to his love. The thing was impossible, the situation was impossible. He was holding in his arms a beautiful woman and he did not want to hold her in his arms. She seemed to read his refusal, and flung her arm about his neck frenziedly, as if she refused to let him go—and with her young strength drew his face nearer to her pale, pitiful face, striving to compel the caress he refused her.

But even as she seemed to surrender herself in an abandon of despair and passion, her right hand moved with system and direction. It left the Major's shoulder, softly, stealthily, and crept toward the left-hand breast-pocket of his coat. It lingered briefly, then fell to her side.

"Good-by!" she whispered, "good-by!"

"Good-by," he answered. His brain was whirling. It had been such a half hour as would have threatened the equilibrium of an older and more phlegmatic man. He was tired, sorely disturbed, bitterly unhappy. Rachel extended her hand and he took it. Then he turned and left the apartment.

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Major Land descended the stairs rapidly. He wanted to be in the street, to feel the fresh air against his forehead and to walk and walk and walk. His brain was in a turmoil. It would not be far aside from the fact to say that he was beside himself. As he reached the pavement he glanced downward. In an instant he was cold, startled. He was recalled to the realities with a chilling suddenness—for the flap of the left-hand breast-pocket of his coat was unbuttoned!

HE HAD buttoned it in John Grey's office. Of that he was certain. When he had put the silk-wrapped packet in that pocket he had buttoned it in securely, and since that moment he had not touched it. It filled him with dread to recall that since that moment he had not thought of it. He had been careless; had allowed it to pass completely from his memory. Personal affairs had intervened, and to a soldier, personal affairs must come last or never. Duty is first, duty is supreme—and he had neglected duty.

With that false packet he had meant to discover the truth—perhaps to denounce a dangerous spy to his country. He had not thought through on that point; did not know what he had intended, except that he had meant to know the truth himself. And he had forgotten. He had remembered nothing in those rooms but his love for Renée and that his love had been denied. And even now he hoped she was true, not a woman sold body and soul to the Moles of Wilhelmstrasse. He stopped and looked down at that unbottoned flap, not daring to lift his hand to see if the packet were still there. The thought that it might not be there appalled him. It might be gone, and then? All the bitterness the last days had brought him were as nothing to the bitterness that possibility brought him now. It is no dishonor to love and to be thwarted in love. One may still love and revere a woman who has been unable to give affection for affection—but to love a woman who has used his love as a trap and herself a lure—there was dishonor. It was black, squalid dishonor to her, and because it touched his love—a thing sacred and precious—its smirch was upon him as well, and he was unclean.

There had been opportunity. The packet might well have been taken from him. Either Renée or Rachel could have abstracted it, for both had lain in his arms, both had been crushed closely to him. If it were gone, which had taken it? That thought held him an instant. He tried to remember, tried to recall a suspicious movement, a touch. He remembered that he had stood alone after Renée left him; he believed he remembered glancing at that pocket and that it was buttoned. He hoped this was true recollection. He had reached the point where his one hope was that the packet had been stolen by Rachel and not by Renée.

Renée's love had seemed genuine; but so had Rachel's. Renée's love mattered, Rachel's did not. It had been a straw of consolation that, let her be what she might, Renée loved him nevertheless. But if she had taken the paper, then all was sham, all was deception, and he was worse than a fool and a dupe.

Slowly, very slowly and fearfully, he lifted his hand to the pocket and thrust it inside. A wave of relief, almost of joy, surged over him. The packet was there. His fingers met the familiar gloss of oiled silk. His fears were groundless. His honor was safe—and he might still believe in Renée's love. He was almost happy, extracting happiness from the negative of catastrophe. The worst that could happen had not happened.

He walked on, but before he reached the corner a tiny boy raced past him and stood in his way. He was a blue-eyed, handsome little chap, ill-dressed, a child of poverty, but such a son as any man might be proud to boast of as his own.

"Major Land?" the child asked, pronouncing the name awkwardly, with the accent of one to whom English names are difficult of pronunciation.

"Yes, sonny. What is it?"

"A leetle note for you, sir." The boy extended an envelop with Land's name typewritten on its face. "It is that you are to read it at once, sir."

Land tore it open and read it hastily. As he read, the child turned and scurried away, dodging between two houses, and disappearing over a fence. Land read, and his heart stopped. He looked up, searching for the boy, but he had vanished. He read the note again; it was unsigned, brief.

"Examine the packet in your left-hand breast-pocket," it said.

Examine the packet! Some one knew the packet was there; some one told him to examine it. There could be but one reason. He tore the packet from his pocket and stared at it. It was sealed, intact. It had not been touched! He was about to thrust it back again, satisfied, but stopped. Examine it! He had not examined it, had merely glanced at it. To examine means more than that. If the note meant anything, it meant that he must satisfy himself beyond the possibility of mistake that the packet was as he had placed it there, intact, safe.

On each sheet of the paper inside he had written his name against just such an emergency—to be able to make certain in case of a substitution. He could be sure in an instant, yet he hesitated, dreading what he might discover.

Then, summoning determination, he ripped the packet open, drew from the covering of silk the thin pages it contained and glanced at them. One glance was enough. They were blank!

He knew! It would have been apparent to the dullest. Sometime between leaving the Capitol and that minute, he had been robbed. The one packet had been removed and the other substituted. More than that, it had been done in the apartment he had just left, and by Renée or Rachel.

What should he do? The first impulse of a man confronted by a situation such as this, is to call for help. It was Land's first impulse to hasten to the Secret Service, to report the guilty intent of one of the women in that apartment and demand their assistance. But that would be a waste of valuable time. Besides there was a doubt—he did not know which girl was guilty. It might mean hours, and minutes were precious, and his purpose was to find out, inasmuch as the real packet was safe. It had not been five minutes since he was robbed; the packet might be, must be, still in that apartment, in the hands of the thief. In five minutes more, two minutes more, it might be gone. It would be sent away speedily, without examination. His only chance to learn the truth was to find it in the hands of the thief.

There was but one thing to do. He must return at once. He must depend on himself and upon no other. Alone he must discover which of the girls had taken the packet.

He turned and retraced his steps with all possible speed; entered the apartment house and softly mounted the stairs to the door of Renée's apartment. He had wondered how he could force his way in, but to his astonishment, the door stood slightly ajar. He stepped in very softly and stood just beyond the threshold. He was there—what was he to do next?

Desire pointed suspicion to Rachel, but here was no moment to be swayed by desire. Which was the more probable? Toward which did suspicion point most clearly? Certainly to Renée. She was a spy. He knew her to be a spy—and what did he know against Rachel Laurens? Nothing. He confessed it. It was to Renée that he must go. It was she who had taken his packet from him.

He stepped softly toward her door, then glanced across the room to Rachel's door, and stood rooted to the spot. The door was open. Before him was the broad mirror of her dressing-table, and in it her form was reflected. She was standing there looking down at something in her hands, and that something was a tiny packet wrapped in oiled silk!

Land watched her, conscious of a thrill of joy and relief. The packet was there, within his reach—and it was Rachel Laurens who had taken it. She was about to break its seal and tear it open.

He sprang across the room and was beside her before she realized his presence. Her wrist was gripped by his fingers and his left hand snatched the packet from her. For an instant she stood as if stunned. Then she cried aloud once, piercingly, and rushed at him like a tigress, snatching, tearing at the hand that held the oiled silk envelop.

"Give it to me," she panted. "Give it back. Give it back."

She must have realized the futility of words, for she spoke only the once, but clung to him, not as she had clung a few moments before, lovingly, passionately, but as a maddened cat clings to its prey. He tried to shake her off without doing her a harm, but she clung with frantic determination.

"Mademoiselle," he said, pantingly, "it is no good. I have the packet. You can not take it from me. You have lost."

She only clung the more tenaciously, not beautiful now, but terrible; not sweet and womanly, but tigerish, vindictive, frightful. Her face was livid, her eyes blazed.

"So this was your good-by," he said, succeeding at last in pushing her off and holding her at arm's length. "God, what a contemptible creature you are. And I thought you beautiful!"

"Give it to me," she said hoarsely.

He could laugh. "No, Mademoiselle, this is a real good-by. I am going now." He pushed her away.

Her reply was a laugh. She ceased her struggles and stood quiet. "Perhaps," she said. "Good-by."

He turned. In the door behind him stood a huge bearded man in overalls, the man he had encountered on the stairs. Beside the big man stood a pudgy little figure in green trousers and a brown coat, and each held a revolver leveled at his face.

"Good-by, Monsieur the Major," said Rachel. "But before you go leave me some little souvenir. It has been a delightful acquaintance, has it not? You will leave me some little, some trifling souvenir, of yourself. A packet wrapped in silk, is it not?"

She held out her hand and laughed in his face. Land thrust the envelop in his pocket and backed to one side. The muzzles of the guns followed him. He was trapped, penned in that room and there was no way of escape, no weapon of offense or defense.

"The packet," she said again.

Land made a determination. It might be they would *take* the packet from him, but he would never *give* it up. He would fight for it against whatever odds offered. Even if the packet were a dummy, if the spy were to be apprehended it would never do for her to get it into her possession—to discover it to be a dummy.

He backed still farther away, hoping against hope that he might reach the window. A sudden spring through the glass would throw him into the street. It might spell death or horrible injury, but it might mean safety. Rachel read his intention.

"If he moves again—shoot," she said in a voice like chilled steel.

The three men and the woman stood in silence, waiting. Land's mind flashed here and there, but could light upon no chance for escape. His fear was that he would be shot down before he could even make a fight. Suddenly he clutched a light chair at his side, a frail thing, but the one weapon at hand.

"Put it down," ordered Rachel. Then, "one of you keep him covered. The other take the paper."

The little man with the green trousers spoke under his breath to the big man with the beard. In another second the big man was moving toward Major Land, not ponderously, but slowly, lithely, with the tread of youth and strength and agility. Land gripped his chair and lifted it from the floor. The big man smiled. Land could see his eyes smiling, and rage swelled up in his throat. He raised the chair above his head and advanced a step.

Suddenly a thought came to him. Where was Renée? How did this concern her? Another thought came, might she not assist. He shouted loudly, "Renée. I am here, Douglas Land. Call for help—quick!—quick!"

The big man paused and laughed aloud. The whole thing seemed to delight him immensely; it was a situation that tickled him to mirth.

"PUT down your chair," he said. "I will put down my revolver. Then I shall show you how easily I can take it away from you. I have met you before."

Land remembered the bearded man he had fought with outside the door of the little contractor's shanty in Washington's No-Man's-Land. So this was he—and the woman had not been Renée but Rachel.

"Renée," he called again.

He heard a sound; looked over the little man's shoulder and saw Renée Saxe enter the drawing-room.

"Run," he cried. "Call any one in the street. Hurry. I can hold out till help comes. Run."

But she did not run. Instead she walked toward Douglas Land, toward the little man with the green trousers, and stood as tho too astonished to move.

"Go!" cried Land.

"Hold her," said Rachel Laurens, savagely. "Do not let her move."

Now the big man covered Land with his gun while the little man directed his weapon toward Renée.

"Step inside, Mademoiselle. You are very welcome," said Rachel, ironically. "You are just in time to see the last chapter."

Still Renée did not speak. Nor did she look at the Major. Her eyes were fixed on Rachel Laurens, and their expression was not bewilderment, not fear, but resolution, cold, deadly resolution. She advanced into the room.

"Why didn't you go? Why didn't you go when I called?" Land exclaimed.

Renée did not turn her head. "My business was here," she said evenly, "with Mademoiselle Laurens."

Rachel laughed. "You are very welcome. But your business will have to wait a little. The Major has a souvenir he wishes to leave with me."

Renée turned to Douglas now. "Give it to her," she said.

"No."

"Then open it. Open it yourself."

"If he touches it," said Rachel, "shoot him."

"Open it," Renée said imperatively.

Land obeyed. He did not know why he obeyed, but something in her voice told him to do so. As his fingers tore at the envelop, Rachel sprang toward him, but the big man's arm intercepted her and held her.

"How dare you? Obey me," she cried.

"Take that packet from him."

"All in good time, Mademoiselle," said the big man. "This is very interesting. Suppose we see what will happen?"

Rachel struggled ineffectively while Land took the papers from their wrappings and looked at them. Of course they were blank!

If Renée were surprized at this turn of affairs she made no sign.

"Give them to Mademoiselle Laurens," she said. "She seems to want them very much. Give them to her."

Then she advanced nearer to Rachel.

"Mademoiselle," she said coldly, "you have been efficient in your work. You are beautiful, and you have used your beauty well. But this one time your beauty failed. If I am not wrong, you have given your own heart—and received none in return. It has been your custom to win hearts, and to give nothing in return but treachery and disgrace. Is it not so?"

Rachel was standing wide-eyed, staring at the blank sheets of paper that had fallen from Major Land's fingers. She stared at them, then at Renée, then at the big man with the beard and the little man with the green trousers. Her lips moved, but she could not speak.

"Your beauty," Renée went on, "succeeded in Roumania. It succeeded in Russia. You have earned much gratitude from your masters. It succeeded in Belgium, too, did it not? You remember that? But perhaps so slight a thing has slipped your mind. Who can say?"

"Who are you?" Rachel said, curiously.

Renée did not answer the question, but went on. "Perhaps you remember Liége, and a certain young Captain Esteve? Is it not so? Gian was his first name. He was a young man to be trusted, a young man with a future. But he was young, and he loved beauty. There came to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

ON PAGE 5 of this issue begins another big serial, "Dangerous Days," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. You will be missing the treat of your life if you overlook it. Like all PICTORIAL REVIEW stories, it will be completed in not more than four parts—no more long-drawn-out serials that you have to wait a year to finish.

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Three thousand Cincinnati Children Marching through the Streets of the City in the Recent "Save Our Lives" Parade

AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY

We Have Won the War to Make the World Safe for Democracy. Do We Know What It Is? Cincinnati Is Trying to Find Out

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

"POOR people are easy to get hold of."

We were sitting in Mrs. Rhineheart's comfortable parlor and the parlor was no whit more comfortable than Mrs. Rhineheart herself as she spoke, her plump, motherly person holding itself erect, earnestly, and the copper-tinted crinkly curls about her forehead waving in agitation as she went on with increasing decision.

"Poor people are used to living more or less in the public eye. They have to. They are used to strangers coming in to inquire and look after their affairs. It is simple enough to get them to go anywhere where they think they will get assistance. But when you come to people who have enough money to be comfortable and to lay money by; people who have enough to get a doctor when the children are ill or to provide for their own pleasure, when you get people like these to join in and bring their children to health parades and to the health experiment station, *You've Done Something.*"

Mrs. Rhineheart is known locally as Block Worker No. 26 of the Social Unit Organization established in the Mohawk-Brighton district at Cincinnati, Ohio. During the year and a half that the Social Unit has been working in the district, she and thirty other women bearing the same title have taken upon their shoulders the social responsibility for a community of fifteen thousand people, not because the community was made up of "poor people easy to get hold of" nor because it was in any way lacking and a blot on the landscape; on the contrary, it is as nice a community as any city need wish to show as a representative one —but because a majority of the community residents offered themselves and their neighbors as subjects for a social experiment.

While our troops abroad have been offering their lives to make the world safe for democracy, there has grown up a determination among those of us left at home to investigate the democracy we have to offer those who return, to make it into a bigger, better, safer democracy than the political one we now have to offer. War organization has made us more prosperous, sweeter in spirit, more courageous, less selfish. But this in the main will pass away. The Social Unit organization proposes a plan to effect these same ends permanently through democratic administration fitted to meet all human needs. And at the urgent request of the residents of the Mohawk-Brighton district of Cincinnati it is making a three-year test of its plan, using the district as a kind of social laboratory and experimenting upon the citizens there.

It took a sterling moral courage to invite the Social Unit to come into the district. Of all heroes who have suffered for the lasting benefit of mankind, those who have permitted experiments upon themselves for the curing of disease, risking life and health for the chance of a discovery worth while to the rest of the world, must take first place. The people of the Mohawk-Brighton district took no risk of life or limb, but they risked what most of us value almost as highly, our right to live our personal lives in privacy—unmolested, unquestioned, in peace. In inviting the Social Unit organization to make its experiment in their district, the people of the district virtually agreed to live openly for the public benefit for the next three years. It might happen to be for their own benefit if the experiment proved successful, but in any event they would be expected to open up their houses and their lives and to make their personal affairs more or less public; to adopt and try out schemes suggested for the betterment of themselves and their neighbors, and to do this with experts in many lines watching them and getting out reports upon them; with all the other neighborhoods in their own city watching them, with newspapers and magazines publishing accounts of them, and more than that, with the greatest social and medical authorities in the nation keeping close tabs on their progress To ask to live in the limelight of a national social experiment for three years requires a high order of moral responsibility backed by sheer grit.

"WHY, they have even got my dog-kennel on that map," said one woman of the district who was examining the map at the Unit headquarters. She spoke with amusement blended with wonder as she followed the detailed study that took in every board fence, every chicken-coop, and all the other dog-kennels in the district. And lest some one with curling lip fay down this article at this point, I hasten to explain that the map with the dog-kennel was not of the Unit's making, but a borrowed fire-risk map of the district made by hard-headed business men who evidently considered the expense worth while because wooden dog-kennels and chicken-houses and board fences have a distinct relation to the amount of premium to be paid on a fire insurance policy. The Unit not only found the map enlightening from that standpoint, but found it had a certain value in estimating the sanitary state of the neighborhood. In a Social Study of a district nothing is of no value, no matter how little the value may appear on the surface.

The Social Unit organization, then, sent its band of organizers into the district with the determination to know the district to its dog-kennels and its board fences. The citizens who lived there knew that when the Unit came. It was the other part of the Unit's progam in which they were more deeply interested. For, having learned its district, the Social Unit proposed mobilizing that district's forces and using them to the utmost for the district's own benefit, and then to put at the disposal of the district all the related city forces to supplement the local ones, and to call in the national forces to supplement the city ones where these were found lacking. It proposed to put one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, furnished by private people throughout the nation and by the city of Cincinnati, into this three-years' experiment; to begin with a force of skilled organizers and to gradually replace these with district residents until all foreign forces would be withdrawn and the district would be left to govern itself. It had a very definite plan of operation on which it began at once by getting the voting power of the district in order. The Social Unit believed in universal suffrage, in the ballot, and in a two-house governing body, with the two houses equal in power much as our House and Senate. The House was arranged much as our own House, with the members elected by the thirty-one blocks of the district, only these members were to be not men but women, with paid salaries for active work in their own districts as well as in the governing body.

The Senate had a new scheme of organization. It was to be built up of experts elected by groups of skilled workers in the district. The first and most thoroughly organized group of skilled workers called into active service by the Unit was that of the physicians. There were thirty-six physicians in the district when the experiment began (six later went to war) and they had each been working, alone, in a private practise. The Social Unit brought the thirty-six of them together and they elected a medical council of nine of their number to represent them in all health matters in the district. This did not mean that the nine elected inherited the practises of the others, but it did mean that they represented the whole body in any general effort toward health. This council planned the health work of the neighborhood and submitted it to the vote of the two houses.

When there was a question on any point proposed it was referred to the entire body of physicians. They agreed on everything before it was done. This meant that the citizens of the district had the wisdom of the whole skilled group of physicians at their service. The council of physicians elected one of their number to act as executive, and this physician took up his post at the Unit headquarters as representative of the physicians of the district, a member of the Occupational Council (as the Senate house was called) salaried and paid for his service to the Unit out of Unit funds.

THE city of Cincinnati was organized in just the same way, all the physicians in the city getting together in their districts and electing members to a city council of physicians which elected an executive for the city. And as such an election was impracticable for the nation, a national committee composed of such experts as Dr. Witt and Charlie Mayo, with Dr. Franklin H. Martin of the Council of National Defense as executive, was appointed to supplement the city one. In any matter of vital importance, from the illness of an individual citizen of the Mohawk-Brighton district to the prevention of the spread of a threatened epidemic, the district council could call on the city one and the city council on the national one so that the best service in the country was at the district's finger-tips.

With a health service organized and ready, it remained to get hold of the district. The experts, organized and ready —district, city, and national—might meet and devise plans forever, but unless the people of the district wanted the plans and followed them, the medical councils were just benefits in theory.

To get hold of the district meant getting hold of fifteen thousand people—a thing not accomplished in a day. The scheme the Social Unit proposed divided these people into blocks of five hundred just as they happened to live and it expected each of these blocks to elect a woman as representative to the House, a woman capable enough and intelligent enough to sit in the Citizens' Council of the district and pass upon the plans made by the experts, a woman with time enough and energy enough to devote eight paid hours weekly to her block, investigating its needs and reporting them to the experts and bring the experts' plans back to her block for its approval. Nobody, the Unit people thought, could know a neighborhood like a woman who lived in it. That sounded well—in theory. But when it came to the blocks electing the woman to represent them it was discovered that most of the neighbors did not know each other, or anything about each other! Cincinnati is a city, and cities have grown fat or miss, bigger and bigger, and less and less

IS ONE OF THESE KIDDIES YOURS?
LISTEN!
100,000 children died last year in the United States unnecessarily. That loss represented a money wastage of billions of dollars. It represented untold grief and heartache. It represented a sore in the nation of at least equal size.
This year the Federal Government wants to save 100,000 lives. Will you help?
HOW?
If you have a child under six years of age and live in the Mohawk Brighton District, report at the Social Unit 1820 Freeman Avenue
HAVE YOUR CHILD EXAMINED and LOOK AFTER ITS HEALTH NOW!
The Social Unit will make a medical examination free of charge
BE PATRIOTIC. CONSERVE HUMAN LIFE. SAVE THE LIVES OF CHILDREN AS WELL AS WHEAT AND SUGAR. THE DEATH RATE IS HIGHER AMONG BABYS AT HOME THAN AMONG SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT
SHOW CINCINNATI WHAT MOHAWK BRIGHTON CAN DO!
WATCH FOR THE CHILDREN'S PARADE—MONDAY, APRIL 29, 2.30 P M
THE CHILDREN'S YEAR RALLY SAINTS SCHOOL WEDNESDAY MAY 1st 8 P M
MOVIES! MUSIC! SPEECHES! REFRESHMENTS!
RESERVED SEATS FOR PARENTS OF CHILDREN UNDER SIX YEARS OF AGE
Mohawk-Brighton Social Unit Organization, Children's Year Campaign

A Poster Used in the "Children's Year" Advertising Campaign

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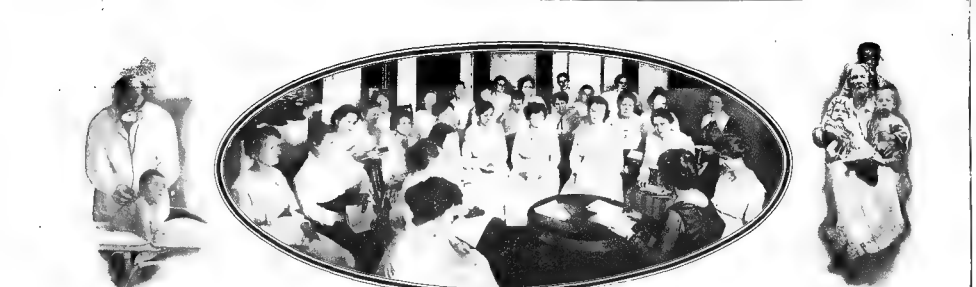

Each Baby Is Officially Examined

A Group of Block Mothers Discussing Questions of Public Health, Housing, Morals, Delinquency, and Relief

This Grandmother Advocates Healthy Children

friendly, until it is quite a point of pride not to know a neighbor. "I'm not acquainted with them, not at all." That little saying repeated some hundreds of millions of times a week in this country, in a tone rather supercilious and disinterested, often seems quite sufficient to us and to let us out from any suspicion of mutual interest or of mutual responsibility.

"I KNOW one thing about this business," said Block Worker No. 5, earnestly. "You know people you never would have dreamed of knowing!" Promptly there rose a chorus of echoes from the women about her.

"Oh yes, indeed you do!"

There was, therefore, quite a getting acquainted time in the Mohawk-Brighton district when it came to electing block workers.

When nobody knew any one else or cared to, it took quite a little while Offering oneself up for a social experiment is heroic in prospect, but knowing the woman who lives across the fence is heroism in practise. It takes time to get up one's courage. Finally, however, neighbor spoke to neighbor and nothing awful happened as a result, and one by one the blocks were organized and elected block workers.

Upon these thirty-one block workers rested and still rests a tremendous social responsibility. For unless there can be found in every community one woman—it has to be a woman who has leisure for the work under present economic conditions—to every block, that is to about every one hundred families, one woman who has the intelligence and the energy and the vision and the will to go out and work among her neighbors, tackling them upon the most personal interests in their lives, the whole Unit scheme fails. Upon the block worker, the go-between who advertises the Unit to the neighborhood and the neighborhood to the Unit, depends the establishing of that faith and trust on both sides essential to making the Social Unit an integral part of community government. It was upon the point of the block workers that some of the national backers of the scheme raised pointed eyebrows.

"But are there to be found in a community," they inquired, "women in every block capable of doing such work?"

And to this there was but one answer.

"Upon these women rests the democracy of the plan. If they are not to be found, the plan fails."

For our faith in our form of political government, for our present democracy no matter how far short it falls of being our ideal, let us rejoice that the women were found. It is well to know that after a year in the Mohawk-Brighton district that point is settled, there *is* one, usually more than one, woman in every one hundred families capable of handling such work and willing to do it. What kind of women are they?

At the risk of being labeled by my readers as an anti-feminist, which I certainly am not, I am going to label these thirty-one women in the only way possible under the circumstances, they are mainly *wives:* That is, they are home women, as opposed to trained working women—even those who are unmarried are daughters, first and pre-eminently. And wives and daughters, who are nothing but that, professionally, are classed in our social scheme at present according to the professions of their husbands or fathers. There are among the present block workers some four or five widows who are living comfortably on their incomes and the rest are daughters or wives of men whose occupations range all along the line, a few retired from business, minister, clerk, traveling salesman, barber, motorman, conductor, teamster, electrician; in fact these block workers are just women who happen to live in the block, and if you will look over your own block or your own village you can duplicate them and know exactly what kind of women they are.

When they began work they were untrained in any form of social service and they knew nothing of social theories except what any woman of intelligence might be supposed to know. And I venture to say that it was with rapidly beating hearts and bated breaths that they started out ringing unknown door-bells and visiting people with whom they had no social acquaintance, for this was something they certainly had never expected to do. Did the doors open? I put the question to Mrs. Feaster, Block Worker No 27, a young woman, the mother of four small children, who still manages with her mother's assistance to give her eight hours a week to block work.

"Did they open?" she repeated with a merry twinkle in her eye. "Well, hardly—that is, not at first. When I first went out, the door used to open about an inch. I got quite used to talking with all my might to an eye. The second time I went, maybe I got two eyes and a nose to talk to. And gradually I got to the whole face."

The organizers of the Social Unit work in the Mohawk-Brighton district had selected as their initial work one with a magic key for the opening of hostile doors. Children's Year, so decreed by the United States Government, was coming. The safeguarding of childhood is a universal appeal. The medical workers of the district were organized and ready to co-operate The originators of the Unit plan, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Phillips, had more experience in planning work on the Unit basis for conservation of the health of babies than in any other line to be taken up by the Unit. And there is no denying that ideal conditions for the bringing up of a baby come very near to being ideal conditions for the parents and the rest of the family. These facts made the Unit workers decide to begin on a baby health campaign and the baby health station opened promptly, even before the official Baby Year had begun.

There had, of course, been health work in the district before the arrival of the Social Unit. There were the activities of the City Board of Health, and there were certain district activities and certain city societies which attended to certain phases of health work. In order to give the Unit a free hand, all these had agreed to stand aside and give up their activities in the district for the three-year period, working only through the Unit, or in case of city or State authority in accord with the Unit and with its knowledge. The Social Unit was to be held responsible for health matters in the Mohawk-Brighton district.

UPON the decision to begin Unit work with a baby-health campaign, Mohawk-Brighton immediately became the busiest district in the city. The first step was to get hold of the babies proper, the babies among whom the mortality rate is the highest, the babies under one year of age. There were meetings of block workers and meetings of the medical council and much instruction, and then the thirty-one women upon whom the success of the campaign mainly rested set forth to locate the babies in their respective blocks. When they returned with baby news the workers at the Unit made baby maps locating the babies with pins, blue-headed pins for the babies already arrived and red-headed pins for the babies soon to come. While the babies were being located, a health station was being prepared for them in the Unit building. Two light, sunny rooms were prepared for the babies' reception, with examining tables, scales, sterilizing outfits, sheets and blankets to wrap the little bodies in, and even samples of simple baby clothes. The council of physicians arranged for certain of their number who knew much about babies to serve at the health station at certain hours, and this was paid professional service paid out of Unit funds. The block workers, having located the babies, hurried back to talk to the "second eye" described by Mrs. Feaster and to ask it to bring the baby to be examined. As Mrs. Rhineheart said, "the poor were always willing." But most of the district is far above the poverty line. And to convince a comfortable well-to-do mother that her baby ought to be brought to a public health station to be examined without charge by a physician she did not know in the interest of public health for babies all over, was something of a task. It was the block worker's business to persuade her to come and when she succeeded she had truly "done something."

"I don't want to expose my child to infection," argued the more intelligent mothers. And it took a personal visit to Unit headquarters to convince them that the Unit actually did as the block workers promised, used the sheet which wrapped a baby just once for one baby and then sterilized it, kept clean every pad and appliance used with a cleanliness only known to the most fastidious of modern hospitals, and that infection was practically impossible.

WHEN the block workers needed re-enforcement for their arguments they found it in their weekly meetings, when they gathered to exchange experiences and to listen to talks by the physicians who were child experts. They learned themselves and carried to their neighbors something of what the United States Government through its Children's Bureau has been attempting to do for the children of the nation this Children's Year. As a result, mothers began to bring their well babies to the health station out of sheer public spirit and interest in seeing every baby in the nation examined according to the same standard so that the nation's baby could be estimated and planned-for and safeguarded.

Other mothers were reached through the actual news of the discovery in a neighbor's child of latent disease where no disease had been suspected and so hastened in self-protection to have their children examined.

There were, of course, the selfish mothers, the mothers whose maternal affection found expression in starched petticoats and embroidered flounces, the mothers who looked in pride at the rosy cheeks of their darlings and remarked in superior tones to the block workers—

"Well, if my baby *has* enlarged tonsils or something the matter with his heart, I'm sure I don't want to know it. As long as it doesn't seem to trouble him, I guess there isn't much danger."

This kind of mother has caused many a weary block worker to wipe a moist brow in despair. For of all people, those who pride themselves on never troubling trouble until trouble troubles them are the despair of workers in any field. Their mentality never seems to follow their argument to the point of inquiring why after all should we plan to sow crops next year, we have enough to eat this, so why worry?

Such short-sighted mothers are, however, becoming back numbers and babies continued to flock to the Unit. Those who came received a thorough physical examination, some good advice, which the mother was free to use or not as she saw fit, the offer of a competent trained nurse to visit the baby regularly without charge and to confer with the mother on all points of vital interest to the baby—that is, if the mother wanted her. Even the mother of a well baby has her problems at teething-time, and at other times as well, and before long the nursing council of the Social Unit, organized along exactly the same lines as the physicians' council, began to send its paid nurses into the district to begin their baby visiting.

Meanwhile, as mothers continued to come with their babies and nurses to visit and block workers to keep right on advertising the health station, the Social Unit Bulletin was carrying to every home in the district its message concerning the baby campaign. That was but one office of the Bulletin, which carried the news of many other things as well. But in this particular campaign the little bi-weekly sheet printed by the Social Unit headquarters and carried by the schoolboys and girls of the district to every family who asked for it—no one *had to have* anything in this scheme, you see—made a great impression. When some two thousand five hundred mothers in the district read in the Bulletin of January nineteenth, 1918, Dr. G. E. Earnshaw's state-

Social Unit Block Workers Who Are also Engaged in the Management of Their Own Homes

They Give Their Extra Time to the Community and Are Better and Broader Women for Doing It

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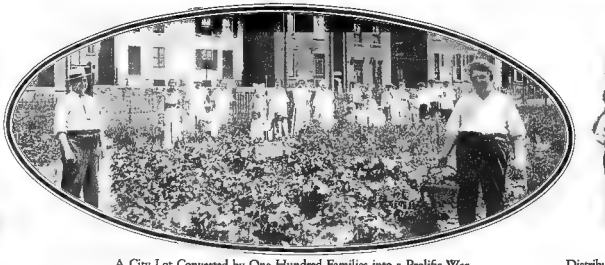
Mrs. Pandorf, Mother of Block Twelve



A City Lot Converted by One Hundred Families into a Prolific War Garden of Two Hundred Plots

Distributing the Self-information Bulletins

ment that the cradle was more fatal than the trenches, that for every soldier killed in the Great War seven babies die—without real reason—and that at least half of this seven can be saved, more babies were hastily packed up and hurried to the Health Station. By February, what was well known through the district as the "post-natal health service" had been so successfully established that the physicians' council agreed that it was about time to install a pre-natal service for expectant mothers. The physicians' council at once began to prepare for lectures and for the distribution of literature; the Social Unit Bulletin spread the news, and the block workers went to the red-headed pin map and began their work of interesting the mothers of babies to be. Altho this is one of the most difficult of all health services, as expectant mothers are shy, reserved, and almost embarrassed at meeting strangers, there was no denying the fact that they had learned through the post-natal service something of the value of a Health Station. In almost every block some baby had been rescued from some ailment that was plainly visible, and was now on his way to rosy health. His proud mother was the block worker's best advertising agent.

"LOOK at him," she would explain, "skin and bone when he went to the Unit and now getting fatter every day." Miracles these cures seemed often, when they were in the main just cases of bad feeding replaced by good, on the advice of the physicians' council, a council of experts backed by all the experts in the nation. Before the pre-natal service had been running a week, the whole neighborhood joined in a "Future of America" parade, which is probably the most unique thing in the way of parades on record. The citizens of Cincinnati talk smilingly of that parade; it was the "cutest" thing the city had ever seen, and everybody had such a good time—there never is any objection to having a good time in a campaign for health, most authorities agree that it helps.

Three thousand children from the Mohawk-Brighton district constituted that parade. The schools of the district each selected a marshal and the marshal-in-chief was selected from these by the simple process of counting "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, so that the grown folks looking on wondered if our ballot system could by any chance be made more satisfactory in some correspondingly simple way.

The Zoo sent over ponies for some of the children to ride, and in view of the present food situation it generously added a huge pelican in a cage which bore a canvas-lettered sign,

I EAT FISH; IT IS GOOD FOR YOU, TOO

The perambulator section was exclusive. It contained only the babies who had attended the Health Station, but as by this time this meant almost all the babies in the district it was not as harsh an exclusion as it sounded. Wheeled by proud mothers, these perambulator babies bore other banners,

UNCLE SAM IS BEHIND US. DO NOT STAND IN OUR WAY

and one little fellow was marked pointedly with the letters,

ONE LIFE IS WORTH THE PRICE

Next to the perambulators came the automobile section containing the children too old to be wheeled, but not old enough to walk far, and behind them marched the children of the public and parochial schools. Five of these whose fathers are in Service bore a large banner,

OUR DADDIES FIGHT TO SAVE YOUR LIVES. WILL YOU WORK TO SAVE OURS?

The most pertinent sign of all, the one that caused the watchers hours of thought after the parade was over, was this, *Children's Lives Are the Liberty Bonds of the Future.*

The people who stood on the sidewalks to watch that "Future of America" parade came not only from the Mohawk-Brighton district, but from all over the city of Cincinnati.

They looked at the children, radiant and happy, starched and frilled and fussed-up by loving mothers to a wonderful degree; they read the banners, read them to the last and their eyes grew moist and their throats tightened. Payments on those "Liberty Bonds of the Future" were so far behind.

Perhaps it was because of this that the Mohawk-Brighton district was the first in the country to register health reports on the children below school age and to extend to them the same health service it extended to its babies. Immediately after the parade, the block workers invited the children from one year to six to come to the Health Station for examination while they collected from the mothers information concerning the children's lives, such information as enabled the Social Unit to compile a complete health census, which was forwarded to the Children's Bureau in Washington. By this time many mothers were coming regularly to the Unit just to do their bit.

They had learned through the Winter lectures given by the Unit for all mothers who cared to attend, through the nurse's visits, through the block workers, and through the Social Unit Bulletin, something of the value of having a district and a city and a country know every inch of its people, in order that it may be promptly and effectively at their service. Altho the statistics sent to Washington seemed remote as far as their present personal value went, they could see the value to the future of knowing how all children stood. Such a mother who brought her four children, just, as she said, "to do her part," received a concrete benefit that made her anxious to do her part forever.

All of the children, the oldest was only a little past five, were suffering from very bad teeth; the oldest child had heart trouble in an advanced stage so that the most expert care was needed at once to save her life; a younger child had this same trouble in an early and controllable stage; two of the children had tonsils so inflamed that they were, according to the examining physicians, "a direct menace to their lives." Those children will probably all live as a result of the mother's trying to do a bit of public service.

IN A little over one year the Social Unit had done these things in attempting to take care of the health of the Mohawk-Brighton district. It had, with the consent of the district, taken a baby census and a census of children of preschool age (the children of school age were taken care of through an already established school service which will probably be by now in the hands of the Unit). It had made a tuberculosis census of the district, through the records of the deaths from tuberculosis in the district for the past ten years and had marked on a map every house which contained or had contained tubercular patients. It had taken a census of expectant mothers.

All this information put together gave a very clear idea of the condition and needs of the children of the district, and of the direct menace to them through cases of active tuberculosis. It gave a basis for talks to block workers and mothers. It gave the city of Cincinnati a basis for work in sanitation and health rulings and the country some basis for work in education in getting up literature, signs, and posters on health. For every expectant mother, every baby, and every child under six in the district, it had established a complete health service whereby each could have thorough periodic examination, sound advice, regular nursing inspection, and care in the form of a nurse who did not limit her activities even to this field but who took sickness in her division of the district as it happened to come to any member of a family, child or adult, and dealt with it from every standpoint, giving baths, getting apparatus for the sick-room from the Loan Closet at the Unit, consulting the Physicians' Council as to special diseases, or reporting to the Social Workers' Council when poverty seemed a disease cause.

THIS general nursing provided for the district by the Social Unit is a part of that scheme as opposed to the special nursing now provided by so many communities through separate organizations where one nurse is detailed to treat the tubercular member of a family, a second nurse to look after the baby, a third nurse to attend to the child of school age, and perhaps a fourth nurse is sent to a case of infectious disease.

The waste of time in such specialized nursing, the failure of the nurses always to agree, and the bewilderment of families trying to follow the somewhat conflicting advice of four people, has all been done away with by the having of one friendly person who takes the family ills on her shoulders and attends to them all, getting her advice for special needs from the Physicians' Council or her own nursing council as it is needed.

This, then, has been the main work of the Social Unit during its first year, the organized health work which began with the babies and now promises to extend until it covers every man, woman, and child in the district. For the adults are beginning to openly envy the children, and as we sat in Mrs. Rhineheart's parlor she repeated what I had heard several women say,

"Oh, I do hope we will soon be having examinations and service for the grown folks like they have for the children."

Before this article appears in print it is more than likely that such service will have been established and, when it is established, the Mohawk-Brighton district will be the first in the country to have adequate provision for the care of the health of its people.

As a result of the first year's work the Health Plan of the Social Unit was well under way. It is the most thoroughly organized work of the Unit, but it has by no means been the only work.

Perhaps only second to it in importance was the census-taking that had been a part of the health campaign to which it had added an old-age census, undertaken at the request of the State, and the beginning of a foreign census. It had taken these various censuses through the intelligent women who are block workers and had recorded their reports with the minutest care.

And because at first thought a census does not seem a particularly important matter, this phase of the work of the Social Unit merits peculiar emphasis.

Our present defective and inadequate census-taking and recording is responsible, as any one will recognize, for a good deal of poor legislation. Law-makers can not pretend to do justice to their electors unless they know them, and the only way to know people and their health and economic interests is through an intelligent census. A good deal of the corner politician method of making laws, the method which takes care of Tom and his family because Tom and his family happen to be known to the corner politician, and neglects Jim and his family because Jim is politically opposed to Tom and his needs are unknown and quite different, will disappear when legislators base their laws upon census reports and not upon personal haphazard impressions. The censuses taken in the Mohawk-Brighton district are new in plan and concept and, when taken by intelligent and conscientious women, form an accurate moving-picture of the district as it grows and lives, trustworthy and unbiased, a fit basis for general law and general service, and their gathering and recording are not the least significant of the Unit's activities.

The Social Unit Bulletin was hardly less important. Even with all the newspaper publicity and the efforts of the block workers, the Unit, if it was to reach all of its fifteen thousand people, needed constant, direct, and pointed advertising.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

This Picture Shows a Typical Group of Mothers and Children at the Health Station

Their Enthusiastic Co-operation Has Helped to Make the Social Unit a Possible Thing

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HOMEWARD BOUND

Proving Again that "A Friend in Need Is a Friend Indeed"

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, Author of "The Ship Comes In," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

EVERY afternoon at five o'clock, Judge Nathaniel Prescott stood at the head of the court-house stairs, waiting for the sound of a familiar approach. Then a door would close on the floor below and there would come the echo of slow footfalls, to be followed, a moment later by the sight of a somewhat bent figure as it made a deliberate ascent.

Judge Prescott would stand silent until the form of the other man had stopped panting after the climb. Then he would bow and say:

"Afternoon, Judge Farnsworth!"

"Afternoon, Judge Prescott," the other jurist would answer, and then together, white hair and gray hair, they would trudge to Judge Prescott's chambers for their afternoon game of dominoes.

Judge Prescott and Judge Farnsworth had been playing dominoes now for fourteen years—ever since Judge Farnsworth had been elected to the district bench. Judge Prescott had been there before him; in fact it was a hard matter to think of a time when Judge Prescott hadn't been there; almost since the day the court-house was built. Judge Farnsworth had come later, and together they had gone through year after year, hearing the petty cases which came before them during the long hours of the day, then wiping out the cares of the bench with their game of dominoes, when together they would bicker and fuss and mumble and debate as the fortunes of the game swayed uncertainly to the inevitable conclusion.

Then, one or the other, with a high, cackling cry of triumph, would slam down the last domino to shout "Homeward Bound!" as he pounded the table with his fist—and the game would be over.

Such was the little institution that had held them together through the years, and few had been the exceptions to those daily meetings; not counting, of course, the Sundays when they would journey far into the country, behind their plodding old horse, drinking in the sights they loved, silent and happy.

One of those exceptions was the week when Mary Prescott had died, and the two old judges—John Farnsworth looking first after one then the other—had stood, their arms about each other at the graveside.

The other time had been the day that John had gone to the city, and side by side the white-haired old men had stood on the depot platform, waving him a good-by, and averting their eyes. And then, with a little ache in each of their hearts for some one who had gone, they had resumed their old companionship.

Once Judge Farnsworth—it was on a bright, throbbing Spring day when the dogwood was in bloom—had mentioned that he believed John and Mary would have been a whole lot more than just friends if she had lived. Then, with a little cough, he had turned to his dominoes, and Judge Prescott had bowed his head very low and was silent. Such was their life.

But age is somewhat like childhood; little things come to take their place eventually as tremendous obstacles, and things that are not even noticed at forty sometimes are most fretful at sixty.

So it was that Judge Prescott straightened perceptibly one afternoon as the bent Judge Farnsworth trudged his way up the stairs—straightened, and said without his usual bow:

"You're late, Judge Farnsworth!"

The other jurist, still panting from his climb, looked up rather quickly.

"Couldn't help it," he answered with a bit of asperity. "I've——"

"YOU could have sent a note." Judge Prescott looked up hastily toward the tall window of the hallway. "The light's getting worse every minute, too. This'll make us late going home."

Judge Farnsworth's eyes followed his gaze.

"The light isn't any worse than it usually is. It's pretty tol'ble, I'd say. Besides, we could light a lamp."

"We could, yes." Judge Prescott fidgeted a bit. "But we won't. Not since they've took to filling these court-house lamps with half oil, half water, to ruin the eyes of any mortal man that tries to do anything by 'em. We'll play in the daylight—but let's be at it. I've got something on my mind."

Judge Farnsworth was irritated himself by this time.

"You act like it," he said, somewhat acidly, as they turned and started toward the chambers.

Nor did the bickering cease with the beginning of the game. It was one of those gray, damp days that make one feel clammy and irritable at best, and the unusual lateness of Judge Farnsworth had only made things worse. From the shuffling of the little rectangles which formed their game, the remarks of the two old men were pettish and quarrelsome. The feeling increased as they played on. Gradually the game turned against Judge Farnsworth. He hunched himself over his pile of dominoes and moistened his lips.

He mumbled something under his breath. Then he watched with hawklike eagerness the play of the other man, at last to lean back and point a withered finger at his adversary.

"Why didn't you play that double-blank when you ought to've played it?" he asked shortly. The shaggy, white eyebrows of Judge Prescott jerked suddenly upward.

"What's that?" he asked. "I played it as soon as I could play it. I didn't have it until just now. Didn't I just take it out of the bone-pile?"

Judge Farnsworth was truly angry now. He wagged his head with emphasis and pounded his fist on the table.

"No, you didn't jest take it out of the bone pile. I saw you take it out three moves ago!"

Judge Prescott half rose. He, too, pounded on the table. "Then you looked—you cheated!" he exclaimed heatedly.

"Don't tell me I cheated!" came the quaking voice of Judge Farnsworth.

"Well, then don't tell me either! I'd like to know how you could tell when I got that double-blank if you didn't look I'd —"

Judge Farnsworth's jaws moved excitedly. His wrinkled old hand jammed the table harder than ever.

"Well," he announced, "if you had half the sense you were born with, you——"

"Don't tell me, sir, that I haven't got my sense!" Judge Prescott was shaking his fist now. "Don't tell me that, sir! Don't tell a man that's sat on the distric' bench here for longer than anybody ever sat before that he ain't got any sense. I'd have you understand, sir, that I knew law when you knew nothing, sir. I'd——"

"And since then," Judge Farnsworth interrupted, "you've forgotten half o' what you learned. Sit down and let's——"

"I'll not sit down and be insulted. No, sir!" Judge Prescott's thin, lined, kindly old face was red with indignation. "If I were on the bench, I'd fine you for contempt, sir. If —"

"Yes, and if you hadn't been so all fired pettish, there wouldn't have been any of this here cuttin' up. You started it, anyhow. Didn't you jump on me the minute I got at the top of the stairs—even before I had a chance to draw a good breath? Didn't——"

"That hasn't got a thing to do with it! That——"

"Hasn't it? If you'd had any sense, you'd have let me explain what'd been holding me down-stairs——"

Judge Prescott waved his hands in the air again, aimlessly. Then one hand dived for a coat-pocket and produced a fingered telegram.

"That's the second time you've said that!" he half-shouted. "That's the second time you've told the senior judge of this distric' that he hasn't got any sense. I haven't, sir! I've had things to do with it, eh? Well, jus' you read that—just go on and read it, every word of it! I haven't any sense—hah? I haven't—go on and read that——!"

Judge Farnsworth leaned back in his chair.

"I forgot my specs," he mumbled. "And besides, I don't care what it is, anyway."

But Judge Prescott thought otherwise. He waved the telegram before him once more, and straightened himself.

"Of course not!" he seethed. "Of course not! But you're going to hear it jus' the same. I haven't got any sense, eh? I haven't—well, listen.

"'JUDGE NATHANIEL PRESCOTT,
"'County Court-house, Shelbyville.

"'Thank you for your letter. Would greatly appreciate it if you could find the time to take my place on bench here. Am called to Maryland by illness of wife and may be gone several months. Hope you can arrange matters so that you can sit in trial of cases for me beginning next Tuesday.

"'JUDGE RAPHAEL C BUTLER.'

"And I haven't got any sense, eh?" he gloated as he folded the telegram and placed it tenderly in his pocket. "It doesn't take any sense to be a judge in the city, eh? I suppose just anybody can go to the city—it doesn't take any sense for me to go there, eh? I——"

Judge Farnsworth wrinkled his nose.

"I don't see," he said slowly, "why you should be standing up there like Columbus discovering America about going to the city. There's other people been to the city before you. I guess my boy John's been there long enough to learn how to ride on street-cars. I——"

THE cut hurt. Judge Prescott sniffed angrily.

"Yes, if he ain't got run over trying to learn. He hasn't done anything else wonderful that I've heard of——"

A banging sound interrupted him. Judge Farnsworth, his face white now, was standing, facing his old partner of the bench, and pounding on the table with a quivering hand.

"Don't you say anything about my boy—not to me!" he snapped. "Don't you——"

"Yes, and don't you tell me I haven't got any sense!"

"I'll say what I please!"

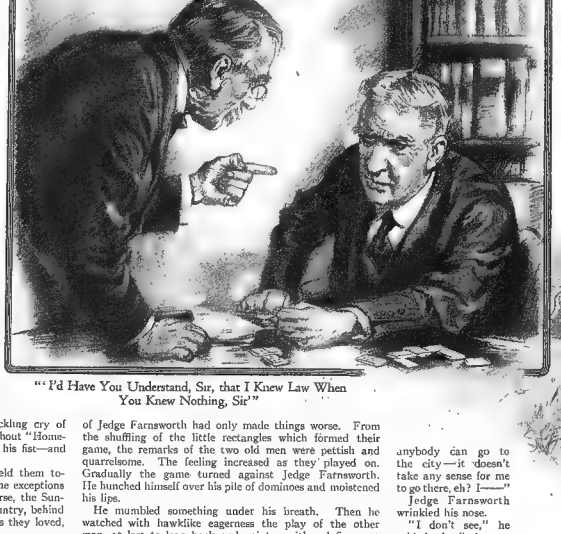
"Yes, and I'll say what I please!"

"Then in that case," Judge Farnsworth turned stiffly and reached for his hat and overcoat, "good-by!"

"Good-by!" came the curt answer of Judge Prescott, and then he stood very erect and silent until the slow footsteps of Judge Farnsworth had died away in the hall below. After that, he sighed, a queer, quavering sort of sigh, and rummaged around the office a long time, picking up trifles, looking at them, then laying them aside. Very slowly and deliberately he filled his pipe and sat puffing at it for ten minutes, without being aware of not having lighted it. He picked up the dominoes, one by one, and carefully placed them in their worn, aged box. Then, very quietly, a bent, shuffling old shadow in the gloaming, he, too, made his slow way from the court-house toward home.

Two days later, Shelbyville faded for Judge Prescott, to give way to a rushing train, then to a rushing, clattering city. Bearing his honors as best he could, he became a white-haired, bent figure in a busy court-room, where the grind of a city's criminality passed in review, where witness followed witness and jury after jury gave their, verdicts, and where sordid stories became dulled in their repetition.

For a week, perhaps two, the rush of it all, crowding in upon the country-town mind of the white-haired old man, was enough to drown all other things. Then, as the newness of it wore away, something else began to creep into his calculations and his thoughts. Perhaps, too, the fact that the snow had gone very suddenly, and that the bare trees of the court-house yard were beginning to bud a bit, that a robin hopped about and sang just outside the court-house window, and that the skies were fair and blue—perhaps these things may have had something to do with it,



"'I'd Have You Understand, Sir, that I Knew Law When You Knew Nothing, Sir'"

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also. But whatever the cause, the landlady of the old, worn boarding-house where Jedge Prescott had taken up his residence noticed that the judge did not go straight out of the door now as he once had. Instead, he would hesitate at the hall-tree o' mornings, and, holding the letters to the light, carefully inspect every envelop. Then he would place them all back on the hall-tree with a little sigh, straighten determinedly, and with a face set suddenly grim, stalk out of the door for his morning walk to the court-house. At evening, too, when he came home from the long day in the room of trials, he would stop and again lift the parcel of letters to the light, only in vain. Then slowly, like the bent, tired old man he was, he would trudge up the steps in silence to his room.

One day the landlady stood by the door and watched him as he looked at the various letters addressed to the boarders of the old house. She smiled and came forward a step.

"Looking for a letter?" she asked obviously. The judge straightened in embarrassment.

"—I kind of thought there might be one for me," came his hesitant answer. "I sent my address to the Shelbyville *Clarion*. But then, I guess they're kind of busy down home now. It's coming Spring, you know."

So he went on out, and when he returned that night, the little landlady was waiting in the hall for him, smiling.

"It came to-day," she said as she handed forth a square envelop. The judge took it eagerly, and holding it high to the light, stared at the writing. Then the eagerness in his eyes faded and he stuffed the missive into his pocket without reading.

"I'm afraid that isn't the one," he said slowly as he started up the stairway to his room. There, he closed the door and stood a long while, simply staring at the floor. The lines seemed to have deepened on his face. His hands clasped for a second. But only for a second—

for then he pulled back his shoulders and pursed his lips and his eyes flashed with determination.

"No, I'm blasted if I'll write first!" he snapped. "I'm blasted if I will!"

So the weeks passed, weeks in which the last, grasping hold of Winter relaxed to its fullest, allowing the leaves to peep forth on the branches of the court-house trees, and the jonquil buds to open in the precise flower-beds.

The sun-rays grew stronger; the soft haze of Spring was everywhere; through the open windows of the court-room would come the calls of children as they played in the street below. And sometimes as he sat there, the old judge would nod a bit in his chair, and the shouts of the children in the streets below would resolve themselves into the calls of the field and the meadow back home. Then he would straighten with a start, and lean rigidly forward, that he might forget, in the sordid testimony that reeled its way into the sheaf of the court stenographer beneath him, the day-dreams that had all but seized him for their own.

AND as he nodded one day, there came the sound of a voice that did not seem unfamiliar, yet a voice almost forgotten. Slowly he opened his eyes, then suddenly fought back an impulse to rise from his chair and go to the man who stood looking silently up at him. But the expression in the young man's eyes held him back.

It was pleading, that look—pleading and begging for something besides clemency. It was the look of a man who would speak volumes and who could say nothing. Jedge Prescott blinked and coughed behind his hand. Then, somewhat hastily, he looked at the court record before him

"John Perry," he read. "Assault."

With the sentence, a light crept into the mind of Jedge Prescott and he understood the look in the man's eyes. The embarrassed expression departed from the face of Jedge Prescott. He leaned forward.

"So you're John Perry?" he said slowly.

"Yes," came the answer in a half-whisper—and yet there seemed to be in it also a note of gratitude. The judge turned toward the district attorney.

"What's the charge?"

"Assault. It seems that he and a stranger were in the same gambling game. He accused the stranger of cheating, and after the game was over, assaulted him on the street, injuring him considerably."

"Where's the prosecuting witness?"

"He left town, Your Honor. The prisoner, I believe, is willing to plead guilty."

Jedge Prescott looked sharply into the face of the young man before him.

"Is that so?"

A husky voice answered in the affirmative. Jedge Prescott leaned farther forward on his desk, studying the face of the prisoner. In the days that were gone, those heavy, dark patches had not been beneath his eyes, nor had the lines about his mouth been as deep or as pronounced.

There was an unhealthy something about the skin, too, that the judge never had seen before. Slowly, Jedge Prescott raised a pencil and tapped it on his desk.

"JOHN PERRY," he said, "I presume, like most young fellows, you work?"

"I did," came the slow answer.

"Haven't you been working lately?"

The young man shook his head and fingered a worn cap.

"Why not?"

"I lost my job—too much high life, I guess."

Jedge Prescott's head went suddenly forward and his voice took on a suddenly cold tone.

"Wine, women, and song?" he asked sharply.

The young man smiled faintly.

"Except the women," he answered, and the judge leaned back in his chair.

For a long moment he sat considering the prisoner, his eyes roving from the dissipated young face to his worn clothing, then back again. Then once more he leaned forward.

"What's the story?" he asked quietly. John Perry shifted and twisted his cap.

"The same one a lot of fellows have to tell, I guess," was the answer. The voice was low, almost inaudible at times "I came to town and saw a lot of bright lights and met a bunch of fellows who said they could show me a good time." He spread his hands. "It's the same old story, Judge," he concluded dully. "I couldn't do both, so I lost my job. But I kept on at the drinking and the gambling and—well, I didn't find out what the game was until it was too late. Then when they rang in a new card shark on me and took the last cent I had, I couldn't stand it. I let my temper go and—well, I'm guilty and I'm willing to take the punishment. So I guess that's all there is to it."

"Maybe so—maybe so." Jedge Prescott was tapping his pencil on the desk again and staring out of the window to where a robin redbreast hopped about in his new home of leaves and greenness. "Maybe so. You said you came to the city. I won't ask you where you came from—it doesn't concern the court. But I suppose, down where you came from, the dogwood is in bloom about this time o' year?"

A sudden spasm of pain crossed the prisoner's face.

"Yes," he answered dully.

"And I suppose that right about this time"— the judge still was looking out of the window—"the sugar-pears are in blossom, and the bluebird is making its nest out in the old peach-tree by the well. I suppose you remember those things? And how the peach-trees look, with all of them a mass of pink—is it pretty in the Springtime, down where you came from?"

A slight choking sound came from the prisoner's throat. He shifted, his lips moved, but there were no words. The judge still watched the actions of the robin redbreast in the tree outside his window.

"Of course, I've only been in the city a little while," he mused, still tapping his desk with his pencil, "and I'm not a good criterion. After you've been in the city for three or four years, I guess you forget how everything looks, how the martins circle around the old chimneys at dusk, when the lights are playing on the water of the pond down by the meadow gate and you hear old Felix away off somewhere rounding up the cattle for the night. I guess the city noises drive out a lot of those memories—it's always so quiet and peaceful-like when dusk's settling down in the country. I guess you even forget how the old place looks after you've been in the city a while—or do you?"

He turned quickly. The man before him had bowed his head

Something was glistening on his cheeks. A queer little look came into the eyes of the judge. Something tugged downward at the corner of his lips, and he made aimless little marks on the pad of paper before him.

"And I know, when I used to be in the country, along about this time of the year, the blossoms of the dogwood and the freshness and brightness of everything always reminded me of the one person in the world that I always loved. I don't know why it did it—maybe it was because the whole world was pretty like she was, pretty and pure and sweet and lovely. I guess anybody who's ever lost anybody they cared much about thinks those things when everything is pretty and sweet about them. And it makes them sort of want to do better and be better—just because they think of how good that person was that they loved and—but I suppose that's simply an individual case. I don't suppose it happens in everybody's lives—yours, for instance?"

THE young man before Jedge Prescott had raised his cap to his face and had covered his eyes. His shoulders shook convulsively. But no answer came to the judge's question.

Jedge Prescott blinked hastily and looked at the light above his desk in an accusing manner. Rather bruskly he turned to a bailiff.

"Snap out that light," he ordered, "I can't see a thing. It's too light in here, anyway." Then his voice seemed to soften as he again looked at the prisoner. "John Perry, I'd like to ask you just one question. Down there where you came from, where the dogwood blossoms and the martins circle over the chimney at dusk, you never fought with gamblers, did you?"

There was a shake of the head, in the negative.

"You never even knew a gambler, did you?"

Again the negative. The cap was lowered. A dirty handkerchief passed hastily before the young man's eyes.

"You never knew what it was to spend your time in the company of persons who didn't amount to a hill o' beans, and whom you were ashamed of after you'd gotten yourself clean of their company, did you?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

"'I Guess Anybody Who's Ever Lost Anybody They Cared Much About Thinks Those Things'"

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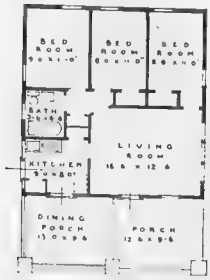
The War Is Over—Let's Start Building Again

THREE INEXPENSIVE BUNGALOWS: *Designed by* HARRY J. ROBINSON, Jr.; *Described by* HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE

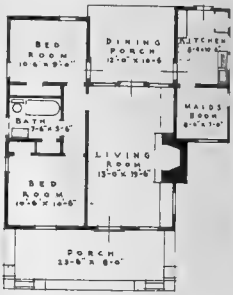

BED ROOM 9'0 X 11'0
BED ROOM 9'0" X 11'0"
BED ROOM 8'6" X 9'0"
BATH 5'6" X 8'0"
LIVING ROOM 16'6" X 12'6"
KITCHEN 9'0" X 8'0"
DINING PORCH 13'0" X 9'6"
PORCH 12'6" X 9'6"

THAT the apparent smallness of the bungalow at the right is deceptive is proved by the floor plan just above, which provides for a living-room, kitchen, three bedrooms, and a bath, as well as an open veranda and a screened dining-porch in front.

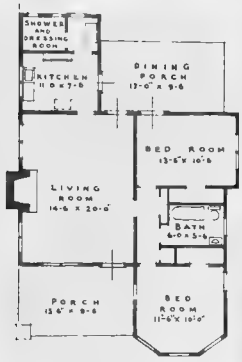
A unique point about the arrangement is the use of corridors by the architect in separating the culinary and sleeping quarters from the main living-room.

BUILT on a lot slightly elevated at the rear, this house rests on low piers of trap-rock in front. The exterior is mission-stained, and the posts are of field stone. This house was erected in 1916 for $1,200; to-day it would probably cost $1,800 to $2,200. Notice the economy of space and the substantiality of the architecture, both of which are excellent features.

HOSPITALITY is the keynote of this low-eaved bungalow with its rubble-stone piers and chimney. The roof is gray-toned and harmonizes with the mission-stained shingles. It is estimated that this house could be built for $2,000.


BED ROOM 10'6" X 9'0"
DINING PORCH 12'0" X 10'6"
KITCHEN 8'6" X 10'0"
BATH 7'6" X 5'6"
MAID'S ROOM 8'6" X 7'0"
LIVING ROOM 13'6" X 15'6"
BED ROOM 10'6" X 10'6"
PORCH 23'6" X 8'0"

THE floor plan above is quite as comprehensive and practical as the exterior is picturesque and cheerful, for the architect has here worked out another ideal arrangement in which comfort, convenience, and privacy are incorporated in an alloted space. The living-room is reached through the broad porch, and to the left is a suite of two bedrooms and bath, approached from the extreme end of the living-room.


SHOWER AND DRESSING ROOM
KITCHEN 11'0" X 7'0"
DINING PORCH 13'0" X 9'6"
BED ROOM 13'6" X 10'6"
LIVING ROOM 14'6" X 20'0"
BATH 6'0" X 5'6"
PORCH 13'6" X 9'6"
BED ROOM 11'6" X 10'0"

MOST noticeable in this floor plan is the isolation of the sleeping-suite, which, altho opening off the big living-room, gives access to a private hall connecting the two bedrooms and bath. The porch at the rear may be used either for sleeping or dining.

THIS little Dutch cottage sits close to the earth and seems a very part of it; the field-stone chimney and the casemented windows enhance its picturesque effect. The exterior is covered with wide cedar shingles, and the roof, also shingled, terminates at the rear in a shallower dip, taking under its wing both kitchen and porch. This house would cost about $2,300 to build.

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"This magical stunt I do
The livelong winter through
With fertile yield of farm and field
I bring good cheer to you."

Suppose you could do this—

Or better, suppose you could go right out today into a summer garden of your own and gather all the choice fresh vegetables you want—even then you could not produce a soup more wholesome and satisfying than

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

And it would cost you more in time, labor and money to produce a soup anywhere near as good.

With a nourishing beef stock, which also contains the nutritious bone-marrow, we combine selected white potatoes, tender chantenay carrots, sweet yellow turnips, "Country Gentleman" corn, small peas, baby lima beans, Dutch cabbage, choice tomatoes, green okra, fragrant celery and parsley. We include rice, barley, "alphabet" macaroni and sufficient leek, onion and sweet red peppers to give a pleasing flavor.

Good soup once a day at least is a most important rule for the health and condition of every family. And in this tempting Campbell soup you have a food which supplies valuable and necessary elements to nourish and regulate the system during the winter months. It saves your fuel, avoids needless drudgery, and is always ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case. Keep it handy and *always serve it hot.*

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Go gle

The Twenty-Four Hour Cream!

WHETHER it's in the dewy freshness of the morning or that sleepy, starry bedtime hour—Crême de Meridor is the only cream you need to keep that healthy, glowing skin!

Crême de Meridor is a "day" cream and a "night" cream in one. Not only does it keep the skin free from blackheads and blemish—a veritable rose and ivory velvet—it actually freshens the tissues themselves. Wrinkles and sagging sallow skins vanish with the faithful use of Crême de Meridor.

Crême de Meridor is greaseless—in fact it's the original greaseless cream, so you can apply it wherever you happen to be!

Write for a free sample or send 50 cents for a complete Lazell Beauty Box, containing soap, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and a miniature jar of Crême de Meridor.

Lazell PERFUMER

Dept. 7 M Newburgh-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"He is quite well again," Natalie said impatiently. "I can not understand the amount of fuss every one makes over the boy. He ran in front of where Graham was driving, and got what he probably deserved."

"I understand Clayton has given him a position."

"He has made him an office-boy."

"How like dear Clayton!" breathed Mrs. Haverford, and counted the honors as hers. But she had not come to quarrel. She had had, indeed, a frankly benevolent purpose in coming, and she proceeded to carry it out at once.

"I do think, my dear," she said, "that some one ought to tell Audrey Valentine the stories that are going about."

"What has she been doing?" Natalie asked, with her cool smile. "There is always some story about Audrey, isn't there?"

"Do you mean to say you haven't heard?"

"I don't hear much gossip."

Mrs. Haverford let that pass.

"You know how rabid she has been about the war. Well, the story is," she went on, with a certain unction, "that she has driven Chris to enlisting in the Foreign Legion, or something. Anyhow, he sailed from Halifax last week."

Natalie straightened in her chair.

"I don't believe it. I don't believe he went to fight, anyway. He was probably in some sort of a scrape."

"She has sold her house."

Natalie's impulse of sympathy toward Audrey was drowned in her rising indignation. That all this could happen and Audrey not let her know was incredible.

"I haven't seen her recently," she said coldly.

"Nobody has. I do think she might have seen her clergyman. There is a time when only the church can give us the comfort we need, my dear."

And whatever Mrs. Haverford's faults, she meant that quite simply.

"And you say Clay knew?"

"It's rather likely he would. They were going together, weren't they, when that caddie was hurt?"

NATALIE was not a jealous woman. She had, for years, taken Clay's faithfulness for granted, and her own complacency admitted no chance of such a possibility. But she was quick to realize that she had him at a disadvantage.

"How long have you known it?" she asked him that night, when, after the long dinner was over, she sat with her elbows on the table and faced him across the candles.

"Known what, dear?"

"About Chris and Audrey?"

He was fundamentally honest, so he answered her directly.

"Since the day Chris left."

"When was that?"

"The day we dined there."

"And Audrey told you?"

"She had to, in a way. I'm sure she'll tell you herself. She's been rather hiding away, I imagine."

"Why did she have to tell *you?*"

"If you want the exact truth, she borrowed a small sum from me, as the banks were closed, naturally. There was some emergency—I don't know what."

"She *borrowed* from you?"

"A very small amount, my dear. Don't look like that, Natalie. She knew I generally carried money with me."

"Oh, I'm not, really. Audrey probably thinks of you as a sort of grandfather, anyhow. It's not that. It is your keeping the thing from me."

"It was not my secret."

But Natalie was jealous. She had that curious jealousy of her friends which some women are cursed with, of being first in their regard and their confidence. A slow and smoldering anger against Audrey, which had nothing whatever to do with Clayton, darkened her eyes.

"I'm through with Audrey. That's all," she said.

And the man across regarded her with a sort of puzzled wonder.

Her indignation against Clayton took the form of calculation; and she was quick to pursue her advantage. In the library she produced the new and even enlarged plans for the house.

"Reddie says he has tried to call you at the mill, but you are always out of your office. So he sent these around to-day."

She had prepared herself for a protest, but he made none, even when the rather startling estimate was placed before him.

"I just want you to be happy, my dear," he said. "But I hope you'll arrange not to run over the estimate. It is being pretty expensive as it is. But after all, success doesn't mean anything, unless we are going to get something out of it."

They were closer together that evening than they had been for months. And at last he fell to talking about the mill. Natalie, curled up on the chaise *longue* in her boudoir, listened attentively, but with small comprehension, as he poured out his dream, for himself now, for Graham later.

A few years more and he would retire. Graham could take hold then. He might even go into politics. He would be fifty then, and a man of fifty should be in his prime. And to retire and do nothing was impossible. A fellow went to seed.

Eyes on the wood fire, he talked on until at last, roused by Natalie's silence, he glanced up. She was sound asleep.

Some time later, in his dressing-gown and slippers, he came and roused her. She smiled up at him like a drowsy child.

"Awfully tired," she said. "Is Graham in?"

"Not yet."

SHE held up her hands, and he drew her to her feet.

"You've been awfully dear about the house," she said. And standing on tiptoe, she kissed him on the cheek. Still holding both her hands, he looked down at her gravely.

"Do you really think that, Natalie?"

"Of course."

"Then—will you do something in return?"

Her eyes became shrewd, watchful.

"Anything in reason."

"Don't, *don't*, dear, make Graham afraid of me."

"As if I did! If he is afraid of you, it is you own fault."

"Perhaps it is. But I try—good God, Natalie, I do try. He needs a curb now and then. All boys do. But if we could only agree on it—don't you see how it is now?" he asked, trying to reason gently with her. "All the discipline comes from me, all the indulgence from you. And—I don't want to lose my boy, my dear."

She freed her hands.

"So we couldn't even have one happy evening!" she said. "I won't quarrel with you, Clay. And I won't be tragic over Graham. If you'll just be human to him, he'll come out all right."

She went into her bedroom, the heavy lace of her negligée trailing behind her, and closed the door.

Clayton had a visitor the next morning at the mill, a man named Dunbar, who marked on his visitor's slip, under the heading of his business with the head of the concern, the words, "Private and confidential!"

Clayton, looking up, saw a small man, in a suit too large for him, and with ears that projected wide on either side of a shrewd, rather humorous face.

"Mr. Spencer?"

"Yes. Sit down, please."

Mr. Dunbar drew his chair closer, and laid a card on the table.

"My credentials," he explained.

Clayton read the card.

"Very well, Mr. Dunbar. What can I do for you?"

Dunbar fixed him with shrewd, light eyes, and bent forward.

"Have you had any trouble in your mill, Mr. Spencer?"

"None whatever."

"Are you taking any measures to prevent trouble?"

"I had expected to. Not that I fear anything, but of course no one can tell. We have barely commenced to get lined up for our new work."

"May I ask the nature of the precautions?"

Clayton told him, with an uneasy feeling that Mr. Dunbar was finding them childish and inefficient.

"Exactly," said his visitor. "And well enough as far as they go. They don't go far enough. The trouble with your manufacturers is that you only recognize one sort of trouble, and that's a strike. I suppose you know that the Kaiser has said, if we enter the war, that he need not send an army here at all. That his army is here already, equipped."

"Bravado," said Clayton.

"I wonder!"

Mr. Dunbar reached into his breast pocket, and produced a long, typed memorandum.

"You might just glance at that."

Clayton read it carefully. It was a list of fires, mostly in granaries and warehouses, and the total loss was appalling.

"All German work," said his visitor. "Arson, for the Fatherland. All supplies for the Allies, you or other similar lists, here, all German deviltry. Anti they're only commencing. If we go into the war—"

THE immediate result of the visit was that Clayton became a member of a protective league which undertook, with his co-operation, to police and guard the mill. But Mr. Dunbar's last words left him thinking profoundly.

"We're going to be in it, that's sure. And soon. And Germany's army is here. It's only Germans either. It's the I. W. W., for one thing. We've got a list through the British post-office censor, of a lot of these fellows who are sending German money to-day. They're against everything. Not only work. They're against law and order. And they're likely to raise hell."

He rose to leave.

"How do your Germans like making shells for the Allies?" he asked.

"We haven't a great many. We've had no trouble. One man resigned—a boss roller. That's all."

"Watch him. He's got a grievance," said the Secret Service man.

"He's been here a long time. I haven't an idea he'd do us any harm. It was a matter of principle with him."

"Oh, it's a matter of principle with all of them. They can justify themselves seven ways to the ace. Keep an eye on him, or let us do it for you."

Clayton sat for some time after Dunbar

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

Children Love

Grape-Nuts

From the child's standpoint, Grape-Nuts is a "delicious" food, and makes him "feel good." But you cannot expect children to analyze the food question for themselves.

Here is where the parents' duty comes in, to tell the children in simple language why Grape-Nuts makes them "feel good."

They should be told that Grape-Nuts makes them grow, and makes them strong and well, because it is made of wheat and barley—wonderful grains for food.

They should be told about the really vital "mineral salts" which the body needs to make and keep it healthy, and that they get these plentifully in Grape-Nuts.

And then if they are told that the long baking of Grape-Nuts, and the thorough "chewing" which they give to this food makes it easy to digest, they will have nearly the whole story of *why* Grape-Nuts not only makes children, but everybody, "feel good." Truly—

"There's a Reason"
for
Grape-Nuts

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

had gone. Was it possible that Klein, or men like Klein, old employees and faithful for years, could be reached by the insidious wickedness of Germany? There was a good bit of talk about German hate, but surely there was no hate in Klein.

Clayton had been watching with growing concern Graham's intimacy with the gay crowd that revolved around Marion Hayden. It was more thoughtless than vicious; more pleasure-seeking than wicked, but its influence was bad, and he knew it.

But he was very busy. At night he was too tired to confront the inevitable wrangle with Natalie that any protest about Graham always evoked, and he was anxious not to disturb the new *rapprochement* with the boy by direct criticism.

The middle of December, which found the construction work at the new plant well advanced, saw the social season definitely on, also, and he found himself night after night going to dinners and then on to balls. There were fewer private dances than in previous Winters, but society had taken up relief work actively and made them fashionable. The result was great charity balls.

ON THESE occasions he found himself watching for Audrey, always. She had, with a sort of diabolical cleverness, succeeded in losing herself. Her house was sold, he knew, and he had expected that she would let him know where to find her. She had said she counted on him, and he had derived an odd sort of comfort from the thought. It had warmed him to think that, out of all the people he knew, to one woman he meant something more than success.

But altho he searched the gayest crowds with his eyes, those hilarious groups of which she had been so frequently the center, he did not find her. And there had been no letter save a brief one without an address, enclosing her check for the money she had borrowed. She had apparently gone, not only out of her old life, but out of his as well.

Natalie was not happy, but she seemed contented enough. Her life satisfied her. The new house in the day-time; bridge, the theater in the evening or the opera, dinners, dances, clothes they seemed to be enough for her. But his life was not enough for him. What did he want anyhow? In God's name, what did he want?

One night, impatient with himself, he picked up a book of love lyrics in its mauve cover, from his bedside table. He read one, then another. He read them slowly, engrossingly. It was as tho something starved in him was feeding eagerly on this poor food. Their passion stirred him as in his earlier years he had never been stirred. For just a little time, while Natalie danced that night, Clayton Spencer faced the tragedy of the man in his prime, still strong and lusty with life, with the deeper passions of the deepening years, who has outgrown and outlored the woman he married.

A man's house must be built on love. Without love it can not stand.

Natalie, coming in much later, and seeing his light still on, found him sleeping, with one arm under his head, and a small black hole burned in the monogrammed linen sheet. The book of poems had slipped to the floor.

The next day she missed it from its place, and Clayton's man, interrogated, said he had asked to have it put away somewhere. He did not care for it. Natalie raised her eyebrows. She had thought the poems rather pretty.

One resolution Clayton made, as a result of that night. He would not see Audrey again if he could help it. He was not in love with her and did not intend to be. He was determinedly honest with himself. Men in his discontented state were only too apt to build a dream-woman, compounded of their own starved fancy, and translate her into terms of the first attractive woman who happened to cross the path. He was not going to be a driveling idiot, like Chris and some of the other men he knew. Things were bad, but they could be much worse.

It happened then that when Audrey called him at the mill a day or so later, it was a very formal voice that came back to her over the wire. She was quick to catch his tone.

"I suppose you hate being called in business hours, Clay!"

"Not at all."

"That means yes, you know. But I'm going even further. I'm coming down to see you."

"Why, is anything wrong?"

He could hear her laughter, a warm little chuckle.

"Don't be so urgent," she said gaily. "I want to consult you. That's all. May I come?"

There was a second's pause. Then,

"Don't, you think I'd better come to see you?"

"I've only a little flat. I don't think you'll like it."

"That's nonsense. Where is it?"

She gave him the address.

"When shall I come?"

"Whenever it suits you. I have nothing to do. Say this afternoon about four."

That "nothing to do" was an odd change, in itself, for Audrey had been in the habit of doling out her time like sweetmeats.

"Where in the world have you been all this time?" he demanded, almost angrily. To his own surprise he was suddenly conscious of a sense of indignation and affront. She had said she depended on him, and then she had gone away and hidden herself. It was ridiculous.

"Just getting acquainted with myself," she replied, with something of her old airy manner. "Good-by."

His irritation passed as quickly as it came. He felt calm and very sure of himself, and rather light-hearted. Joey, who was by now installed as an office adjunct, and who commonly referred to the mill as "ours," heard him whistling blithely and cocked an ear in the direction of the inner room.

"Guess we've made another million dollars," he observed to the pencil-sharpener.

Clayton was not in the habit of paying afternoon calls on women. He wondered if he should call Natalie and tell her. But he decided against it. It was possible, for one thing, that Audrey still did not wish her presence in town known. If she did, she would tell Natalie herself. And it was possible, too, that she wanted to discuss Chris, and the reason for his going.

He felt a real sense of relief when at last he saw her, to find her looking much the same as ever. He hardly knew what he had expected. Audrey, having warned him as to the apartment, did not mention its poverty again. It was a tiny little place, but it had an open fire in the living-room, and plain, pale-yellow walls, and she had given it that curious air of distinction with which she managed, in her casual way, to invest everything about her.

"I hope you observe how neat I am," she said, as she gave him her hand. "My rooms, of course."

"Frightfully so."

He towered in the low room. Audrey sat down and surveyed him as he stood by the fire.

"It is nice to have a man about again."

"Do you mean to say you have been living here, without even visitors, for two months?"

"You'll laugh. Clay, I'm studying!"

"Studying! What?"

"Stenography. Oh, it's not as bad as that. I don't have to earn my living. I've just got to do something for my soul's sake. I went all over the place, and I saw I was just a cumberer of the earth, and then I thought——"

She hesitated.

"What did you think?"

"If, sometime or other, I could release a man to go and fight, it would be the next best thing to giving myself. Not here, necessarily. I don't believe we have the spunk to go in. But in England, anywhere."

"You've released Chris."

"He released himself. And he's not fighting. He's driving an ambulance."

"Clay," she said, after a moment, "are you going to employ women in the new munition works?"

"In certain departments, yes."

"I have a girl I want work for. She's not trained, of course."

"None of them are. We have to teach them. I can give you a card to the employment department if you want it."

"Thanks."

THERE was a short silence.

"I wonder if you think I'm hiding, Clay," she said, finally.

"Well, what are you doing?" He smiled down at her from the hearth-rug.

"Paying my bills! That's not all the truth, either. I'll tell you Clay. I just got sick of it all. When Chris left I had a chance to burn my bridges and I burned them. The same people, the same talk, the same food, the same days filled with the same silly things that took all my time and gave me—nothing."

"Audrey, do you hear from Chris?"

"Yes. He's in a dangerous place now, and sometimes at night—— I suppose I did force him, in a way. He was doing no good here, and I thought he would find himself, over there. But I didn't send him. He——Tell me about making shells."

He was a little bit disappointed. Evidently she did not depend on him enough to tell him Chris's story. But again, she was being loyal to Chris.

He told her about the mill, phrasing his explanation in the simplest language; the presses drilling on white-hot metal; the great anvils; the forge; the machine-shop, with its lathes, where the rough surfaces of the shells were first rough-turned, and then machined to the most exact measurements. And finding her interested, he told her of England's women workers, in their khaki-colored overalls and caps, and of the convent-like silence and lack of movement in the filling-sheds, where one entered with rubber-shod feet, and the women, silent and intent, sat all day and all night, with queer veils over their faces, filling shells with the deadly load.

Audrey listened, her hands clasped behind her head.

"If other women can do that sort of thing, why can't I, Clay?"

"Nonsense."

"But why? I'm intelligent."

"It's not work for a lady."

"Lady! How old-fashioned you are! There are no ladies any more. Just women. And if we aren't measured by our usefulness instead of our general not-worth-a-damn-ness, well we ought to be. Oh, I've had time to think, lately."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

HEINZ Vinegars

MALT, CIDER AND WHITE

It is perhaps not too much to say that the reputation of many of the famous 57 Varieties rests upon the delicate flavor and exquisite aroma of Heinz Vinegars.

The 57 Varieties demand the best, both as to quality and flavor. So Heinz Vinegars are Heinz made with no thought but to have them the best that can possibly be produced. And Heinz Vinegars are made in sufficient quantities to permit their sale bottled and sealed under the Heinz label to those housewives who also appreciate the importance of flavor in a salad, a sauce or a relish.

ONE OF THE 57

THE NAME HEINZ

on a label—whether it is Vinegar, Ketchup, Baked Beans, or any other of the foods and condiments in the 57 Varieties—means so many things it is pleasant to know. It means Heinz care in the selection of the choicest materials, the spotless cleanliness of Heinz kitchens, the Heinz skill in cookery. It means "good to eat," in every sense of the word.

In bottles
Filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment
Pints, quarts and half-gallons

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

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It contains a variety of new and practical articles to knit and crochet with directions

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"This girl you spoke about, that was the business you mentioned?"

"Yes." She hesitated. "I could have asked you that over the telephone, couldn't I? The plain truth is that I've had two bad months—never mind why, and Christmas was coming, and—I just wanted to see your perfectly sane and normal face again."

"I wish you'd let me know sooner where you were."

She avoided his eyes.

"I was getting settled, and studying, and learning to knit, and—oh, I'm the most wretched knitter, Clay I just stick at it doggedly I say to myself that hands that can play golf, and use a pen, and shoot, and drive a car, have got to learn to knit. But look here!"

She held up a forlorn looking sock to his amused gaze. "And I think I'm a clever woman."

"You're a very brave woman, Audrey," he said. "You'll let me come back, won't you?"

"Heavens, yes. Whenever you like And I'm going to stop being a recluse. I just wanted to think over some things."

On the way home he stopped at his florist's, and ordered a mass of American beauties for her on Christmas morning She had sent her love to Natalie, so that night he told Natalie he had seen her, and such details of her life as he knew.

"I'm glad she's coming to her senses," Natalie said. "Everything's been deadly dull without her. She always made things go—I don't know just how," she added, as if she had been turning her over in her mind.

"I wonder," she said, fussing with a shoulder-strap, "who Audrey will marry If anything happens to Chris?"

She saw his face and raised her eyebrows.

"You needn't scowl like that. He's quite as likely as not to come back—you can't be? And Audrey didn't care a pin for him."

"We're talking rather lightly of a very terrible thing, aren't we?"

"Oh, you're not," she retorted "You think just the same as I do, but you're not so open about them That's all."

GRAHAM was engaged. He hardly knew himself how it had come about His affair with Marion had been, up to the very moment of her betrothal—"I want you," as light-hearted as that of any of the assorted young couples who flirted and kissed behind the closed doors of that popular house.

The effect on the boy of her steady propinquity, of her constant caressing touches, of the general letting-down of the bars of restraint, was to rouse in him impulses of which he was only vaguely conscious, and his proposal of marriage, when it finally came, was by nature of a confession He had kissed her, not for the first time, but this time she had let him hold her, and he had rained kisses on her face.

"I want you," he had said, huskily.

And afterward, when the thing was done, and she had said she would marry him, she had to ask him if he loved her.

"I of course I do," he had said. And had drawn her back into his arms.

He wanted to marry her at once It was the strongest urge of his life, and put into his pleading an almost pathetic earnestness. But she was firm enough now

"I don't think your family will be crazy about this, you know."

"What do we care for the family. They're not marrying you, are they?"

"They will have to help to support me, won't they?"

And he had felt a trifle thrilled.

It was not a part of Marion's program to enter the Spencer family unwelcomed. She had a furtive fear of Clayton Spencer, the fear of the indirect for the direct, of the designing woman for the essentially simple and open male It was not on her cards to marry Graham and to try to live on his salary.

So, for a few weeks, the engagement was concealed. Graham's sister, Hayden, and Graham, who had received some stock from his father on his twenty-first birthday, secretly sold a few shares and bought the engagement ring. With that Marion breathed easier. It was absolute evidence.

Her anxieties were the anxieties of her kind and her time. To allure a man by every wile she knew, and having won him to keep him watchful and uneasy, was her perfectly simple creed. So she reduced love to its cheapest terms, passion and jealousy, played on them both, and made Graham alternately happy and wretched

It became rather an obsession in him to prove his manhood, and added to that was the effect of Marion's constant, insidious appeal to the surging blood of his youth. And, day after day, he was shut in his office with Anna Klein.

He thought he was madly in love with Marion. He knew that he was not at all in love with Anna Klein. But she helped to relieve the office tedium.

He was discursive, sitting at his desk, with Anna before him, note-book in hand, that while he read his letters her eyes were on him. More than once he met them, and there was something in them that healed his wounded vanity. He was a man to her. He was indeed almost a god, but that he did not know. In his present frame of mind, he would have accepted even that, however.

Then, one day he kissed her. She was standing very close, and the impulse was quick and irresistible. She made no effort to leave his arms, and he kissed her again.

"Like me a little, do you?" he had asked, smiling into her eyes.

"Oh, I do. I do!" she had replied, hoarsely.

It was almost an exact reversal of his relationship with Marion. There the huskiness was his, the triumphant smile was Marion's. And the feeling of being adored without stint or reservation warmed him

He released her then, but their relationship had taken on a new phase. He would stand against the outer door, to prevent its sudden opening. And he would walk toward him, frightened and helpless until his arms closed about her. It was entirely a game to him. There were days, when Marion was trying, or the work of his department was nagging him, when he scarcely noticed her at all. But again the mischief in him, the idler, the newly awakened hunting male, took him to her with arms outheld and the look of triumph in his eyes that she mistook for love.

TWO days before Christmas Delight came out. There was an afternoon reception at the rectory, and the plain old house blossomed with the débutante's bouquets and baskets of flowers.

For weeks before, the house had been getting ready The rector, looking about for his accustomed chair, had been told it was at the upholsterer's, or had found his beloved and ragged old books relegated to dark corners of the bookcases. There were always stepladders on the landings, and paper-hangers waiting until a man got out of bed in the morning. And once he put his ecclesiastical heels in a pail of varnish, and slid down an entire staircase, to the great imperilment of his kindly old soul.

But he had endured without demur to the coming-out. party, and he had taken, during all the morning of the great day, a most unaccustomed part in the boxes of flowers that came in every few minutes.

When all the stands and tables were overflowing, the bouquets were hung to the curtains in the windows. And Delight, taking a last survey, from the doorway, expressed her satisfaction.

"It's heavenly," she said. "Imagine all those flowers for me. It looks"—she squinted up her eyes critically—"it looks precisely like a highly successful funeral."

Her resentment against Graham was dying. After all, he was only a child in Toots Hayden's hands. And she made one of those curious "He-loves-me-he-loves-me-not" arrangements in her own mind. If Graham came that afternoon, she would take it as a sign that there was still some good in him, and she would try to save him from himself. She had been rather nasty to him. If he did not come——

A great many came, mostly women, with a sprinkling of men. The rector, who loved people, was in his element. He was proud of Delight, proud of his home; he had never ceased being proud of his wife. He knew who exactly had sent each basket of flowers, each hanging bunch. "Your exquisite orchids," he would say or "that perfectly charming basket. It is there, just beside Mrs. Haverford."

But when Natalie Spencer came in alone, splendid in Russian sables, he happened to be looking at Delight, and he saw the light die out of her eyes.

NATALIE had tried to bring Graham with her. She had gone into his room that morning while he was dressing and asked him. To tell the truth, she was uneasy about Marion Hayden and his growing intimacy there.

"You will, won't you, Graham, dear?"

"Sorry, mother I just can't. I'm taking a girl out."

"I suppose it's Marion."

Her tone caused him to turn and look at her.

"Yes, it's Marion What's wrong with that?"

"It's so silly, Graham She's older than you are And she's not really nice, Graham. I don't mean anything horrid, but she's designing, and shows you are young and well, she's just playing with you. I know girls, Graham.

She stopped, before his angry gaze

"She is nice enough for you to ask here," he said hustily.

"She wants your money. That's all."

He had laughed then, an ugly laugh.

"There's a lot of it for her to want."

And Natalie had gone away to shed tears of fury and mortification in her own room.

So she went to the Haverfords alone, and managed very effectually to snub Mrs Hayden before the afternoon was over.

Mrs. Hayden thereupon followed an impulse.

"If it were not for Natalie Spencer," she said, following that lady's sables with malevolent eyes, "I should be very happy in something I want to tell you. Can we find a corner somewhere?"

And Doctor Haverford had followed her uneasily, behind some palms She was a thin-little woman with a maddening habit of drawing her tight veil down even closer by a contortion of her lower jaw, so that the rector found himself watching her chin rather than her eyes.

"I want you to know right away, as Marion's clergyman, and ours," she had

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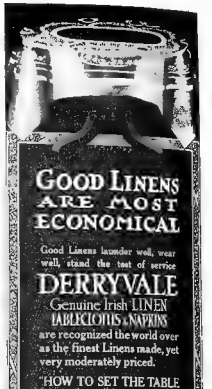
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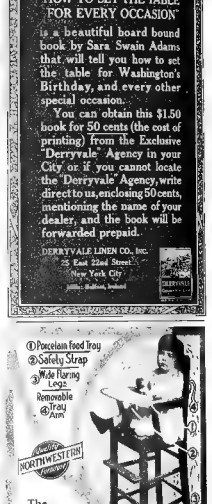

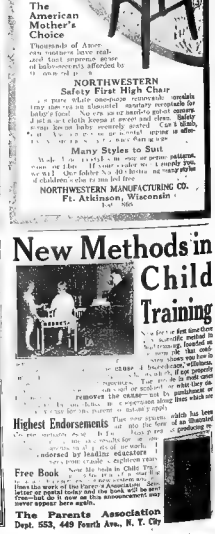

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Dromedary Date Bread

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

said, and had given her jaw a particularly vicious wag and twist. "Of course it is not announced—I don't believe even the Spencers know it yet. I am only telling you now because I know how dearly"—she did it again—"how dearly interested you are in all your spiritual children. Marion is engaged to Graham Spencer."

The rector had not been a shining light for years without learning how to control his expression. He had a second, too, while she contorted her face again, to recover himself. "Thank you," he said gravely, "I much appreciate your telling me."

Mrs. Hayden had lowered her voice still more. The revelation took on the appearance of conspiracy.

"In the early Spring, probably," she said, "we shall need your services, and your blessing."

So that was the end of one dream. He had dreamed so many—in his youth, of spiritualising his worldly flock; in middle life, of a bishopric; he had dreamed of sons, to carry on the name he had meant to make famous. But the failures of those dreams had been at once his own failure and his own disappointment. This was different.

CHRISTMAS day of the year of our Lord, 1916, dawned on a world which seemed to have forgotten the Man of Peace. In Asia Minor the Allies celebrated it by the capture of a strong Turkish position at Maghdadah. The Germans spent it concentrating at Dead Man's Hill; the British were ejected from enemy positions near Arras. There was no Christmas truce. The death-grip had come.

Germany, conscious of her superiority in men, and her hypocritical peace offers unanimously rejected, was preparing to free herself from the last restraint of civilization and to begin unrestricted submarine warfare.

On Christmas morning Clayton received a letter from Chris. Evidently it had come by hand, for it was mailed in America.

"DEAR CLAY: I am not at all sure that you will care to hear from me. In fact, I have tried two or three times to write to you, and have given it up. But I am loneller than Billy-be-damned, and if it were not for Audrey's letters I wouldn't care which shell got me and my little cart.

"I don't know whether you know why I got out, or not. Perhaps you don't. I'd been a fool and a scoundrel, and I've had time, between fusses, to know just how rotten I've been. But I'm not going to whine to you. What I am trying to get over is that I'm through with the old stuff for good.

"God only knows why I am writing to you, anyhow—unless it is because I've always thought you were pretty near right. And I'd like to feel that now and then you are seeing Audrey, and bucking her up a bit. I think she's rather down.

"Do you know, Clay, I think this is a darned critical time. The press hasn't got it yet, but both the British and the French are hard up against it. They'll fight until there is no one left to fight, but these damn Germans seem to have no breaking-point. They haven't any temperament, I daresay, or maybe it is soul they lack. But they'll fight on, the last man also, and the plain truth is that there are too many of them.

"It looks mighty bad, unless we come in. And I don't mind saying that there are a good many eyes over here straining across the old Atlantic. Are we doing anything, I wonder? Getting ready? The officers here say we can't expand an army to get enough men without a draft law. Can you see the administration endangering the next election with a draft law? Not on your life.

"I'm on the wagon, Clay. Honestly, it's funny. I don't mind telling you I'm darned miserable sometimes. But then I get busy, and I'm so blooming glad in a rush to get water that doesn't smell to heaven that I don't want anything else.

"I suppose they'll give us a good hate on Christmas. Well, think of me sometimes when you sit down to dinner, and you might drink to our coming in. If we have a principle to divide among us we shall have to."

Clayton read the letter twice.

He and Natalie lunched alone, Natalie in radiant good humor. His gift to her had been a high collar of small diamonds magnificently set, and Natalie, whose throat commenced to worry her, had welcomed it rapturously. Also, he had that morning notified Graham that his salary had been raised to five thousand dollars.

Graham had shown relief rather than pleasure.

"I daresay I won't earn it, Father," he had said. "But I'll at least try to keep out of debt on it."

"If you can't, better let me be your banker, Graham."

THE boy had flushed. Then he had disappeared, as usual, and Clayton and Natalie sat across from each other, in their high-armed lion chairs, and made a pretense of Christmas gaiety. True to Natalie's sense of the fitness of things, a small Nuremberg Christmas tree, hung with tiny toys and lighted with small candles, stood in the center of the table.

That afternoon Natalie slept, and the

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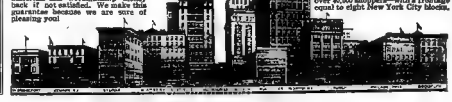

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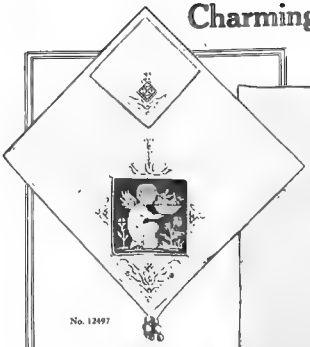
Charming Embroideries that Will Delight the Housekeeper

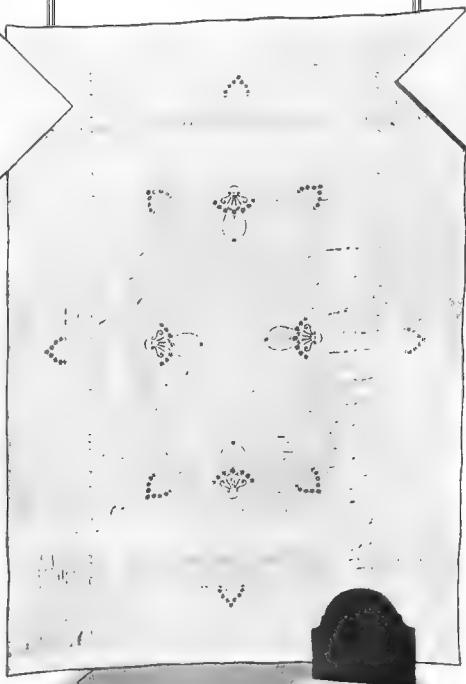


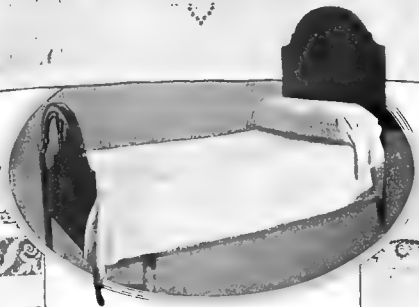
No. 12497

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12497, blue (20 cents). Provides four motifs 8¾ by 12¾ inches, and eight motifs, 2¾ by 3¾ for use on tea-cloth and napkins.

12500—Exquisite Lamp-shade in Cut-work and Filet

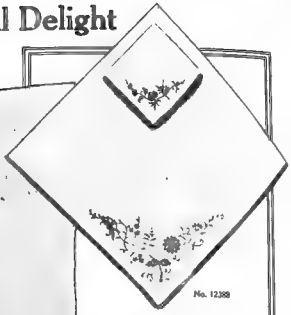
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12500, blue (20 cents). This charming design is intended to fit a lamp-shade 13 inches in diameter at top and 18 inches at bottom.





12501 and 12502 Embroidery for Center and borders of Bedspread 72 by 90 inches

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12501, blue (50 cents). Design for a bedspread. Border No. 12502, blue (25 cents), matches the center of bedspread design.

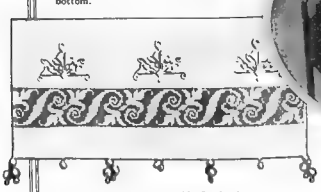


No. 12388

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12388, blue (20 cents). Here is an attractive embroidery design for a luncheon or tea-cloth 74 inches square, and besides this there are corners for six napkins 12 inches square.

83—Three Bands of Filet Crochet add charm to this Lamp-shade

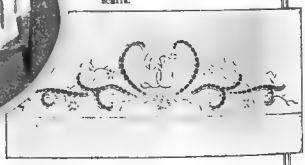
Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 83 (10 cents) are used for making the 4-inch filet crochet insertion illustrated in the lamp-shade above. The insertion is suitable for scarfs.



12496—Simple Motif for Scarf-end

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12496, blue or yellow (15 cents). Italian in style are these quaint motifs, three yards of which are supplied in the pattern, and the motifs are 2¾ by 3¾ inches. They are embroidered on the scarf at equal distances apart

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 11930, blue (15 cents). Provides embroidery design and color chart.

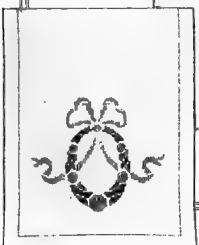


12495—Cut-work design for Pillow-case and Towel

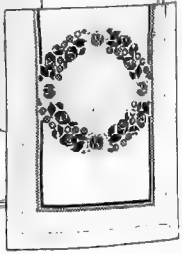
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12495, blue (20 cents). This charming design is intended for pillow-cases or towel ends, and the pattern supplies sufficient design for one pair of pillow-cases or towel ends 4½ by 18 inches.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11919, blue (15 cents) A cross-stitch wreath for each end of scarf and diagram supplied in this pattern. Mercerized cotton used.

11920—Wreath and Bow-knot Embroidery



11919—Cross-stitch for Dresser-scarf



12498—Dainty Embroidery for Top Sheet—Above is 12499 Pillow-case to Match

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12490, blue (20 cents). Attractive embroidery design for a pair of pillow-cases. Design is 8 by 22 inches including scallops. This could also be used on a towel of satin damask or fine linen huckaback.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12498, blue (50 cents). Supplying an embroidery design for one end of a bed-sheet matching the pillow-case design shown above. Eyelet, stem, raised satin, and buttonhole stitches used.

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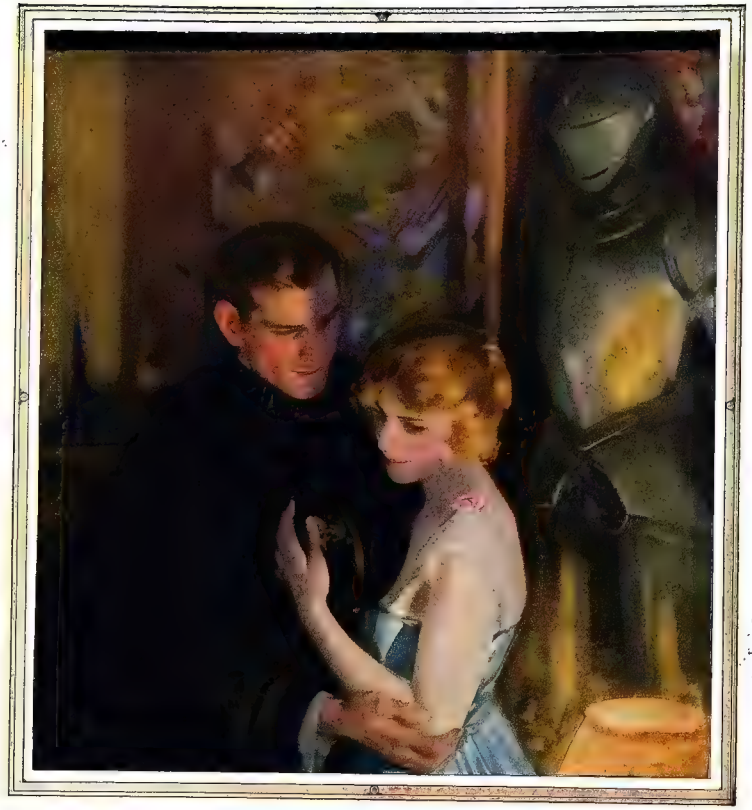

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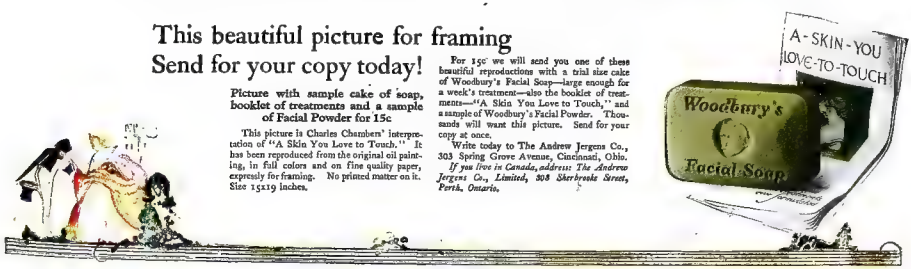

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The Philanthropist

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

sprang up the ladder and let himself in. He threw over the controller—and to the horror and amazement of Willis and Whitcomb the train suddenly shot out of the yard. It caught the two secretaries flat-footed. They scrambled after it at top speed, shrieking for it to stop. But the man at the controller was not thinking of secretaries just then. He was thinking of Linguard and Wedron—and the taunt which still rang in his ears—"There won't be any New York Central Railroad when this thing blows over!" In ten minutes he was back at the switch through which he had traced the lost Millionaires' Special.

"Hold up everything! Let me in that block!" he yelled to the man in the signal-tower; and he backed the Special on the main line, and, with a sigh of relief, started forward full speed. At Melrose he pulled up, at a stop-signal. The yard superintendent came aboard.

"You are to stop at Forty-seventh Street and let them off there," said this man, holding out a message. "The terminal is choked with reporters! The town's gone wild!"

At Forty-seventh Street, the superintendent took his courage in his teeth, and entered Linguard's car. He had made up his mind not to worry about explanations. Let the high-priced diplomats do that later. He was railroading for a living. So he told Linguard glibly that he was setting them down at Forty-seventh Street because things were a bit tied up by the terrible fog.

"All right," said Linguard. "That suits me. I seem to have lost a young man, somewhere en route—but I suppose he will turn up safe and sound."

"Good Lord!" thought the superintendent. "The secretaries!" With this disturbing thought he knocked on Wedron's door and entered. As suavely as possible he delivered his message. Wedron was in a vile temper; he was cursing everything—rails, spikes, ties, fogs, and boards of directors.

"And what has become of that fool Whitcomb, I'd like to know," he roared; but no one offered a suggestion. Now there are several means of exit from the Grand Central, a fact that reporters have learned on many occasions through painful experience. This morning every avenue was guarded. Special trains bearing millionaires do not get lost every day in the year. As Lingard mounted the steps to the street a violent explosion told him that some one was taking a flash-light. He turned about to survey his surroundings, and found the wrinkled misanthropic visage of old Wedron just emerging above the balustrade. Bang! went the flash-light again. With one bound Linguard was off. He sprang into a taxicab standing at the opposite curb, slammed the door, and shouted directions. His secretaries and suite could fight it out with the camera men, and follow at their leisure.

AT FIVE o'clock that afternoon, Rankin, the office manager, laid rough hands on the red-eyed, disheveled Willis, as he came rushing out of the inner office. The young secretary fought with the fury of a wild-cat, until he suddenly recognized his assailant and quieted down.

"Good heavens! Rankin, I thought you were another reporter! What do you mean by attacking a man like that—on a day like this? Lord! If I ever live to see it through!"

"Your wife has been calling you for the last two hours," said Rankin.

"I told her I couldn't get at you—that you were busy with S. L. Willis, this isn't a day for wives!

"She has gone to the Savarin for tea," continued Rankin. "I told her you would slip over there as soon as you could get a minute."

There was a minute now. A handful of bankers had come in, in a body, to ask Stephen Linguard what in thunder he meant, anyway—and the indications were the meeting would last some time. Willis scooted out the back way, like a hard-pressed jailbird.

Evelyn—the cool, capable Evelyn—was sitting in a dark corner of the tea-room, crying.

"All is lost!" he thought; and he sat down beside her, conscious that the waiters were watching them curiously. Willis said no word, but picked up the scattered batch of papers on the table before her. They were the familiar form of the stock-broker, detailing a series of purchases and sales. At the head was the name E. G. Sandisfield—Evelyn Guernsey Sandisfield, her maiden name. Once, long ago, Rankin had advised him to keep any investments in his wife's name. At the foot of the balance-sheet, below a line in red ink, was a sum of money in figures. He stared at it, thunderstruck.

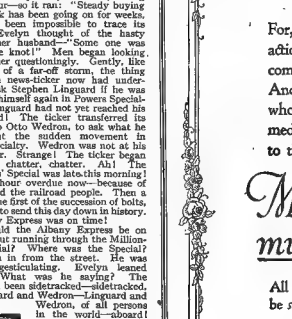
"Evelyn! Evelyn!" he gasped, thickly. He caught her hand; she withdrew it hurriedly.

"No—no—no!" she cried. "Not now!"—and her tears flowed afresh.

"But Evelyn—oh! you wonderful girl! It means all we have ever longed for—what we have dreamed about! It means wealth for us!" He waved the papers triumphantly. There it was, the history of this day of the fog—this day of days in Wall Street! It was there in cipher, ridiculous abbreviations which his trained eyes could read; it was there in figures, dollar signs, symbols startlingly distinct to carry such a story. He could reconstruct the day from the guide before him.

"Don't—don't, Edmund! Not now, I beg of you! It is killing me!" she cried. Willis stared at her in compassion—this cool, capable Evelyn. What had been her part in it? She had been through fire.

As the events of the past six hours crowded upon her throbbing brain, those first few periods of the morning were all that stood out as natural and real. Evelyn was dependable; she did not ask "why." She had deliberately tossed overboard their investments in honest grandmotherly industries, securities which they had scraped and saved to purchase against a rainy day, securities whose value was founded on the sanctity of labor, the largess of nature, and honesty of administration. Then she began to buy these worthless shares, of a plant gone to ruin, ruthlessly flung into the discard because of the plight of two great men. At first she was not conscious of the storm gathering about her. She realized nothing, until it broke. First came the thrill in the air.



THE broker's office where she sat watching the board was beginning to fill. Then came the whisper, momentous. It came over the news-ticker at first;—there was unusual activity in shares of the defunct Powers Specialty Common, during the first hour—so it ran: "Steady buying in this stock has been going on for weeks, but it has been impossible to trace its source." Evelyn thought of the hasty words of her husband—"Some one was twisting the knot!" Men began looking, at each other questioningly. Gently, like the breath of a far-off storm, the thing grew. The news-ticker now had undertaken to ask Stephen Linguard if he was interesting himself again in Powers Specialty. But Linguard had not yet reached his office. Odd! The ticker transferred its attention to Wedron, to ask what he knew about the sudden movement in Powers Specialty. Wedron was not at his office, either. Strange! The ticker began to chatter, chatter, chatter. Ah! The Millionaires' Special was late this morning! It was an hour overdue now—because of the fog, said the railroad people. Then a bolt fell—the first of the succession of bolts, which were to send this day down in history. The Albany Express was on time!

How could the Albany Express be on time, without running ahead of the Millionaires' Special? Where was the Special? A man ran in from the street. He was shouting, gesticulating. Evelyn leaned forward. What was he saying? The Special had been sidetracked—sidetracked, with Linguard and Wedron—Linguard and Wedron, of all persons in the world—aboard! The ticker reeled off its quotations of the trading. Powers Specialty was shooting up like a skyrocket. There came a dramatic pause. Wait! The Special had been traced. Traced where? Where, if you please? To an abandoned factory siding, five miles up the Bronx River Valley! With Linguard and Wedron aboard! Incidentally, they had locked themselves in! In where? Hush! Whisper it! Their private car had been sidetracked in the abandoned plant of the Powers Specialty Company—the plant which in its heyday had housed four thousand skilled mechanics, filled a town with happy families—until these two Goliaths had fallen out, and ruthlessly swamped it. And here they were, locked in, to examine the ruins, presumably. They had been there for an hour. An hour! Think of it! And that is to guess. They were on their way back. The crafty rogues were hiding in their cars as the knew nothing. They were reported now at Harlem. They were leaving their train at Forty-seventh Street—to escape observation! A horde of newspaper reporters were pursuing Linguard and Wedron down-town in taxicabs! Four of the reporters had been arrested for speeding. And Lingard—what does he say? He is in his office—the street outside is jammed with excited people.

The ticker paused again, as if taking a long breath. Linguard says—it was a plot—a villainous scheme of his enemies to compromise him! Lingard says—what?—that he was—kidnapped!

And Wedron? Wedron was beside himself. He was foaming at the mouth. He was calling down the wrath of the gods on the perpetrators of this contemptible outrage. They—he—he had been kidnapped!

Wall Street burst into a roar. An afternoon newspaper flashed an extra edition among the throbbing throng. On the first page was a photograph of Linguard, smiling

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Babies must have Talc

For, without the soothing, absorbing action of talc, babies cannot be perfectly comfortable for sleeping or waking hours. And without comfort, babies cannot be wholly well. Eminent authorities in both medicine and nursing are on record as to the necessity of talc in the nursery.

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In America this splendid army was 35,000,000 strong. From the little mother in the home to the dauntless women laboring at men's tasks, every woman gave her best.

And just how much she could give depended upon her health and strength. To keep her health was her first patriotic duty, and early in the war it was sufficiently demonstrated that correct corsetry was the first essential in maintaining the health and efficiency of our vital woman power.

Because they were the original expression of the modern form of hygienic corsetry

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The Philanthropist

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yet stern, and the saturnine old Wedron, as they emerged from a little cement-covered stairway at the Forty-seventh Street exit from the railroad tracks—together! They were stealing out to avoid recognition! But they had been caught at it! By a camera—who can deny the camera? Then another picture! It was of two men pumping a hand-car along the rails as if their life depended on it. They were Willis, secretary to Linguard, and Whitcomb, secretary to Wedron. (It was a fact. The two secretaries, caught flat-footed by the action-thrilled superintendent, had pursued the Special with the abandoned hand-car, and had the ill luck to run afoul of an ambitious newspaper photographer sent to explore the scene of the crime. There it was, in black and white!) Willis and Whitcomb, co-conspirators!

And what do the pair of thieves say? They were raising their hands in holy horror and saying—kidnapped!

Wall Street gasped. Then it shrieked—it held its sides. Linguard and Wedron, two babes in arms, had been the victims of a foul, dastardly plot! They had been kidnapped! Ha-ha! Ho-ho!

But here is proof. From far Bedford Hills comes the wail of two more lost souls. The conductor and the engineer of the Millionaires' Special—they too had been kidnapped! They had been overpowered by a badge of authority, told to give up their train to another crew, at a stop just below Ossining. The orders had seemed genuine, signed by the division superintendent. Forgery, said the superintendent! The disconsolate pair had been carried into the back-country in an automobile, and dumped unceremoniously a million miles from nowhere.

POWERS Common had begun at $2 a share at ten in the morning, an exaggerated estimate of its value. At three o'clock, on the closing of the Exchange, over half a million shares had been bought and sold. And it had touched forty-eight dollars. Linguard, tense and quiet, had been doing his utmost to stem the tide by denial. Wedron had gone as mad as a bitten jackal. But they were powerless. Their reputation for truth-telling was not conspicuous in their careers. Wall Street refused to believe them. When the big Exchange closed, brokers crowded the alley of New Street, the dead line, and continued to trade in Powers Specialty Common—whose plant the two enemies had inspected secretly that morning, together!

And Evelyn, after her first realization that some one was "twisting the knot"—some one, underground—felt herself caught in the whirlpool. That she was playing with marked cards—that her husband had been false to his employer—these thoughts found no place in her mind. All she knew now was that in her hands was the perfect "pyramid," that rarest and most sensational of all phenomena of the Street. All about her were fools, blown by the wind of every rumor. She knew! All it took now was nerve, steel nerve, with the nerve of absolute certainty. Instantly she became a machine, utterly unconscious of the creatures about her. She took no note of the passage of time. With white face and cold hands, her eyes fixed, she took profits on every spasmodic rise, re-invested them at every fluctuation. She bought and sold—bought and sold—bought and sold. Noon came and went, and she never paused—she did not move. It was as the she sat hypnotized at a green table, first picking up her few bits of gold, then handfuls, then sweeping it into her lap with broad strokes of her arms, under the fixed stare of a croupier, who kept dealing, dealing.

Three o'clock came. She was conscious that the crowd was being pushed into the street. After a time, some one was speaking to her, explaining politely. She gathered up her alps of paper and her things, and started out, not knowing whither she was going. She had passed through fire. She had seen men of her own caste, creatures of kindness, love, sympathy, culture, transformed in the twinkling of an eye into ravening wolves. They seemed suddenly stripped of their god-given attributes; all that was mean, base, avaricious in their natures suddenly called to the surface. She had seen their faces! And she had seen her own face! Oh, the shame of it!

NOW at the table, with a shrinking sense of their common guilt, she turned tragically to her husband.

"Come!" she said, suddenly rising. She had pulled herself together on the instant.

"I'll put you in a cab, dearest," he said, and he looked at his watch. Linguard was staying late, but Willis must hurry back before the Goliath left for the day—this day of days. What of it! Think of it! Who would have thought you had the nerve to stick it out like that!"

She turned on him a look that halted his words.

"I am going to Linguard," she said, her voice tense with resolve.

"To Linguard? What for, pray?"

"Don't you understand?" she replied, in anguish. "It's wicked! It's criminal! He has been so good to us—given us everything—loaded presents on the children! And this is how we repay him! Oh, Edmund, I can never forgive myself."

Willis stared at her, uncomprehending.

"You can never forgive yourself? Why, Evelyn, what have you done to S. L.? Was it his fault that a gang of sharpers put up a deal on him? Is there any reason we should not take advantage of it?"

"You don't seem to understand," she said quietly, the exalted look of the penitent in her eyes. "When he is down, we strike him! Look!" she cried fiercely, pounding the broker's sheets with her fingers. "I am going to confess everything. It was my fault—my doings. Oh, how could I bring myself to sink so low! Sixty-three thousand dollars! Where has it come from? We have stolen it! Thieved it from his misfortune! I don't blame you. It was my fault. I was carried away by the excitement of it. Don't you understand," she pleaded. "We must tell him. Don't try to stop me," she cried fiercely. "I will make a scene. I swear I will!"

She dashed to the street; and Willis, beside himself, caught up with her as she entered the office.

"Look here!" he said. "If there is to be any confessing, I am the one to do it."

He put her in his own office and closed the door on her. Rankin came up.

"As you love me, Rankin, keep her there till I have seen S. L.," he murmured hoarsely. "She has an insane idea she has done wrong to my benefactor, because she bought some Powers Common on the rise. Keep her there till I come out."

He stopped for a second at the Goliath's door, smoothed his hair and got hold of himself. There was nothing to do but take the plunge. He pushed the door open and entered. Linguard and Abner Hastings, his brother-in-law, were leaning over the big desk. They had a sheaf of papers before them. Hastings was smiling. But, as he turned and saw Willis his expression changed. Linguard put his papers into a drawer and turned.

"Here is the conductor of the Hand-car Special!" he said with a laugh. "I have been calling for you, Willis."

Linguard rose, and putting a hand on Hastings's shoulder led him to the door and they passed out. Willis could hear them talking together in low tones. The drawer in the table stood slightly open. His eyes caught the tail end of the sheets inside. An uncontrollable impulse seized the secretary. They were brokers' statements—the duplicate of Evelyn's. But the figures were staggering.

"Gad!" he whispered, as a sudden convulsion caught him at the throat. "It—it can't be—no, it is impossible!"

But there it was in black and white, before his thieving eyes. There were dozens of sheets, filled with abbreviations and figures. The thing had been going on for weeks—there was one sheet dated four weeks before. Buying Powers Specialty at the market! So this was the source of the secret buying "which," said the news item, "could not be traced!" And here, on three sheets was the recapitulation of this afternoon—selling, selling, selling!

AS LINGUARD re-entered the room, Willis was standing rooted in his tracks. It was Linguard—Linguard through his familiar, Hastings. They had engineered the whole coup!

"Sit down. Take a letter," ordered the great man. "I want to get out."

With trembling fingers, Willis, who had come to confess his fault, took up the pencil. The letter was to the Reverend Samuel Bancroft. It ran:

"As I told you this morning, you tempted me. When I was a boy, without an extra pair of shoes to my name, I was turned out of a charity hospital as cured, one day in the middle of Winter. They needed my bed for some poor fellow who was worse off than I.

"This day I have placed to your order the sum of five hundred thousand dollars. There will be more when you need it. I hope you will have the Refuge for Convalescents ready to open within another year. I need not caution you again that no word of my part in this matter is to leak out. Believe me, it would be fatal to my plans."

"What's the matter, Willis? You are as pale as a ghost," said the great man as he arose and made his preparations for departure.

"I am a bit upset," said Willis weakly. "The day—the day has—upset me, a bit."

He staggered out. He entered his own room. With upraised hand he checked his wife who rushed at him angrily. He forced her back into a corner, commanded her to be silent, while he said what he had to say. When he had finished, she looked at him for several seconds, as the not comprehending. Then she cried out—

"He—he did it! He had been planning it for weeks—through his catspaw, Hastings? Oh—oh—oh!" she cried, and she buried her face in her hands and sank down in a chair. This day she had seen men ruined; she had seen men drunk with unearned riches. The sight of their faces, the sight of her own face, came up before her. And this man, Linguard, the colossus—this man whom she had honored as the very mirror of her hopes for her own husband—this man had engineered it all—had conceived it in its entirety! He had deliberately played on humanity's most detestable weakness, greed! And for what? To arm himself with ammunition with which to practise his secret vanity of giving!

"The—the philanthropist!" she gasped, with unbelievable loathing in her tone. "Oh!—the *philanthropist!*"

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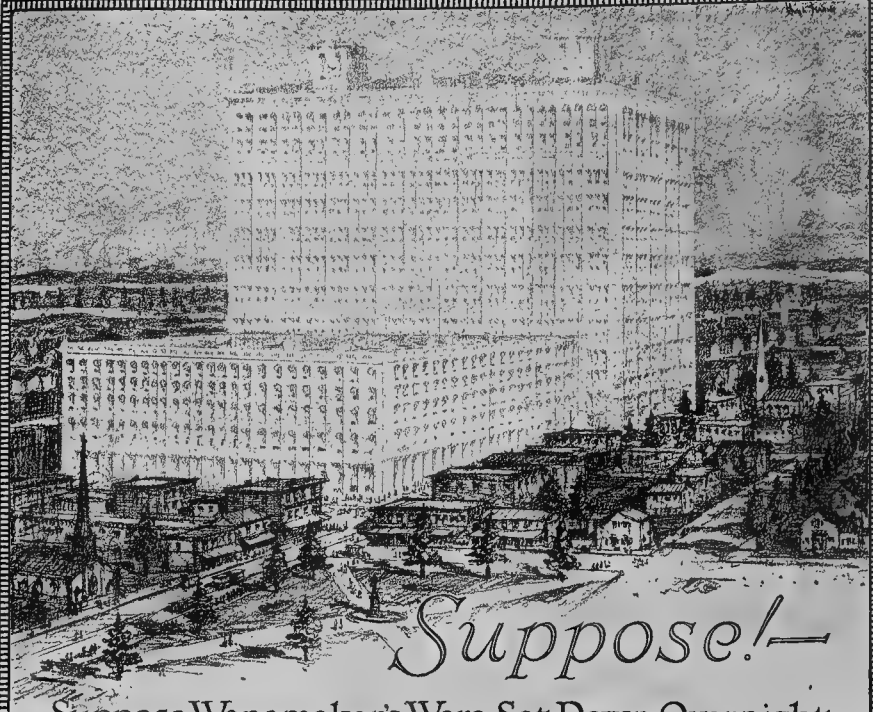

Suppose Wanamaker's Were Set Down Overnight

In Your Own Home Town!

YOU would rub your eyes, wouldn't you, to see if you really were awake! Then you would grab your hat and coat and rush out to see what had happened. On the street you would find all your neighbors .... rushing .... wondering .... asking .... talking .... joining the crowds .... all rushing on .... to Wanamaker's.

Suppose this thing—this impossible thing—had happened in all the cities, towns and villages in the United States. That Wanamaker's had come to your own home town, wherever it is located—and it stood over there in yonder square, smiling a welcome to all the people!

Well Now—

this impossible thing is not impossible. The buildings, of course—those huge piles of stone and iron and steel—cannot come to your own home town.

But What is Wanamaker's?

Not only the buildings—the physical things you see as you look at the picture on this page—

Wanamaker's is SERVICE; SERVICE and MERCHANDISE; and FAIR DEALING

And all this can be transplanted any day—to you—overnight—wherever you live.

A postal card—just a postal card—is the Aladdin's lamp that you have in your hand every day. All you need to say is—

"Send Me Your Latest Catalog"

Wanamaker's then comes to you, almost as literally and as helpfully as though it really *did* stand in yonder square.

What is Wanamaker's? *Not* a mail order house. *Not* a big warehouse available only by means of a Catalog.

Wanamaker's is an institution—the largest retail business in the United States.

1. An institution of more than a hundred specialized individual stores under one roof, having the largest stocks and largest variety of trustworthy and fashionable merchandise.

2. Centered in the heart of the merchandise world—where merchandise fashions are inspired.

3. Stores in New York and Philadelphia; buying organizations in Paris, London, and the Far East.

4. Wanamaker's is a going business. It has been going for 57 years. It has served millions of families; is serving tens and hundreds of thousands every day.

5. It is the business that revolutionized the uncertain systems and bickering practices of storekeeping by establishing fixed fair standards of dealing, and thus is recognized today as the standard retail business of the world.

All of this great store is back of the Wanamaker Mail Order Catalog; and all the store's merchandise, whether in the Catalog or not, is available to you through the mails.

Wanamaker's Asks the Privilege—

—not of serving you with what you can get to advantage in your own home town, but with what you *cannot* get there.

Millions of visitors come every year to New York, and Wanamaker's will gladly serve you there, or in Philadelphia, whenever you visit these cities.

Or Wanamaker's will serve you by mail in *your own home*—yes, the store will go to you!

In either event you are sure of hearty welcome and our best service.

Mail a postal today, saying:—
Send me your Spring and Summer Catalog
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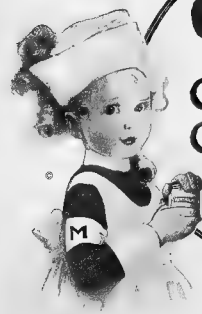

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Always made under this signature

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Do this: Write today for Test Package, Free. Or send 10c for special Trial Size.

THE MENTHOLATUM CO. Dept. O, Buffalo, N.Y.

HOUSEHOLD

The Selection of China

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

THE amount of china required by a woman about to commence housekeeping naturally depends to a large degree on the amount of entertaining which is likely to fall to her lot. A small amount will suffice for the needs of the average young couple and to this additions may be made from time to time as opportunity and finances permit.

If this plan for orming a nucleus be followed, the selection of pattern should be made from what is known as "open stock," that is, a design the pattern of which is to be continued for a number of years. The initial purchase should include half a dozen each of cups and saucers, breakfast, meat, dessert, and soup plates, two vegetable dishes, three meat platters of varying sizes, a gravy or sauce boat, and half a dozen bread-and-butter plates, together with a similar number of sauce and cereal dishes, tho the last two items may be made to do duty for each other, and not infrequently are to be found of different ware from that chosen for the regular set. If possible, add to this list after-dinner cups and saucers and a soup tureen, for they will prove useful, tho not essential, adjuncts.

There are so many styles of china, each appealing to different tastes, that it would be a difficult matter for any one person to select a pattern certain to please another; therefore the choice, like that of pictures, should always be made by the person who will have to use it. As a general rule, it may be safely asserted that it is not so much a question of the make of the ware, as the fact that it appeals to the individual taste, which will finally decide the purchase.

Watch the Dish-pan Handles

WHILE beautiful to look at, avoid the purchase of a dinner-set having a band of color, or of gold, directly at the edge of the various pieces, for, where this is the case, the smallest chip will spoil the appearance of that particular piece, whereas, if the decorating band is set a little in from the edge, the damage will not be nearly so apparent. Incidentally, it is not amiss to note that the use of a wooden or paper-mâché dish-pan will long postpone the evil day of chips and breaks. If a metal dish-pan is used, take care that it is so placed in the sink that the handles come to the front and back of the pan instead of at the sides as is usual.

In selecting china, it is well to choose a style that is perfectly smooth of surface, as, where any part of the design is raised, the gold or color will be worn off more rapidly and the set look old before it has been used very long. There is no reason, where even ordinary care is taken, why even the dainty and pretty china should not be used every day. If a good quality is selected in the first place, it will far outwear the commoner, improperly glazed porcelains which are often selected for daily use because of their smaller initial cost. These not only chip more easily than good china, but the glaze cracks, and, as a consequence, the whole surface of the china becomes mottled and unsightly.

There is a craze nowadays for reproductions of some of the old-time styles in china, and many of these are anything but artistic. It is all very well to have one or two old pieces—especially if they are not imitations but genuine antiques, but one would be likely to tire quickly of the crude colorings and "allover" designs of most of these patterns if they were to be used three times a day.

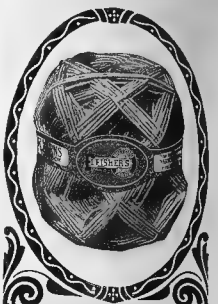
Plates for Salads and Desserts

IT IS always permissible to use plates of different pattern for salad or dessert, and, where there are many courses to be served, or many guests, it is well that this should be so, as there are usually not more than one dozen plates of one size in a set, and some plates might have to be washed between courses were it not possible to use a different design in the serving of ice-cream or of salad

While after-dinner coffee-cups and saucers are obtainable in the same designs as the regulation dinner-sets, they are more often of a different and finer ware. Here the housekeeper may exercise her individual taste and have her coffee service almost as dainty and thin as the proverbial egg shell. Nor need the cups and saucers be all of one design, but all can be different—not in pattern alone but also in ware—a method of supply which allows for their purchase one or two at a time.

The little individual ramekins used for serving dishes "au gratin," or for soufflés, can also be different in design, and by their help, small quantities of food may be made to go further than would seem possible if served in the conventional baking-dish, while, for the company table, they will give a character and standing to even plain foods that are served in them.

Always avoid oddities and monstrosities in table-ware; exercise good judgment and have only such china as will be in keeping with the fine linen and the well-polished crystal and silver, which is the delight of every housekeeper, and which will make even the plainest and simplest foods taste well, because of the manner of service.



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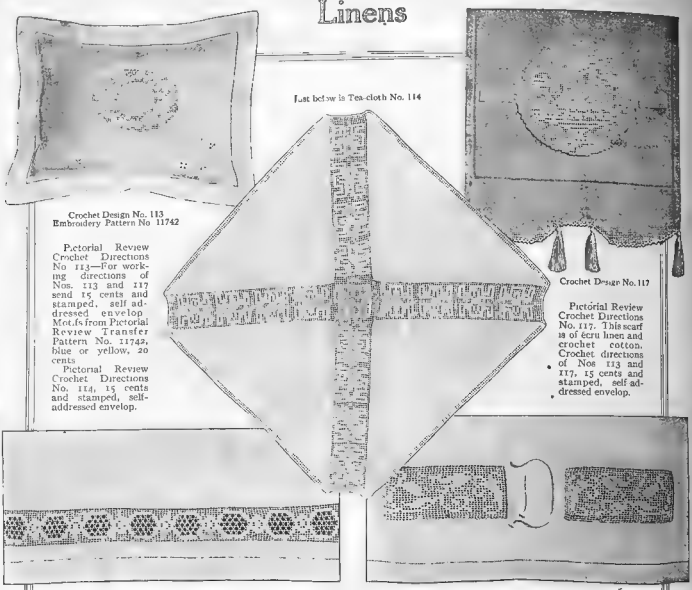

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The Moleskin Coat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

criminal, but what must be his mad resolve. For even the criminal feels the challenging of destiny to "make good", he of all men, he has given such desperate hostages. A myriad eyes are on him, the police of the unseen moral world that threatens, "Beware or you'll be damned;" the confederacy of egotistic evil that laughs out, "Aha! now you're one of us." Elinor was in this coil, she and the moleskin coat, and they'd got to find their way out of it, not, it might be, to that ordered calm where airs are crystal and the mountains near, but to some plain security. She took the key from her drawer and held it, palmed.

"Fay," she called, "come here a minute, will you? My room—yes."

FAY came and joined her at the window. "I wanted you to get this view," said Elinor prettily. At that instant the priestess swam before her mental sight; she thought how she would have carried it off, and her pulses quieted. "It's never so nice as at this time of day—all those evergreens and the city lights beyond."

"It's beautiful," said Fay. "I'd no idea you'd so big a place."

"Oh, it isn't all ours," said Elinor. Her breath was failing her again. The priestess wasn't standing by, her as she had hoped. "I'll tell you—is Horace calling? Wait one minute, will you?"

It seemed to take hardly more than the minute to slip into Fay's room, unlock the closet, snatch the coat, lock the door again and throw the coat up the back stairs. It was a complicated deed well and smoothly done, and Fay, still at the window in the acquiescent immobility of the perfect guest, seemed hardly to have missed her. Now Elinor, armed with the animation, of her relief, ran over the ground from mile to mile and dabbed all the suburban districts between her and the city. Fay listened, attentive yet detached, as if, tho she might be appropriately interested in topography, she was seeking through it something away and beyond. And this was true. The something was the personal quality of the wife Horace had married. As she listened she smiled a little, more and more. She liked her. She broke through the topographical lecture at a pause and gave Elinor's hand a little quick, almost a timid, grasp, instantly let loose.

"Oh," said she, "I'm so glad he's got you. I mean just you, you know."

What conversational interchanges might have followed were in their turn cut short by Horace calling up the stairs.

"Nell, where are you? Here's something come for you."

So Elinor turned to answer, but outside her door she was halted—by the little maid, capped and aproned to serve supper, her eyes big, almost in terror, it might seem; and over her arm she carried the moleskin coat.

"Oh, Mrs. Horton," said she, in a tone sunk under a weight of awe, "just see what I found on the back stairs, all scrunched up. I most broke my neck over it. And it's beautiful, Mrs. Horton, beautiful. Only look at the lining of it. Do you s'pose a burglar left it there? They do, they say, when they hear something and have to run."

"That," said Elinor glibly—it was easy now. She was careering smoothly down the path of everlasting bonfire—"that's an old thing I threw there——" But at Lydia's amazed, interrogated look she retraced her flying feet. "It's something I dropped there because I was in a hurry." She didn't even glance at it. That must tell Lydia there was no surprize in it a perfect commonplace indeed to find traps of moleskin coats on back stairs at dusk. "I'll take it now. Run down, Lydia. Coffee to-night, you know."

Lydia, with a solemn look at her, went slowly down. What did the look mean, Elinor uneasily wondered. Did Lydia suspect her—of what? What could she be suspected of? After all, hadn't she a right to throw her own coat—or even a coat stolen from the Allies—on her own back stairs if she wanted to? Horace called again, and she started necessarily, the coat still on her arm. But it seemed to rebind her, its soft clinginguess, that it mustn't go on there under Horace's eye. Where could it stay? What spot was there in the house where a nemesis of a servant maid or Horace's own domestic zeal wouldn't smell it out? Casting about her, she saw at her elbow the big brass hook where an antique lantern, now at the repairer's, was used to hang, and thereupon she bethought her that there is no such secure hiding place as in plain sight of seeking eyes. She hung the coat on the big hook and ran down to Horace, and as she went she heard Fay, now in the hall, pause by the coat and say involuntarily,

"What a love!"

She knew what would happen then Fay would stand there stroking it. Any woman would. But there was no returning to explain away its luxurious existence. There was Horace at the foot of the stairs, a box at his feet, and on it the dashingly elegant imprint of Peach & Pond. How could he stand there straddling at his massive ease, holding the evening paper before him with outstretched hands, waiting for her to account for the betraying box? They had always delighted in having no secrets from each other. The trifles of their life were infinitely absorbing to them because everything concerned them mutually. She felt a hatred of such stupid gregariousness, a gloomy doubt of it that amazed her. But Horace was only half curious. He was deep in the evening news and turned a crackling page.

"What you got there?" he asked, "new frillies? No, no. Don't carry it up. I'll do it, after supper. What is it, anyway?"

"It's my old squirrel," said Elinor. It was a distinct relief, like liberated breathing, to tell the truth. For a minute she found herself back in her own crystal house.

"Didn't repair it in one day, did they?" he asked, still in his paper but giving the good measure of interest he knew she liked.

"It didn't need very much after all," said Elinor.

And then Fay came down and they went out to supper. Their talk at the table was all about the war. Whenever it deviated, Fay led it back again. She was on fire with zeal, and all her heart was in the money she could earn and beg for the Allies. She'd found she wasn't strong enough for field work of any exacting sort, she explained. If she had only been, she never should have come home. But she could earn money, she could flirt it out of pockets—with a smile. Since guessed privately—and she wasn't going to delay a minute even to luxuriate in this delightful spot. And what time did Horace go in town to his office?—for to-morrow morning, they knew, she must be off.

"I'LL go an hour later," said Horace, "if your manager isn't coming out."

And at that she laughed delightedly.

"He is!" she cried. "I begged him not to, but he is."

"Then," said Horace grimly, "you can go in any time you like. You don't go with me."

Now she became grave.

"You wouldn't have me snub him," she pleaded. "Horace, he's a mint of money! He's got barrels of it. He's plastered all over with it——"

"Yes," said Horace, unmoved, "I saw it. He clanked as he walked."

"Well," said Fay, "some of that money's going to be mine. I've got a good bit of it already—Fathers, Children of France—a special fund for blinded soldiers—oh, it's amazingly easy to get."

"Does he want to marry you?" Horace inquired, and she laughed again.

"My dear, he's married to a big Rebekah, and they've three girls almost bigger than they are. But he thinks I'm a genius, children. And I really am, a bit of a one, you know. I can play Chopin and make him cry. Perhaps I could make you cry, too. I'll try some time. And when he's cried a little he'd give me his check book to play with, if I asked him—and I'm going to keep on asking."

Here, as the evening was slipping on, there began in Elinor an uprising of uneasiness that told her theories were not always exact in the event. It might not be true that the safest place for a hidden article was in plain sight. She excused herself and slipped up-stairs and stood a moment by the coat where it hung, a shadow in the softened light. She stroked it carefully, the way the high priestess had told her it should be stroked, and for an instant felt meltingly that they were victims of a common misfortune, the unfriendliness of a too exacting world. And where were they to go—she, the criminal, out into the night, and the coat with her? —or was there safe refuge for it without a tragic exile? There was the divan under the hall window, a box below, and she was actually on the verge of it when Horace's voice came up the stairs on gusts of laughter.

"Oh, I've saved the old' music for you, I'll show it to you."

And the music, she knew, was in the box under the divan. There was the bed-clothes closet! Would Horace demand a blanket if she put it there, and insist on fetching it? But she did put it there, and went down-stairs again, and in the hall Nemesis again confronted her, the little maid who, with strained look and lowered voice, inquired,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

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The Transformation of Plain Jane

By Esther Deland

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD A. POUCHER

STEPPING quickly out of the open French window while the dancing was at its height, Jane found herself alone on the veranda of the Alden homestead. There was no use, she said to herself, she just couldn't stand it, always to be a "wall-flower"!

She had hoped things would be different at *this* party. But the whole evening had been a repetition of her previous social experiences. Jane was naturally shy and backward in company, but her discomfort was increased a hundred fold when she contrasted her own commonplace dress with the wonderful party frocks of so many other girls. So she had finally yielded to the impulse to get away and bear her grief alone.

She allowed herself another glance through the window at the gaily-lit, luxuriously furnished drawing-room. She saw pretty Gertrude Alden, her hostess, whirling through the dreamy measures of a waltz with Arthur Marsden. They looked very happy. And this only intensified Jane's feeling of utter loneliness. She turned away resolutely and hurried across the lawn and down the street.

A few moments later in the living room of her own home, she sank upon her knees and hid her face in her mother's lap.

"Oh! Mother! Mother!" she sobbed. "I'm so wretchedly unhappy! I had to leave the party! I don't know how to make myself attractive! My clothes aren't stylish or becoming! I'm not like other girls and no one wants to waste their time on me!"

"There, dearie, don't!" pleaded the little woman in black, as she stroked her daughter's bowed head soothingly. "It's too bad the evening you looked forward to so eagerly was spoiled. And I'm just as sorry as you, my little girl, that you can't have clothes like the other girls. But you know how hard it is to get along. Anyway, don't cry any more—you'll feel all right next time."

"No! No! Mother," cried Jane, raising her head and wiping the glistening teardrops from her eyes, "I'll never, *never* go to another party as long as I live! There's no use trying—I just can't bear to feel that people are sorry for me or making fun of me. Gertrude Alden was right—my full name ought to be 'Plain Jane!'"

"Never mind, honey!" said her mother, "All Gertrude has is her pretty face and a little money! *You* are pure gold all the way through and they'll find it out some day! Now, go to bed like a good girl and try to forget all about it."

FOR a few months things went on as usual with Jane and her mother. Both were busy—Jane with her studies at business college and her mother with the duties of the household. The little money left by the husband and father had dwindled rapidly during the four years since his death. It would be only a matter of months when the whole support of her mother and herself would fall on Jane. Time had dimmed the memory of Gertrude Alden's party and her own unhappiness that night. But she had kept religiously her decision to remain away from all social gatherings. And parties somehow seemed, by mutual consent, to be a forbidden topic of conversation between Jane and her mother.

But one evening at dinner, Mrs. Elliott passed across the table to her daughter a daintily scented envelope. Jane broke the seal and read aloud:

Dear Jane:

Mamie is going to give a tea and dance for me on the afternoon of my 21st birthday—February 5th. Please put that down on your engagement card right now for I want you to be sure to come. The regular invitations will be out in about two weeks.

With love,
MARGARET.

"How in the world can I decline with a month's notice, Mother?" asked Jane, with a pitiful little smile.

"I don't think you should decline, dear. At any rate, promise me you won't tell Margaret you're not coming—just yet. Wait a week—you may change your mind!" and she smiled mysteriously.

"All right," answered Jane, "I don't know what you mean, but I promise."

Dinner over and the dishes done the following Thursday, Mrs. Elliott slipped her arm through her daughter's and said: "Jane, I have the most *wonderful* secret. Let's go up to your room—I want to show you something."

A moment later Jane entered her own room to find the lights all burning brighter than ever before. Her long French mirror had been moved to the center of the floor and there beside it, draped gracefully over the high back of her favorite chair, was a wonderful creation of exquisite platinum grey crepe meteor with coral trimmings—the most beautiful party dress Jane had ever seen!

Stifling something between a sob and a gasp, she gazed in rapture as it for one long moment, then sprang forward and caught it up. With shining eyes she faced the mirror, holding the unbelievably

No one had ever realized before how pretty she was!

charming dress full-length in front of her.

"Oh! Mother! Mother! Isn't it *divine*? But—how *could* you get it when we need the money so much for other things?"

"It's all right, dear!" Mrs. Elliott said, "Now you sit down and accept Margaret's invitation—I promise that you will be satisfied when I tell you the whole secret! Oh! Jane, it has worked out so much better than I dared to hope!"

AT last the afternoon of February 5th came. Jane had taken longer than usual to dress, and as a result she was a little late in getting started to Margaret's party. Approaching the house, she hesitated—a remnant of her former backwardness coming over her for just a moment. Then she smiled a happy little smile, and with madly beating heart rang the bell.

A maid let her in and helped her off with her wraps. One passing glance in the long mirror banished the old timidity. And even before she encountered the critical eye of the dressing room, Jane Elliott knew she had at last come into her own!

There was a new sparkle in her eyes, as with utmost simplicity and grace she swept through the heavy portieres and out among the guests. And surmounting all this, the magic transformation from plain, almost shabby clothes to radiantly stylish and beautiful attire simply made her a new creature!

Although a moment before a dozen little groups of guests had been scattered through the room, there was now only *one* group, and it centered around Jane. No one had realized before how pretty she was! The girls had never been so cordial and all the men were asking for dances in the same breath.

Then in the midst of her triumph, Jane saw Arthur Marsden excuse himself to Gertrude Alden and come swiftly to her, both hands outstretched. All he said was "Jane!" but, oh, the tone in which he said it!

Never did an afternoon fly like that one! Every little second was filled with excitement and happiness for Jane. And when at last, after bidding Arthur Marsden "Good-bye!" at the door of her home, she rushed into the room and almost smothered with kisses a slender, eager, motherly figure in black, she cried:

"Oh, Mother, dear! This wonderful Cinderella dress has given me the happiest day of my life! Can't you tell me all about it now?"

"Yes, Jane," Mrs. Elliott replied, her eyes reflecting Jane's joy and her own, "I can't keep it any longer myself. Sit right down here beside me and listen."

"EVERY cloud, you know, has a silver lining, dear! And all our happiness today began that terribly unhappy evening when you came home, heartbroken, from Gertrude Alden's party. After you had gone upstairs, I sat here wondering how I could help you, when suddenly I remembered reading about an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful new method by which *any* woman or girl *anywhere*, could learn right at home in spare time how to make all kinds of dresses and hats.

"I hunted the magazine out of the little pile on the table and read it over again. It was a story about a girl like you—they called her Cinderella—and I saw at once that if I could learn to make dainty, stylish and becoming clothes for you and for myself it would mean the truest kind of economy, besides saving you a repetition of your experience at Gertrude's party. Before I went to bed that night I wrote and asked the Woman's Institute how I could learn to make our clothes.

"You know I had never learned to sew—before your father's death it wasn't necessary and afterward it wasn't possible. But the information I received proved a revelation to me. The Institute provided just the opportunity I needed, so I joined at once and took up dressmaking.

"I could scarcely wait for my first lesson. But when it came, my last doubt disappeared. I realized that *any* woman could learn dressmaking by this wonderful new plan! The language is so simple a child could understand it, and the pictures are simply marvelous.

"The best part of all is that right away you begin making actual garments. Why, from the third lesson I made a beautiful rose organdie waist for you. I'll show it to you in a minute—it's in my closet where I hid all my lessons and my work. You see I wanted to be sure my plan would work before I told you about it.

"The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. And any woman who is at all interested in clothes couldn't *help* learning rapidly. The textbooks foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest in you as if they were right beside you.

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes—the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to really develop style and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctly becoming.

"The lessons followed each other so naturally that I was soon able to work out elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models you see in the shop windows, on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than many professional dressmakers—after just a few months of spare-time study at home!

"Of course, as a member I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. Jane, it's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient. This has made it possible for women and girls of all ages and in all circumstances to take the Institute's courses.

"Most of the Institute's members live in the United States, but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign lands—all learning dressmaking or millinery at home just as successfully and easily as if they were together in a class room!

"SO that's my secret, dear," continued Mrs. Elliott. "I made every stitch of your party dress myself! It didn't cost half as much as some of our old *ordinary* clothes. And I have a wonderful new wardrobe of other clothes—I can hardly wait to show you! Furthermore, now that *you* know, too, I'm going to transform all our clothes of previous seasons into stylish new garments of the latest mode. A whole section of my course was devoted to teaching the easiest and best ways to renovate and remodel all kinds of garments so they retain all their charm in the new fashionable lines.

"Best of all," finished Mrs. Elliott, "the Institute has solved the problem of our future—we can have a business of our own, with a splendid income—and be *together* all the time! The last section of my course gave just practical knowledge needed by the woman who wants to go into business as a professional dressmaker. You have always been so clever about trimming hats that I want you to take the Institute's course in millinery. We'll open a little shop and—oh, Jane! isn't it wonderful!"

"Wonderful!" echoed Jane, drinking in her mother's words. "Why, Mother, it's *miraculous*! Can I really be a successful milliner? I'd so much rather do that than go into an office. And when can we start with our shop?"

"Just as soon as you finish at business college—in another couple of weeks," replied her mother. "Your knowledge of business methods won't be wasted. And—yes, dear! There isn't any question but that with the help of the Woman's Institute, any woman or girl *anywhere* can easily learn everything there is to know about dressmaking or millinery!"

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THESE 20 "thrift stamps" of worth and wear make DUBBELBILT the ideal Boys' Suit for the times. The DUBBELBILT Guarantee to repair, free, any rip, hole or tear that shows within six months, means genuine saving as well as satisfaction. And DUBBELBILT Suits for Spring are as stylish as they're sturdy. A look at the bright new fabrics—an examination of the careful tailoring—and the fit of the suit on the boy himself—will tell you DUBBELBILT'S story.

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Ask your local clothier for DUBBELBILT—mention particularly No. 7180—our famous all wool blue serge. Price $15.75.

If he hasn't it, send us money order and tell us size needed. We'll forward suit to you direct or through your local clothier. Write for beautiful Folder, with styles, patterns and full explanation of DUBBELBILT'S points of supremacy.

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Touchy corns and calluses lift off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit!

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon that old, touchy corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift that troublesome corn right off, root and all, without pain, soreness or irritation.

A few cents buys a tiny bottle of Freezone at any drug store, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the painful calluses and hard skin from the bottom of the feet. Just try it!

Keep Freezone on dresser and never let a corn ache twice

The Moleskin Coat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

"Excuse me, Mrs. Horton, but you don't think anybody did break in and leave it on the stairs, do you? I'd be afraid to go to bed if I thought that was so."

Elinor looked at her for a long minute. Was ever Nemesis in such helpless guise? And at the strangeness of her look Lydia made little pitiful noises in her throat and again said, "burglars," and Elinor called such resolution as was within her to the rescue of them both.

"I know all about the coat," she said. "I'd brought it up-stairs—I was in a hurry. Good night, Lydia."

And Lydia, whether re-assured or not only Nemesis knew, went up to bed.

Several things were settled that evening. Fay was to go into town on the 9:05 unless her feminine friend appeared previously with his limousine—he had telephoned to that effect—and Horace had flatly announced that he should take the 9:30, and not for all the ducats that jingled on Bernstein's rotundity would he change his determination. Horace had likewise demanded the key of the locked closet, and, Elinor producing it promptly, he had, when they went up-stairs, unlocked it and called Fay's attention to the prodigality of hanging space. That was all. Nemesis, doubtless, like her victims, needing sleep, quieted for the night. Only as Elinor was dropping off, assuring herself, in some temporary fit of charitable easement of the moral strain, that she had a perfect right to buy a moleskin coat, even if the world was upside down, Horace broke out of his own first drowsing and came back long enough to ask:

"Oh, what was Lydia whimpering about in the hall? Something about burglars, was it?"

Elinor shut her hands tightly, one clasped on the other, and drew long regular breaths intended to indicate the advent of sleep. She did not answer.

NEXT morning the pace was rather fast. Fay, brilliantly exhilarated because she was to leave, and Horace, resentful she should be going at all, were both in a mood to beg them seriously not to hate Bernstein. He was her hope, her guide into the promised land. He wouldn't be so silly about trailing round after her if he didn't consider her a sacred vessel which mustn't be banged or scratched. He meant she should suffer neither heat not cold, lest it impair her beautiful facility. This was at breakfast, and after it was over she went up to put on her hat and veil, and Elinor followed her. Horace broke for the kitchen, for he had seen Bernstein's car shooting up the drive. The man should be let in, but he wouldn't play the host to him. Horace had the bravado of his prejudices. Elinor stood by while Fay put on her hat and jacket, shabby, both of them. It went to her heart, loveliness in poverty, youth going a-shivering to task. Wasn't Bernstein right? Wasn't Fay going to suffer cold, actual cold, and what would that do to her beautiful facility? She plunged in.

"You'll perish in that. Haven't you furs or something?"

"No," said Fay. "And it's a limousine. I shn't be cold."

Something ran over Elinor, a warm wave of daring, of exultation, of despair. There was no way out but this—no way not merely to provide exile for her ill-met confederate but to satisfy the dread gods who cold her, in the fine whisper she had shut her ears against. That luxurious pelts were not for her while saints were in exile and kingdoms fell.

"Fay," said she, "you're going to wear my fur coat." She ran to the closet and snatched it out. It was not so much a coat now as the token of her sorrow for the world, her pity over it. "Slip it on," she said, and even at that instant of mad sacrifice she was warm with a woman's understanding of what Fay must feel when her arms went into the lustrous softness of the sleeves.

"I won't," said Fay, resisting her. "Your beautiful coat? Indeed I won't."

"I've got another one," urged Elinor, "better than this"—and at the moment it seemed that the old squirrel was incomparably better with all the moral threads of life woven through it. "There are lots of things I don't like about this—quantities. And it isn't for you, Fay, if you don't want to take it. For the Allies. The nicer you look, the better you can beg, and the more money you'll get. Here! put your hand in. Now the other. Look at yourself! Look! You're a princess out of fairyland. Oh, Fay, look!"

FAY did take one involuntary glance at the mirror before she turned her back. "Sheer me!" she said, "the other coat?"

"I haven't taken it out," said Elinor, "but I shall to-day. It's got nicer things about it than this and I love it better. Oh, I truly love it. I wouldn't swap it for this or all the moles in Christendom. Come, I'll take your bag. Your manager's stamping down there and the limousine's pawing the earth—ah, here's the man for the trunk."

And Fay, who held no key to interpretation of her, who hadn't kept on the track of Horace's prosperity and didn't know what he could afford to give his wife, who hadn't seen the old squirrel, dazed and charmed in equal degree, did wear it down and saw the effect mirrored in Bernstein's wondering eyes. Horace appeared only at the last minute, to say a hasty good-by and swear her over again to come back to them at the end of her month, and, the moleskin royally enveloping her, she stepped into the limousine and was swept away. What Elinor felt when she saw the vanishing of her coat she had no time to tabulate. Horace was speaking, and he was furious.

"Did you see that?" he called, loudly, tho Elinor was near him. They were on the steps blown by the morning wind. "That coat? He gave it to her."

Elinor burst into a scream of laughter. She turned to the open door, ran in before him and sat down on the chair, still laughing. And then she cried. But she talked meanwhile.

"How can you say a thing like that? He didn't give it to her. She wouldn't take it."

"Then how'd she get it?" inquired Horace, banging the door behind him. He stood in the hall putting on his own coat. Since they had gone luxuriously in the car he could take the 9:05 unhindered. "That's what a girl learns hanging round alone over Europe. They lose their standards, that's what they do. They lose their standards."

"She hasn't," moaned Elinor. "She's got all the standards she ever had—or I either—and more. You're wrong, all wrong. He didn't give it to her. You must take my word for it."

"Then how'd she get it?" inquired Horace again. "A coat like that?"

Elinor plucked up spirit, desperately. "A moleskin coat isn't such a tremendous piece of business," she informed him. "You talk as if it were sable or Alaska seal. That's a very plain coat. You don't know how much it cost or—or style."

"I know it goes into the hundreds," said Horace. "I know because Pennypacker, our Mr. Pennypacker, pointed out one on his wife when we happened to walk down the street behind her. Proud as Punch he was. He'd saved at once, yet took time spending it." He came to her, but in hand, for their good-by kiss. That sort of thing doesn't fit Pennypacker's station in life—nor Fay's—nor ours—nor anybody's, in fact, this devilish year. But my girl wouldn't be seen in a thing she'd no business to pay for," he added tenderly. "And I thought Fay—well! well!"

The last he said darkly, kissed her and went out of the house, and Elinor sat there on the stair, leaning her head against the newel-post and thinking. Why was it so unbearable to Horace to find Fay dwindled into the commonplace? Had the old dream substance yet? For wives can think these things at moments of surprized temptation, when strong love encounters its terrible foil, the ghost, even, of jealousy. And there the little maid found her, and her eyes were shining because her own ghost was laid.

"I saw her go off in it—excuse me, Mrs. Horton. And didn't she look just lovely?"

"Yes, Lydia," said Elinor, getting up and mentally shaking herself into composure, "she looked lovely."

TWO things Elinor did that day. She went into town, and she carried a bankbook Horace didn't know she had. It was her own little joke, her surprise for him. Ten and bits of money saved here and there, all her own, to be brought out some day when it equaled the estimate for the new veranda and sleeping-porch. And she drew it out, all but a pathetic nest-egg, and went with it, clutched in her muff, to Peach & Pond. There she explained, with dignity, that she should be greatly obliged for her bill—a coat bought yesterday. She preferred to pay for it before the first of the month. And she did pay for it and walked away to her club where she wrote a note to Fay, addressed to her first stopping-place.

"The coat is yours," she told her. "If I had said so then you wouldn't have taken it, but now you've got it and you can't help yourself. I shall think it very unfriendly if you refuse me or say thank you, even, or refer to it. You looked so lovely in it."

When that letter was posted it seemed to her she needn't have a moleskin nightmare for at least a month, when Fay would wear it back again. And her life ran on outback again. And her life ran on outwardly just as it had before. She went down to the station to meet Horace and wore the old squirrel, and he talked about the coat, now and then, but never with extravagance of praise or blame, and Elinor plunged flowers on the edge of her volcano and at moments believed the soil was richer there from old upheavals and that she should never be overwhelmed. And one day in the third week of Fay's absence there came a telegram from her, this while came a telegram from her, this while Horace was at home, who conveniently up-stairs at a job of repairing a broken window-catch. Elinor saw the messenger coming catch. Elinor saw the messenger coming up the drive and ran to meet him. Out there in the rainy wind she read the message.

"Is it really mine to do what I like with?"

"Really yours," she wrote. "If you don't want it, give it back to the moles."

Then she ran in, and there was Horace, looking for her.

"What you out there for," he demanded,

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CONGOLEUM Gold Seal RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

The Popular, Sanitary Floor-Covering

EVERY housewife knows it is impossible to prevent dust and grime collecting in the texture of fabric floor-coverings. And what a back-breaking, dusty task it is to beat or sweep them.

But it is not so with Congoleum Rugs. The surface being firm and non-absorbent, does not absorb the dust. Thus to clean them requires but a few moments with a damp mop. Never any sweeping or beating. That, and the fact that the base material is waterproof, is what makes Congoleum Rugs really a *sanitary* floor-covering.

Durable and Economical

Congoleum Rugs are long-lived, resisting wear to the utmost and they lie perfectly flat without fastening of any kind. Economical, too—sizes and prices are as follows:

6 x 9 feet	$8.75	9 x 9 feet	$12.75
7½ x 9 feet	10.60	9 x 10½ feet	14.85
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Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Carpets, in a special width of *three* yards, are the latest addition to the Congoleum line. They offer a *seamless* covering for the average room, and are made of the same sanitary, durable, waterproof fabric as the Art-Rugs. $1.25 per square yard.

Congoleum (2 Yards Wide) is our original line. Made in a splendid variety of beautiful designs suitable for kitchen, pantry, bathroom, etc. $1.15 per square yard.

Look for the Gold-Seal Guarantee

When you select your new Congoleum Rugs and Floor Coverings look for the Gold-Seal pasted on the face. If not there, look for name "Congoleum" on the back. The Gold-Seal is our money-back Guarantee to you.

Send Today for Free Color Chart

Send your name and address to the nearest branch office for a copy of the latest Rug chart showing the full assortment of patterns in the actual colors. You can then decide at home just which will look best with *your* furniture. We also have color folders illustrating the other Congoleum Floor-Coverings. Specify which you want when writing.

ART-RUGS AND FLOOR-COVERINGS

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED

A MANY CENTS WILL BE PAID IF IT FAILS TO WEAR

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The pattern shown here is Congoleum Rug No. 568. If your dealer cannot supply you with Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings, write us and we will.

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For *cleansing*, one cream — For protection, an entirely *different* cream

To give your skin the loveliness it should have, two entirely different creams are needed — an oil cream for cleansing, and a non-oily cream for protection

The nightly cleansing and massage with Pond's Cold Cream keep the skin clear and smooth

THE skin is constantly being toughened and coarsened by its daily exposure to wind and dirt. Unless you take care to cleanse it thoroughly of all impurities at night and to protect it properly during the day, you deliberately sacrifice the clear, fresh-looking complexion you could so easily have.

Cleanse the skin thoroughly each night

Particularly at the end of a windy, dusty day the pores of your skin are filled with fine particles of grime and dirt. To make the skin clear and fine-textured, it must be kept thoroughly cleansed.

Before going to bed, cleanse the skin liberally with Pond's Cold Cream. The soothed, *refreshed* feeling will be noticeable at once.

You will find Pond's Cold Cream a perfect oil cream for massage as well as for cleansing.

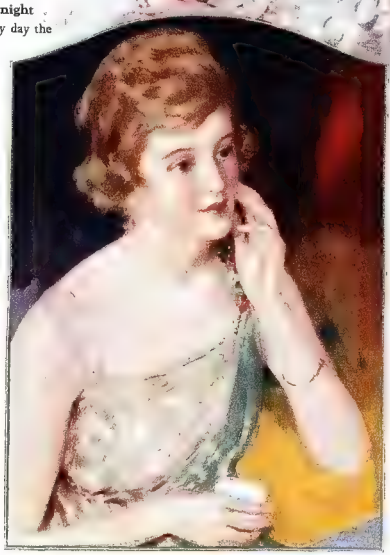
Protect your skin all winter

Every woman who cares about her appearance knows that in cold winter days the skin must be especially protected to prevent its becoming rough, red and chapped. You can protect your skin from wind and cold, can keep it soft and smooth by applying a little Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out.

Rub it lightly into your skin. At once it disappears without leaving a trace of disagreeable shine. By taking this simple precaution, you can keep your skin lovely all winter.

The very first application will show you how much your skin is benefited.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is wholly different from any other cream you have ever used. It contains no oil and cannot make the skin shiny. Its purpose is to give you a pure, greaseless cream for use in the daytime; to protect your skin from dirt, wind and chapping; and for use in the evening or whenever you want to freshen your skin and make it especially lovely.



Famous women who use it

Billie Burke, Frances Starr, Martha Hedman, Elsie Janis, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Mabel Taliaferro, Marjorie Rambeau, and others of the most famous women of the stage use Pond's Vanishing Cream constantly.

All of the ingredients of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream have been carefully selected and tested. Only the purest and freshest are used. Neither cream will grow hair or down on the skin. Try them both for a week and notice how much lovelier your skin looks.

Free sample tubes

Tear out and mail the coupon today and we will send you sample tubes of each cream free. Or for 10c we will send you larger tubes of both creams, containing enough to last two weeks. Send for them today. Address Pond's Extract Company, 136-D Hudson Street, New York City. If you live in Canada, address 136-D Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.

You can get Pond's Cold Cream in either the tube or the jar

AT a moment's notice, whenever you want your skin to look its best, Pond's Vanishing Cream brings it new freshness. As a protection, too, you should apply a little just before going out into the cold. It prevents roughening and keeps the skin fair and soft

Keep Pond's Vanishing Cream where you can get at it often during the day

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 136-D Hudson St., New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:

- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

- A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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The Moleskin Coat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

"In the wind and the rain? Jolly! don't your wet cheek taste good! Let me dry off your hair."

They stood and "lovered," as Lydia, conveniently detained on her way somewhere, reported to the kitchen afterward, and the stone dropped out of Elinor's heart and she actually believed it was gone for good. But she knew very little about Nemesis, after all. Nemesis is never tired. You can't outrun her, and if you hide in corners she won't rush by.

It was three days after this, and on the fourth Fay was coming. Horace arrived from the train in high spirits.

Elinor knew him down to his boots "You've got a secret," said she.

He acknowledged it. But he shouldn't tell her until after supper and the furnace had been shaken and they were by the fire

"Now," said he, when that moment came and Elinor didn't have to pretend to be more curious than she really was, "do you remember that sally-moley-slithery coat Fay went away in?"

Did she remember it?

"Yes," she said quietly, "I remember."

She was being shown round among the machinery of life and seeing how the wheels turn and never cease turning. But Horace, absorbed in his secret,-bent on tasting its full flavor, wasn't going to be critical of the words and ignored until he'd told it. Then it would be her turn.

"WELL," said he, "seeing her go off in the confounded thing, looking—well, you know how she looked," I was mad as thunder. I was mad because I couldn't help seeing Bernstein's money in every swish of it and madder—mad as hornets—because there was my girl with her old shabby things she was wearing because she's such a trump. It raked me, I tell you, raked me fore and aft; but I didn't see any way out. And to-day something came in I never expected to get—that note old Joe Pitts has owed the firm so long—and when I took my share I whanged it into the bank and said to myself, 'That's to buy my girl a fur coat.' You're playing the game so well, so mighty well."

What change was in her face he didn't wait to see; his eyes were hot suddenly and he thought they'd better be set to reading the mail Lydia brought in. And Elinor didn't speak. He found up at her.

"Oh, come, come!" said he. "It's not such a killing affair to have a new fur coat. We're not on our uppers yet. Hullo! what's this?" He had opened a newspaper at its blue-pencilled paragraph. "What does she mean? Fur coat? Mrs. Horace Horton? Grasslands? Why, that's you. Of course it's you. Look on the wrapper. Is that Fay's writing? Yes, that's her writing. What the dickens does she mean?"

Elinor took the paper and read, beginning first aloud and then stopping abruptly because her voice wouldn't serve her and her eyes traveled ahead. Miss Fay Horton, the pianist, had played gloriously at the Bazaar, and she had then, the last half hour of the last night, stood up and auctioned off a moleskin coat contributed by Mrs. Horace Horton, of Grasslands. The enthusiasm had been tremendous. Bid followed bid tumultuously and in a roar of cheering and applause the coat was knocked down to Mr. La Salle Overton, the oil magnate, who had previously expressed himself as enchanted with Miss Horton's playing, for eleven hundred dollars.

Horace had never seen Elinor as she looked when she raised her eyes to his, pale and solemnly terrified as if she saw proof of the might of the gods that govern men. But he was not solemn. He was enraged.

"Bernstein did give her that coat," said he. "And because she won't get a guilty conscience over it she's dragged in your name, and that's a thing I won't forgive her. What's the matter, Nell? It isn't important enough for you to look like that. Nothing is, that doesn't hit you and me—except the war."

ELINOR gazed at him a full minute longer, his honest face, his eyes full of love for her. Fay was far in the background now. She always would be. Was there anything his wife couldn't tell him without hope of forgiveness? Wouldn't he, perhaps, woman's unwritten yet mystically inherited lore whispered her, even love her better for the childish breakdown of her resolution, the wistful yearning of her mind toward the gauds and softnesses her immemorial ancestry had striven for without remorse? At least, if this was the resurgence of the cave-woman in her, the cave-man in him could hit her wholesomely over the head, and they'd laugh and cry together over the knocks of cavemen and fate—and then they'd turn round and begin to climb again. And so she told him.

An Experiment in Democracy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

The Unit workers intended eventually to reach every phase of social life in the district, but they knew well they could not take over the entire matter at once. Consequently they did the obvious thing; they promoted and advertised the social work existing. The Bulletin carried news of everything happening in the district, things which were real news to many of the residents. As the district was far from being a slum, it had a good deal of ready material to offer. There were three social centers at the public schools, playgrounds, a public bath-house, a well patronized library, church activities, parochial school activities, all to be brought to the notice of all of the people. The Bulletin seized upon them all and became a town newspaper keeping the neighborhood informed of its own doings and even opportunities. When the City of Cincinnati began its "Clean-up and Paint-up Campaign," it used a page in the Bulletin to advertise the campaign to the people of the district; when the Red Cross had a drive, or the War Savings Committee wanted to sell more Thrift Stamps, the Bulletin advertised those facts, and, most significant of all, the people of the district as individuals and as organizations began to use the Bulletin as their own medium for advertising their ideas of what the district ought to do.

WHEN the country made its effort in behalf of war-gardens, the district thought that a war-garden could be started and run on a huge vacant lot almost opposite Unit headquarters. The Unit workers had nothing to do with the originating of that idea, but there they were to be used and there was the Bulletin. The Bulletin was used to advertise the garden scheme; people interested in war-gardens met at Unit headquarters. Citizens who knew how to run gardens lent their success in the Bulletin; the Bulletin advertised the fêtes arranged to defray the expenses of a fence and the putting of the ground in order. Garden books that could be found in the library and likely to be helpful to people having home gardens, or a part in the big garden, were listed in the Bulletin, and as a result the huge lot opposite Unit headquarters grew into a war-garden with two hundred plots, well planned, well cared for, a neighborhood ornament as well as a source of neighborhood food. The Unit machinery was finding its way into the neighborhood.

The Social Unit did originate the big community picnic held the Summer after its coming. Every organization in the district was asked to join the picnic in celebration of the completion of the first health program, the examination of all children under school age The picnic was planned with the idea of getting every one to attend. Now Mohawk-Brighton has a small foreign population. But the Social Unit wanted to reach the whole district; even a small part was essential to a complete program So, with the aid of a liberal number on the Americanization Committee, all foreigners in the district had a special invitation to attend the picnic, if possible in native costume, and were assured that an interpreter would be provided to take them through the Zoo and to explain the animals to them. The foreigners came a bit shyly, but they came, and apparently enjoyed the interpreter's lectures greatly. The Unit workers looked on and bided their time. For just on the fringe of the Mohawk-Brighton district is a brand-new Settlement House which is not a hotel but a home for the making of American citizens, and the Unit has prepared for the planning to take its foreign census through the unwearied block workers so that it knows just how many people and what kind of people need the American House and what is going to have to be done to make it seem worth while for every foreigner to go there.

The Community Day brought still more people of the district within speaking acquaintance, and at the same time the Unit started on one of its other services to the district, that of seeing the district have a good time. The program planned for the years to come is to create an organization for community recreation and when this article was being written the director of the social centers was just coming to the Unit that the district be organized so that he could co-operate in the scheme. Going right ahead along the same lines followed in the health campaigns, all the amusement facilities in the district or patronized in the main by district people will form a council of experts to work with the block workers, who represent the people themselves.

Despite the advertising that went to the people of the district, the poorer part of the population insisted upon regarding Unit headquarters as a relief-station to which anything might be brought for help. The Unit at first planned to do no direct relief-work, but during the baby health campaign the cases of malnutrition demanding quick care made it essential to establish a milk relief-station. Aside from this, the Unit has given no money, but has referred all cases to already established city relief societies. What it has done is to act as a clearing-house for all cases, and to appoint a friendly agent to see that the case

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY
Trade Mark

Longer-wearing stockings for every member of the family

New stockings! Everyone in the family, from Grandmother down to the littlest child, is glad to get Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. It is so comfortable, so good-looking, and it always wears so well. Even the children have learned to know the Durable-DURHAM Trade Mark ticket that is found on each pair.

Mother, who buys the hosiery, knows that money is saved by Durable-DURHAM. They last longer and there is far less damning to do.

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

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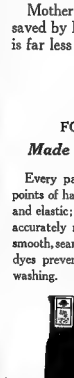

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There are Durable-DURHAM styles for work, dress or play, for every season of the year, including Durable-DURHAM Fleecy-lined Hosiery for cold weather, full of warmth and full of wear.

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All year wearing stocking. Medium weight. Soft combed yarn, lisle finish. Wide elastic tops. Strongly reinforced heels and toes. Black and white.

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88 Leonard Street, New York

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is not a product of child labor. No person under 14 years is employed. Average working day is 8 hours and 15 minutes. Industrial conditions under supervision of experts trained in U. S. Government courses on employment management.

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Pictorial Review Mother Club

Sign and Send in the Registration Blank and Become a Member

Conducted by

Anna Steese Richardson

Author of "Keeping Baby Well," Etc.

THE physical bugaboo of Baby's second month is colic.

Colic is one of the most serious and yet the most neglected of infantile ailments. Serious because it indicates a condition of the stomach and bowels which, if not corrected, may lead to months of unnecessary suffering for the child and unhappiness for the mother. Neglected because it is so common that many mothers believe it to be as inevitable as teething, a trouble which will be outgrown.

Colic might also be considered a social bugaboo, because of its influence on home life. I believe that if the truth were known, 70 per cent. of the men who desert their families are driven from home by colicky babies. The psychology of this is very simple. The man who deserts his family is weak of will or nerves. Loss of sleep night after night, with child after child, creates a spirit of desperation. Added to this, the colicky baby makes his wife irritable, interferes with the performance of household duties and leaves a trail of disorder and unrest from front door to back, from cellar to attic. Another serious phase of the case is the physical exhaustion of the mother who for weeks must struggle to soothe a colicky baby. Still weak from child-bearing, she often works and frets over her half-sick child until body and nerves rebel, and she suffers a physical or nervous collapse.

Prevention Is Better than Cure

SO LET us see colic in its true light, as a symptom of trouble in stomach or bowels, not as an inevitable incident of baby-raising. And let us work for both prevention and cure by the right means, diet and hygiene, rather than through drugs.

Those mothers who have received copies of the PICTORIAL REVIEW leaflet, "Colic and Its Cure," know that colic is a pain caused by the formation of gas in the stomach or intestines. For a sudden or acute attack of colic, the only relief is treatment which will expel the gas. For chronic colic, which is the more common form of the trouble, relief can come only through diet and care which will prevent the formation or accumulation of gas.

Drugs which quiet a wee colic patient suddenly, do not expel the gas, relieve the condition, nor prevent future attacks. They merely drug the child to such an extent that he can not feel pain—and are proportionately dangerous.

Chronic colic of a mild sort is indicated by general restlessness, crying, brief and irregular naps day and night. The little patient seems always to be hungry and for a time after feeding is more quiet, but the pain returns, usually within an hour after feeding, and the crying starts afresh.

The only cure for this or any other form of colic is to find the cause and remove it. No baby will outgrow it. If he improves without medical attention, it is simply because the mother by accident changed her diet and so improved the quality of the breast-milk, or eliminated some disturbing quality in the feeding formula if the baby is raised on the bottle. The colic did not disappear simply because it had run its course like a fever, nor because the baby had outgrown it.

So if your baby is a colic victim (and this means that you and every member of your family are slaves to the persistent ailment), find the cause.

If you are nursing your baby, have the breast-milk analyzed. It is better to have this done through your physician. But some doctors who are behind the times in methods of raising babies have told Mother Club readers that such an analysis could not be made because there was no medical school in the town or vicinity. Such a statement is unpardonable. In one instance, the town boasted of a State agricultural college and its head, either of a very fine high school, both of which had departments of physics and chemistry with laboratories equipped for making such an analysis.

In other towns there will be found pharmacists in local drugstores who are capable and willing to make the analysis. Therefore, do not be discouraged if your suggestion is received coldly. The trouble and fee for analyzing breast-milk are trifling in comparison with the time, energy, and money spent on methods of relief for colic which fall short of success.

If the breast-milk is responsible for the gas in your baby's stomach or bowels, this analysis will not only prove the fact but will suggest means of correcting the trouble. As an example, if the milk contains too much fat, it can be weakened and made digestible by so simple a method as giving the baby the necessary amount of water before nursing. This water must be boiled and then cooled to the temperature of breast-milk, and given without sugar, peppermint, or "tea" of any sort, and always *before* feeding when the baby is hungry. If offered after the nursing, of course the baby will refuse it. The water dilutes the rich breast-milk to the point where the baby can digest it.

If you can not have the breast-milk analyzed, then study the bowel-movements. If the stools contain curds which are white, fine, and soft, and can be flattened out easily by pressing or squeezing, probably there is too much cream or fat in the milk. Too much fat may also cause the stools to be dry, hard, and crumbling like clay, with a foul odor. For both these conditions try the combination of warm water from the spoon followed by nursing from the breast—and then watch for changes in the stools. If they improve and the curds disappear or the crumbling look gives place to soft, smooth stools, you have found the trouble and the colic will disappear as the amount of fat is reduced to the baby's needs.

If, on the other hand, the stools are hard, tough, and brittle, looking like beans, the breast-milk contains too much protein, and is not being digested. For this, the physician usually advises lime-water or barley-water, in combination with the breast-feeding.

When the movements are frothy and greenish in tint, baby is usually getting too much sugar. A pinkish stain on the diaper means that the breast-milk lacks water, and must be supplemented with water that has been boiled and cooled to breast temperature, usually given between feedings from a spoon, not more than an ounce at a time.

The Bottle-Fed Baby's Colic

WHEN a bottle-fed baby suffers from colic, it is a more simple matter to change the character of the feedings, and if possible you should ask the assistance of a doctor in doing this. However, as many mothers are handicapped by distance between home and the town where doctors live and by the number of physicians now overseas, I would suggest that for persistent, chronic colic, there is no better treatment than to stop all food except barley-water for at least twenty-four hours. To make barley-water, wash one tablespoonful of barley grains. Cover with enough water to allow grains to swell, and soak overnight in a covered bowl to protect from dust. In the morning, have ready one pint of boiling water in the upper part of a double boiler.

These Pamphlets Will Help You With Your Baby Problems

PREVENTION, plus a little common sense, often solves problems in baby-raising.

PICTORIAL REVIEW offers you this invaluable help free, in the following pamphlets, compiled by the editor of Mother and Baby Department, Anna Steese Richardson.

The Prospective Mother's Own Book.
Feeding Chart for Bottle-fed Babies.
Colic and Its Cure.
Diet Suggestions—Ten Months to Four Years.
Diet for Listless Babies.
Hot Weather Dishes for Young Children.
Treatment for Constipation in Breast-fed Babies under Six Months.
Treatment for Constipation in Babies from Nine Months to One Year.
Treatment for Constipation in Children of Two Years and Over.

Decide which pamphlet will meet *your* needs, and send a stamped and self-addressed envelop to the Public Health Editor, Pictorial Review Building, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Turn the soaked barley grains into this, with a little salt. Bring to a sharp boil, then set the upper part of the double boiler into the lower, being sure that you have plenty of boiling water in the lower vessel. Keep at boiling-point for three hours, then strain through a very fine sieve or coarse cheese-cloth. Cool before adding to milk for food.

For a baby in its second month, that is, from four weeks to eight, give two to three ounces of this barley-water, warm, not hot, every two or three hours. At the end of twenty-four hours, if the baby is still colicky, continue the treatment another day. If the pain has disappeared and baby is resting quietly, try using half an ounce of top milk in each feeding to two ounces of barley-water, then increase proportion of milk until the wee patient can take 1¾ ounce barley-water and 1¾ ounce top milk. To secure top milk, remove 16 ounces from the top of a quart bottle of certified or sweet fresh milk which has stood until the cream has formed. Use a Chapin cream-dipper which you can secure from any druggist, or a tablespoon. Two tablespoonfuls make an ounce. Mix this top milk thoroughly before using.

CONSTIPATION is the commonest cause of chronic colic. It can be removed only by proper diet. Enemas, suppositories, laxatives, all give temporary relief, but do not remove the cause.

Colic of this sort keeps a baby underweight, peevish, and fretful. It leads to chronic indigestion. It can and should be cured through diet.

Acute attacks of colic are different. The child is taken ill quite suddenly, screaming sharply and spasmodically as the legs are drawn up. The abdomen is usually distended, tense and hard, and the little face contracts with pain between screams.

If the abdomen is distended, you may be reasonably sure that the gas has accumulated in the bowels. For this, try an enema, using 4 or 5 ounces of water heated to a temperature of 105 degrees Fahrenheit, to which you can add ¾ teaspoonful of common table salt, well dissolved in hot water. Also apply warmed flannels to the abdomen.

If the gas forms in the stomach, a condition usually manifested by hard crying soon after feeding, administer half a soda-mint tablet dissolved in hot water. This will have colic, and to relieve the pain the baby slightly so that his mouth is above rather than below the nipple and thus check the flow of the milk. The baby who has to tug hard for his food is less apt to have colic than the baby whose mouth fairly overflows with milk while he nurses.

FOR both breast- and bottle-fed babies, it is an admirable plan to have rest periods while feeding. At two months, your baby will nurse at least twelve minutes if the milk does not flow too fast. Three times during the nursing, raise the baby, warmly wrapped, to your shoulder, support his back well with your hand, and pat or rub his back well with the flat of your hand. The rubbing will cause him to expel the air he has been drawn in with the food, the rubbing will cause him to expel it. You will recall that when I reported a PICTORIAL REVIEW "Junior's" progress in this department, I emphasized this treatment which worked so well with him. Since I have been staying with me while his mother has been at the hospital where his small brother was born. And at 16 months, Junior still has his back rubbed.

One morning at breakfast, he stopped eating his cereal to demand a drink of water.

The maid brought him half a glass of cold water, which he drank slowly, at one gulp while I was not looking. In a few minutes, he turned to me in distress, murmuring, "Big pain, Nanna—big pain, Ruth!"

Leaning him against my shoulder, I rubbed his back vigorously and up came the gas caused by the chilling cold water, and he resumed his breakfast quite placidly. If rubbing can relieve pain and expel gas for a sturdy boy of more than two years, think what it can do for a wee baby.

One final caution about colic. Do not dose. I have said this before, I say it again and I wish the message might reach and convince every mother in America. Only yesterday, I received a letter of a mother who asked me if I thought that thickly toddy given for colic would cause the drinking habit when her small son grew up.

Horrible, isn't it? Yet nurses tell me that thousands of babies are given wee whisky, gin, or brandy for colic! Alcohol in any form does not expel gas nor remove the cause of colic. It merely makes the child too stupid *—too drunk* to cry. Never give your child any liquor except on a doctor's order, and this will be in acute illness when a stimulant is necessary to keep up the heart action. And do not give any patent remedy recommended by a neighbor. You would not give your baby morphine, opium, or any other hideous drug, straight from the vial marked "Poison." Well, do not give it when dressed up with wintergreen, peppermint, or other "harmless" flavorings!

Every Healthy Baby Cries

ANOTHER bugaboo of Baby's second month, especially to the inexperienced mother, is crying. It seems to strike terror to the maternal soul.

Healthy, normal babies are bound to cry an hour or more every day. It is the young baby's method of giving a needed exercise for keeping blood in circulation and air pumped through the lungs. The absolutely "wonderful" baby, never crying, even looking over by a doctor. If he does not object more or less tearfully to being bathed, nursed, changed, and kept rebel for his feeding or otherwise interfered with, he may lack vitality. I recall that my first baby cried quite vigorously for the first few weeks, then became very quiet, sleeping most of the time, and merely whimpering weakly when she woke. We discovered just in time that she was sadly undernourished, suffering in fact from malnutrition, and too weak to cry. Directly she was properly fed, she showed improvement, partly in loud crying.

This does not mean that a baby should fret and cry whenever handled. Many babies enjoy being bathed. But it does mean that normal crying is entirely harmless to a healthy baby.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB

REGISTRATION BLANK

Please register my name as a member of THE MOTHER CLUB and send me in return, free of charge, a copy of Baby's Weight Record.

Name .....

Address .....

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March, '19

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For all cooking
SNOWDRIFT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE
Pure vegetable shortening
CHICAGO
GUARANTEED PURE AND WHOLESOME AND FREE FROM ADULTERATION

SNOWDRIFT

always sweet, fresh, creamy and *white*

vegetable shortening

Snowdrift was named Snowdrift on account of the first of the many good things you will notice about it.

The whiteness of Snowdrift is not accidental. It didn't just happen. Snowdrift is white for a very particular reason—a reason that has much to do with making Snowdrift the *perfect* shortening we try to make it.

You do not want to use a shortening that has a marked taste of its own—that gives a flavor to things cooked with it. When you use Snowdrift you do not taste the shortening. Snowdrift is a rich fat—much richer than butter—but so pure and fresh and *delicate* that when you use it for shortening or frying it doesn't alter the flavor of the food a bit.

The reason Snowdrift doesn't alter the flavor of food cooked with it is the same reason that Snowdrift is white.

Our company—The Southern Cotton Oil Company—is the largest, or one of the largest, refiners of vegetable oils for food. We crush and refine vast quantities of oil—peanut, cotton-seed, cocoanut and other choice vegetable oils.

Of course, in each of these natural products there will be differences in quality. To give Snowdrift that delicacy of flavor so desirable in a shortening—we select the finest grade of all the oil we handle.

This fine grade of oil is always very light in color and is then refined, by our exclusive method, to a purity and whiteness that satisfies our standard for Snowdrift quality—the highest standard we can set!

And therefore Snowdrift is white.

Snowdrift is pure, rich vegetable fat—always sweet and fresh—never too hard nor too soft, no matter what the weather—and snowy *white* because it is so good.

Won't you try it the next time you order cooking fat? Your grocer has it now or can easily get it for you. In *full weight* 2, 4 and 8 pound tins.

SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING COMPANY
120 Broadway, New York

for shortening, for frying, for all cooking

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"And when I take my hat off—

my coiffure is as trim as when it was first arranged. It's such a comfort to slip into an evening gown and be all ready for theatre without even thinking about my hair. Of course, you have guessed, it's because I wear

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***Invisible* HAIR NETS**

Made of the finest real hair in all shades, hygienically processed for invisibility and strength. Cap shape, self-conforming, and all-over styles—each in a sanitary envelope. At all good stores. Send for Colonial Quality Booklet—the index to National Needfuls.

15c each—two for a quarter — Colonial Quality Stamped on Every Needfuls — White or Gray — 25c

Mother Pins Her Faith to Musterole

In days gone by, mother mixed a mustard plaster when father had bronchitis or brother had the croup, but now she uses Musterole. If is better than a mustard plaster.

She just rubs it on the congested spot. Instantly a peculiar penetrating heat begins its work of healing—and without fuss, or muss or blister.

Musterole relieves without discomfort.

The clean white ointment sets your skin a-tingle. First, you feel a glowing warmth, then a pleasant lasting coolness, but way down underneath the coolness, old Nature is using that peculiar heat to disperse congestion and send the pain away.

Made of oil of mustard and a few home simples, Musterole is uncommonly effective in treatment of the family's little ills. It takes the ache out of grandfather's back. It soothes sister's headache. It helps mother's neuralgia.

Mother pins her faith to it as a real "first aid."

She is never without a jar of Musterole in the house.

Many doctors and nurses recommend it. 30c and 60c jars; hospital size $2.50.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
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Every Woman's Depilatory

The Perfect Hair Remover

DE MIRACLE, the original sanitary liquid, is equally efficacious for removing superfluous hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Its common-sense method is both logical and practical. It acts quickly and with absolute certainty.

DeMiracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Therefore, clean y and most convenient to apply.

Samples—We do not supply them, but you can try DeMiracle at our expense. Buy a bottle, take it just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00.

At all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrappers, on receipt of price.

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Park Avenue and 129th Street, New York

An Experiment in Democracy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

was not only referred, but was taken up and acted upon. The personal appeals to the Unit, both for financial aid and for social friendly help, have grown within the year to a point where it was necessary to make provision to meet them with real service. Problems of non-support, of marital discontent, of need to tide over a business emergency, or of girls gone mad over the uniform of the army, all these came to the Unit. And the Unit met them by organizing the forces of the community and using them first, then those of the city. The Unit gave direct service at once through talks with the block workers. In the case of the soldier-mad girls, most of them mere children of fourteen or fifteen, a talk by a physician to the mothers of the girls of the district on social diseases and their dangers was carried home to the girls themselves. Business emergencies called for an organization of the business men in the district and the Social Unit has in contemplation a scheme for neighborly loans whereby, as a matter of district business, a man who needs temporary help can simply ask and receive that help to tide him over a tight place. And a case in which a man was out of employment because he was too nervous and shy to apply to City Hall officials for a certificate of employment was assisted by a Unit worker's putting on her hat and going to the City Hall with him.

The Unit has no notion that it is going to cure every social ill in the district in three years. But it isn't going to let one go by without trying! When ills such as these began to come into Unit headquarters through the block workers, one of them, Mrs. Stewart, Block Worker No. 25, voiced the feeling of all when she said,

"Before I began on this work I never realized just how complicated life is." Why, she should see! As Mrs. Stewart, a happy wife, mother of dutiful sons and daughters, with only her duty to her family to occupy her, she found life simple. But as a block worker, life immediately became complex, for upon her shoulders she took the cares of a hundred other families, all different from her own.

IF ONE needed to be convinced of the active interest, in district, city, and nation, following this Social Unit scheme, one has only to follow the history of the formation of the Social Unit organization. As an after-growth of work done by the originators of the Unit plan, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, in establishing the Infants' Milk Depots in New York City, and a health-center plan in Milwaukee, the Social Unit plan came into being as a book manuscript. (I may mention that the book has not been offered for publication, as Mr. and Mrs. Phillips are too busy working at the Social Unit.) The book manuscript was offered to several medical authorities for criticism, and the interest aroused by the plan in this small way was so great that a national committee was formed to consider the possibility of testing out the plan as an experiment. The newspapers published an account of the National Social Unit organization and its idea and, to the astonishment of the newly formed committee, sixteen cities at once sent in letters, each asking that the idea be tried out in its territory and what would have to be done to secure it. From Washington, D. C., through Baltimore, Akron, Minneapolis, Denver, Newark, New Haven, Providence, St. Paul, Syracuse, Poughkeepsie, Worcester, Cincinnati, to Santa Barbara, people wanted to try out this new form of democratic social organization.

While the National organization was rather overwhelmed at the popularity of the idea, it went to work to conscientiously examine the cities applying, and the cities really in earnest began to advertise their good points. Cincinnati went at its advertising hard. The anti-tuberculosis league called meetings of the mayor and officials of city departments. The Cincinnati Business Men's Club held a meeting to discuss the Unit, forty-odd physicians held another, thirty social agencies representing the city's social work got together, the heads of the various departments of the public school system and women's organizations met to talk over the plan. Twenty of the leading trade unionists were consulted, and Cincinnati residents as to their willingness to back it. Cincinnati, as represented by all these groups, demanded inspection. It called attention to the fact that every charitable and social agency in the city is a part of the Federation of Agencies, eighty-five societies being thus joined and ready to support the Social Unit. Cincinnati called attention to the new four-million-dollar city hospital, probably the most wonderful municipal hospital in the world, ready to offer its facilities to the Unit. It pointed out that the heads of the City Board of Health and of Charities were willing to co-operate in any undertaking. And, as a final argument, it offered to put forty-five thousand dollars into the three-years' experiment, and to allow the Unit a free hand in spending the money!

The National Social Unit organization is a society of interested individuals, many of them experts in health or various social lines. The Social Unit plan called for no such organization, and when the City of Cincinnati manifested so keen an interest in the Unit it seemed wise to organize the entire city according to Unit theory, even altho only one district would be selected to carry out the experiment. The entire city of Cincinnati is, therefore, organized according to the plan of the Social Unit, which is precisely the same plan as that on which the Mohawk-Brighton district is organized. Cincinnati has a Citizens' Council, composed of women, elected from the various neighborhoods of the city, which is based on exactly the same plan as the Citizens' Council of the district, which is composed of the block workers. It, the city, has an Occupational Council, including representatives of the public schools, accountants, reporters, business men, statisticians, medical profession, nurses, city council, social workers, and trade unionists. These two bodies constitute the city Social Unit organization. They have no officers, but each group has executives as working heads. When the city was thus organized, it began to work. The council of advertising men prepared newspaper notices, pamphlets, and bulletins describing the Social Unit scheme. Fifty-five thousand circulars were distributed to the children of the public schools, and to these were attached ballots to be given to the parents. When the newspapers began their columns and the pamphlets were distributed and the ballots given out, the city organization stood back and waited. But not for long. Six neighborhoods entered into active competition to get the Unit for themselves. Six neighborhoods offered themselves as laboratories for a social experiment. (To insure the experiment in the main would be directed by themselves.) Cincinnati went quite mad with enthusiasm at the prospect of becoming a national social laboratory, and when all is said and done concerning that wonderful city, I think that this fact will outweigh all others. No further comment is needed on the public spirit or the intelligence or the energy of a city capable of going mad over such a proposition! The Mohawk-Brighton district was one of the six competitors and it got up an elaborate campaign to induce the Unit to come to it. It formed a committee of over two hundred men and women, 7,869 citizens signed petitions, 1,400 ballots for the Unit were returned by the public school children, and twenty-six civic, social, or religious organizations pledged in letter their co-operation and assistance. So, finally, by sheer dint of resistance, it elected itself, which was exactly what the originators of the plan had hoped for. For no social laboratory can be placed willy-nilly in any district. It can not be agreed upon by a few leading citizens. A great body of the people must back such an experiment to make a chance of success even possible, as it takes but a few active antagonists to wreck a year's work.

Such exist even in Mohawk-Brighton. One of the block workers who was taking the old-age census asked for by the State authorities who are considering old-age pensions and needed reliable data, confided in me.

"It is most aggravating," she said. "I've all my block done except one woman (and she's a German, oddly enough) who refuses to tell me anything. When I pressed her, she said,

"'Oh, what does the Social Unit want to know my affairs for? Tell it to the cat.'

THE Unit has three years in which to reduce these people to so negligible a number—there will always be some even in Paradise—that the work of the Unit will sweep them along despite themselves. It has three years in which to show what

That a village or a neighborhood or a city or a nation can organize its people not only geographically (as we do now) but also *occupationally on a democratic basis* and that, so organized, there will be an immense advance in common progress. That in a democracy the expert service of the nation should be ready to meet the need of the individual, and that under such a scheme of organization as the Unit it can meet that need at once. Listen to the purpose of the Social Unit plan.

"To make democracy real—a democracy, both genuine and efficient, by building up, on the basis of population units, an organization through which the people can get a clear idea of their common needs and can utilize the technical knowledge of skilled groups in formulating and carrying out programs to meet those needs."

It is a big thing, that three-year experiment in Cincinnati. The people in the other districts of the city are organized to watch its growth; all over the country every charitable, philanthropic, social, and educational interest is watching; and you and I will do well to join the watchers of this courageous community which has taken upon itself the task of working out our common problems by offering itself for experimentation.

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POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM

Don't Envy a Good Complexion—Have One

"Yes, I'm following your example, Mother. If I'm to have a wonderful complexion like yours, when I get to be forty, I must do as you have done and begin to use Pompeian MASSAGE Cream.

"A pinch of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, rubbed in—then out again. Such a little thing to do—but what a difference it makes if done regularly. It keeps youth in the face."

As it rubs in and then out of the skin in its own peculiar way, it brings a clear, athletic glow that suggests healthy vigor. It purifies and youth-i-fies the skin. Price at the stores, 55c, 80c and $1.05. Trial jar sent with Liberty Panel.

For Instant Beauty in Daytime—

First a touch of delicately perfumed Pompeian DAY Cream worked well into the skin so that the cream will make your powder stay on evenly and not in spots. Now Pompeian BEAUTY Powder with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. Milady knows that this final touch of color in the cheeks not only adds the bloom of youthful beauty, but also makes her eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments. Instant beauty indeed! Samples sent with Liberty Panel.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (flesh, white or brunette), Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing) or Pompeian BLOOM may be used separately or together as described above. Sold by your druggist at 50c for each article. Guaranteed by the makers of the well-known Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (55c, 80c and $1.05) and Pompeian HAIR Massage, for Dandruff (60c and $1.10).

Liberty Girl Art Panel and 4 Samples

will be sent for a dime. A beautiful, patriotic panel, 28 inches by 7 inches, finished in colors. With the samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please clip the coupon now.

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Never Twice Alike

The finest soups made by Parisian chefs are never twice alike. That was the trouble. Some of those soups were marvelous creations, and those famous French recipes form the basis of Van Camp Soups.

But materials varied, and no two blends were similar. The soups were delicious, but never perfect.

Exact Formulas

In the Van Camp kitchens the soups are perfected by scientific cooks. That is, by experts college trained in right culinary methods.

They have tried out more than 300 ways of making a single soup. Day by day the results are compared. Step by step the soup is perfected.

Then standards are fixed for every material. Every detail of the process is fixed in a formula. Ingredients are analyzed to prevent variation.

So every dish of a Van Camp Soup is exactly like the finest dish attained.

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These Van Camp Soups cost little. A whole family can be served for a trifle. Yet they are served today in the finest homes, where cost is not considered.

There is no way to match them save as we make them—by scientific cookery. And homes and hotels can't attempt that.

Try a few kinds and see what they mean to you. You have never known such soups.

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COOKING

What Can Be Done with a Can of Tomatoes

By ELISE MORRIS

TOMATOES are among the simplest of all food products for the home canner, and the least expensive of all canned articles to be bought, yet the possibilities that lie in a can of tomatoes are indeed varied. Soups, salads, as a vegetable, or as a sauce for meats—all that is left is for some one to try tomatoes for dessert!

As some varieties of tomatoes are more acid than others, it is well to taste them and, if needed, add a pinch of soda. As the tomato cooks, skim off the foam that rises to the top.

Cream of Tomato Soup

CREAM of tomato soup is one of the most simple of soups, yet, if not made carefully, a curdled, uneatable mixture is the result. The secret lies, as all good cooks know, in adding the milk to the tomatoes and not the tomatoes to the milk and in serving immediately without allowing the milk to boil up again. Skill in mixing the milk and tomatoes will result in a smooth creamy soup that does not curdle.

Bring one quart of canned tomatoes to the boiling point and strain through a coarse wire sieve. Add one-half teaspoonful of soda and return to the fire. When the acid rises, skim. Add pepper, salt, and one tablespoonful of butter-substitute which has been rubbed into one tablespoonful of flour. To the tomato add one quart of boiling milk, place a few croutons on top, and serve immediately.

Clear Tomato Soup

COOK slowly one quart of tomatoes with one quart of water, one slice of onion, three slices of carrot, four whole cloves, a bit of bay-leaf, just a dash of sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil gently for thirty minutes and strain. Add three drops of tabasco sauce and half a teaspoonful of soda. Thicken with butter-substitute and flour rubbed together, and cook fifteen minutes longer.

Jellied Tomato Bouillon

1 Pt. Canned Tomatoes
1 Large Tablespoonful Gelatin
1 Pt. Bouillon
Salt and Pepper
Onion-juice

COOK and strain tomatoes, and season. Dissolve gelatin. Stir all together with bouillon and heat to the boiling-point, seeing that the gelatin is well dissolved. Strain into bouillon-cups and set aside to harden. This is an excellent dish for Sunday night cold supper.

Tomato Bouillon with Oysters

1 Qt. Canned Tomatoes
1 Bay-leaf
3 Cloves
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Onion
1 Teaspoonful Celery-seed
1 Pt. Can Bouillon
Salt and Pepper
2 Cups Oysters
1 Egg

COOK the tomatoes, seasoning, and bouillon, together for thirty minutes and strain, using the white and shell of the egg to make clear. Heat the oysters in a hot pan and when the soft edges begin to curl, remove and add to the bouillon. Serve with croutons of bread.

Bisque of Tomato Chantilly

2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Onion
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Qt. Milk
1 Qt. Canned Tomatoes
1 Teaspoonful Sugar
1 Broken Piece Red Pepper Pod
Fraction of Garlic
1 Bay-Leaf

BROWN onion in butter-substitute, add flour and rub smooth. Pour over it boiling milk and let it cook fifteen minutes. Cook tomatoes with other ingredients twenty minutes. Strain the tomatoes and add the thickened milk to them when ready to serve. This is not as delicate a soup as the conventional tomato bisque, but is possibly more satisfying to a healthy appetite.

Tomato Salad

POSSIBLY it is as a salad that tomatoes, whether fresh or canned, deserve the most credit. There are some varieties of tomatoes that can be served just as they come from the can and, by a little dressing-up, form an excellent salad. Use the whole pieces, draining off as much liquid as possible, on lettuce with sliced Bermuda onion. Serve with French dressing. This is especially good in late Winter when green things are so craved and the Spring vegetables have not begun to come in.

Scalloped Tomatoes with Cheese

1 Qt. Canned Tomatoes
1 Cupful Bread-crumbs
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
1 Tablespoonful Melted Butter-substitute
Salt and Cayenne Pepper
Bit of Garlic

STEW tomatoes and strain and season. Mix with bread-crumbs and part of the cheese. Rub a baking-dish with garlic and butter-substitute before adding the tomatoes. Cover with remaining cheese and bread-crumbs. Bake twenty minutes in hot oven.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

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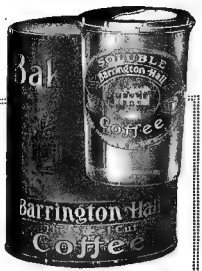

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COOKING

What Can Be Done with a Can of Tomatoes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

A Simple Tomato Aspic

1 Qt. Canned Tomatoes
1 Bay-leaf
½ Cupful Boiling Water
1 Large Tablespoonful Gelatin
Salt and Red Pepper
Onion-juice

STEW tomatoes fifteen minutes and season. Dissolve gelatin in cold water and add the boiling water to it. Strain tomatoes and add the gelatin. Mold and serve with dressing or as an accompaniment to cold meat.

A Delicious Tomato Salad

1 Pt. Canned Tomatoes
Salt and Red Pepper
1 Cupful Chopped White Grapes and Nut-meats
1 Large Tablespoonful Gelatin
½ Cupful Finely Chopped Celery
1 Green Pepper, Shredded

STEW and strain tomatoes. Season with salt and red pepper. Add other Ingredients and mold. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

Frozen Tomato Salad

COOK one quart of canned tomatoes well, strain, and season highly with salt, paprika, and onion-juice. Mix with one cupful mayonnaise and freeze. Serve on lettuce.

Creole Tomato Sauce

1 Pt. Canned Tomatoes
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Cupful Brown Stock
1 Bay-leaf
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Carrot
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Onion
3 Cloves

COOK and strain tomatoes. Brown butter-substitute and add flour. Stir the tomatoes into the stock and add other ingredients. Simmer for twenty minutes and strain. One bouillon cube melted in a cupful of boiling water can be substituted for the stock.

Tamale Pudding

1 Lb. Hamburger Steak
Butter-substitute
1 Cupful Water
2 Onions
1 Qt. Canned Tomatoes
2 Green Peppers
1 Heaping Teaspoonful Chilli Powder
1 Cupful Corn-meal

FRY Hamburger steak in butter-substitute till brown and add one cupful water. Let simmer till tender. Make sauce of onions browned in butter-substitute and add peppers, tomatoes, and chilli powder. Cook twenty minutes. Cook corn-meal to the consistency of mush. Line a baking-dish with one-half of the mush and stir the other half into the Hamburger steak and sauce. Pour over the mush and bake half an hour in slow oven.

Scalloped Tomatoes

1 Cupful Stale Bread-crumbs
1 Qt. Can of Tomatoes
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
Salt, Pepper, and Grated Onion to Taste

DOT butter-substitute over the bread-crumbs and line a well-oiled baking-dish with them. Cover with a layer of tomatoes already seasoned with salt, pepper, and onion. Alternate layers of crums with layers of tomatoes till the dish is filled, saving enough crumbs for top. Bake thirty minutes in hot oven. The onion can be omitted and two tablespoonfuls of sugar used. In this latter case, the tomatoes will be candied

A Good Tomato Sauce

3 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
1 Finely Chopped Carrot
2 Tablespoonfuls Finely Chopped Onion
Cayenne Pepper
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Tablespoonful Worcester Sauce
1 Pt. Canned Tomatoes
Pinch Celery-seed

MELT butter-substitute and add onion and carrot. Cook ten minutes and add flour and tomatoes which have been cooked fifteen minutes. Run through a wire sieve. Add rest of the seasoning and put back on the stove for another thirty minutes. When cheaper cuts of beef are used this sauce adds materially.

Stewed Tomatoes with Corn

USE one pint of canned corn and one pint of canned tomatoes. (This is an excellent dish for left-overs.) Add pinch of paprika and salt, and one sweet pepper finely chopped. Cook slowly for twenty minutes and add two tablespoonfuls of butter-substitute before serving

Tomatoes Stewed in Oil

1 Qt. Canned Tomatoes
Cayenne Pepper, Salt to Taste
1 Bay-leaf
2 Tablespoonfuls Cooking-oil
Small Quantity Garlic

STEW all together except the cooking-oil which is added ten minutes before removing from the fire. A fraction of garlic as large as a black-eyed pea seasons highly.

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HERE is a new recipe for making "perfect" Doughnuts, taken from the Douglas Book of Recipes.

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The secret is in the making as well as the manner of frying—use Douglas Oil for both.

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Douglas Perfect Doughnuts

6 tablespoons Douglas Oil
1 cup sugar
¾ cup Douglas Corn Starch
2 tablespoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¾ teaspoon nutmeg
1½ teaspoons salt
2 eggs
1 cup milk
Flour

Add Douglas Oil to one-half of sugar. Beat eggs well, and add remainder of sugar. Add oil and sugar to eggs. Sift first two mixtures. With 2 cups of flour, one-half per Douglas Corn Starch, and remaining dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add enough flour to make dough soft. Cut and fry in Douglas Oil hot enough to brown a cube of soft bread or small quantity of batter in 60 seconds.

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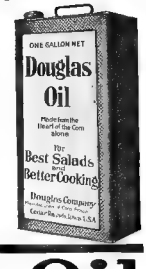

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How Shall We Feed Our Little Americans?

Give the Next Generation a Chance to Be Strong Men and Women

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

LET us give credit where credit is due. After the publication of the Budget article in the October number I received many letters. Of all of them the one which interested me most came from Mrs. Helen Fox Trowbridge, of Upper Montclair, New Jersey. Mrs. Trowbridge said that she represented a Committee of the Woman's Club of her town and that this Committee was trying to find out how children should be fed at a time when war and the results of war had made food conservation a patriotic duty. She called upon me for advice.

"You see," she explained, "we want to find out how we ought to feed the children, so that they progress as they should and still so that we do not waste money. Not only for ourselves do we want to know this, but for all families."

In trying to reply to her I found material which seems to me of value to all mothers, rich or poor, who are trying, in defense of their personal pocketbooks, or of the country, or of both, to feed the children as they should be fed—at present prices.

It really doesn't matter much whether we personally are poor or rich. The nation is "poor" this year. It needs every available ounce of food, every available particle of materials, and every spare dollar.

All of us have watched the prices of foods soar, particularly of those foods which are peculiarly essential to child well-being—namely milk, butter, and eggs. Fruits, too, have in many sections of the country reached a pinnacle almost unbelievable; oranges in my district costing at present writing one dollar and eighty cents the dozen. We all want to spend as much as we ought to feed our children; we do not, want to rush into senseless extravagance. What are we to believe essential to children's welfare and what ought we to feed them so that they will grow and thrive?

Before I attempt to reply I want to set my readers clear on two most important points. First, that the greatest experts on children's care still disagree on some points. I can not attempt to settle matters where experts disagree. But the points on which the experts do disagree are not nearly so important as those on which they agree, and no mother need hopelessly decide to "do things as she thinks best" until she has found and decided upon the points of agreement.

What Should a Child Eat?

THE second thing is that no system of feeding insures a child's health. Childhood is never to be trusted on the surface appearance. No mother can be certain that her baby or her child is well except on a physician's examination, and a thorough one at that, including a blood test. My own little girl, rosy lipped and rosy cheeked, has always been anemic, altho she shows that anemia so little that the examining physician has always expressed his surprise at finding some of her red corpuscles missing! Those red corpuscles are our disease fighters and we need all of them that we should have, a full 100 per cent. It will pay any mother and it will pay any country to have every child examined every year by a physician who understands children. If she can not afford such an examination let her send for the Children's Bureau weight and height charts and be certain that her children are near to normal standard in these two respects. If they are underweight she must take them to the physician.

Now what should a normal, apparently healthy child eat? Look over the foods that have been affected by the war, especially the foods which the Food Administration has asked us to conserve.

We have been asked to save especially, meat, wheat, fats, and sugar.

Keeping this in mind, of what should the children's diet consist? They need wheat, particularly whole wheat, altho other cereals may be introduced. They need fat, particularly butter-fat, and sugar in moderate quantities, which ought to be supplemented by honey, maple-syrup, molasses, or better still, sorghum. Provided the child's diet is otherwise carefully planned, meat may be partially, or totally eliminated. There must also be included plenty of fresh vegetables, fruits, eggs, and milk.

Now let us get down to brass tacks. Of all foods the most essential for children under six or seven or even ten years of age is MILK. Milk has risen from eight to ten cents a quart to sixteen and even in some places to twenty cents a quart. Should it be bought at these prices?

Yes. When money is not lacking it is true patriotism to buy milk at twenty cents a quart in just the same quantities as you bought when it was eight cents. Not even Thrift Stamps are a better investment for the United States Government than is milk put into children's bodies. If you can not buy Thrift Stamps because you have to feed your children milk, say so and do not be ashamed. The only way to have a nation worth fighting for is to bring up the next generation to be strong, useful men and women. Nothing but milk will do this for children.

How much milk? One quart a day for every child up to the age of four years; one and one-half pint for every child up to seven years; and one pint for every child up to fourteen years. This is whole milk, unskimmed. If you can not obtain or can not afford fresh milk in these quantities what can you do? Substitute milk that has been preserved as condensed, evaporated, or powdered milk. To eliminate the confusion in many minds, let me explain that condensed and evaporated milks are two entirely different products. Condensed milk is whole milk to which sugar has been added, and is well adapted to the making of puddings, custards, and the like, for the feeding of children who have begun to eat real food. If this is done, fresh milk, if it can be obtained, can be used for drinking purposes. By the way, condensed milk is very digestible, as it forms a very fine curd in the child's stomach. Roughly, use three tablespoonfuls to a cupful of water, for cooking.

Evaporated milk, on the other hand, contains no sugar. It is merely milk with some of the water removed, is very digestible and absolutely pure, and to bring it up to the standard of fresh milk, it is only necessary to add an equal quantity of water. It can be used as fresh milk in cooking, or for drinking—indeed, in warm countries it is used almost exclusively for children instead of fresh milk. As in condensed milk, the valuable growth-producing elements have not been affected by the preserving process.

Milk in powdered form is comparatively new, and if no other milk can be obtained may be used in the children's diet. Usually it is made from skimmed milk, so plenty of butter and fresh vegetables should be included in the children's food to supply the lacking proper growing elements. There are brands of whole milk, dried with no loss of cream, but these are high in price, will not keep indefinitely, and are intended for infant feeding.

Your children should have milk if possible, preferably fresh milk, at any price. Must they have butter when butter is seventy cents a pound?

Yes, if you can afford it. Let the adults live on margarine if necessary, but serve butter to the children, especially if you have to feed them skimmed milk, or dried milk. The less fat they get in milk the more butter they need. If you can not afford butter choose a good butter-substitute. As many of these contain a certain per cent. of butter, and all are churned in milk, they include a fair amount of the growth-producing elements. If supplemented by plenty of leafy vegetables, eggs, and whole milk, they may be used.

Photos from U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

WORTH FIGHTING FOR AREN'T THEY?

GIVE every child a good start. If you can not buy Thrift Stamps because you have to feed the youngsters milk, say so and do not be ashamed. The mother's greatest service to her country in these days is to see that her children are well fed and happy.

When Eggs Are at Top Prices

SHALL you buy eggs at seventy cents—no a dollar is what they asked me last—a dozen? Yes, try to give each child an egg a day in some form, but be careful to cook them properly, for over-cooked eggs are not so digestible as when properly prepared. Raw eggs, especially for anemic children, are worth any price you can afford, but they should not be served in the form of a milk shake. If the milk allowance is increased for the children, the eggs may be somewhat decreased.

Fruit—You must have some of this, like milk, at any price. I can not make this too important as I see child after child living on an almost fruitless diet. Prunes are still the cheapest fruit. They must not, however, be served with regularity as they have no antiscorbutic properties (for this I am indebted to Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute), which simply means that they will not keep infants and young children from scurvy which certain other fruits are supposed to do. And altho this sounds a bit mixed I have to digress to remark that orange-juice and potatoes are to date the two known things that do keep off scurvy, and if your child is too young for potatoes you had better give him orange-juice, *at any price*. Raisins are still a cheap fruit and a much neglected one. Raisins may be made to take the place of candy. Served plain in bowls as dessert they are an easy, nutritious, satisfying dessert. We buy them to eat evenings, as we used to buy and eat candy, and we find them delicious, to say nothing of their superiority to candy in other ways. Eating-apples are not cheap by any means, but baked apples and apple-sauce are still relatively cheap and are within the reach of most families.

Cutting Down the Meat Bill

NOW turn to our Food Controller and his requests. We are asked to make our saving a matter of conscience this year. What about wheat? Shall the children help save on it? Yes, in cereals, but not in breads. Oat, barley, and corn cereals, rice, etc., can be alternated with wheat.

Meat—Here the experts disagree. Dr. Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute, says emphatically

"There is no question that a healthy meatless diet can be adjusted for children without risk and at a greatly reduced cost, inasmuch as milk, which should be the basis of the diet in infancy and childhood, is the cheapest source of protein and also a valuable source of growth food substances." Dr. Fisk prepared that statement especially for this article, so if we want to help the Food Administration, and help save money at the same time, let us look to our meat bill for the children.

One thing is certain. No child needs meat every day. I know that in most cases the children will eat it because they want it when it is on the table. But if the family is really patriotic it has cut meating to four or five times a week or thereabouts—I do not mean four days at three times a day, but actually four or five times a week, and to such small quantities that the children will get very little.

Fats—I almost disposed of with the butter discussion. To butter some fats should be added, but if a child has whole milk and butter and eggs he will get enough fat in the ordinary cooking with no definite addition of more.

Sweets—Here we can save more than we have any idea of. When the sugar allowance began I thought it meager. To my astonishment, after carefully planning my canning allowance and my table allowance, I saved five pounds from canning and have never yet used my full allowance. And I have had all the sweets I want! Now, children must have sweets, but they do not need anything like the quantities of sweets most of them receive. Most children will eat cereals unsweetened, if the parents do not teach them to eat sweetened cereals.

And no mother need shower sugar on a cereal and remark, as I have heard a dozen remark, "Oh, I think a cereal without sugar is unspeakable!" Remember the adult appetite is not that of a child and do not teach the children your own bad habits. Between meals forbid sweets. Save the sweets and help the children as normal appetites. Save sugar by using honey or maple-sugar. It may seem expensive compared with sugar, but a very little goes a very long way as both contain valuable growth-procuring food. Use dried fruits, and dishes which need no additional sugar. Reduce the sugar in desserts and then substitute corn-sirup for the rest.

Now for some of the things we are asked to use.

Fresh Vegetables, which we have in abundance. By all means. If you can induce your children to eat the leafy vegetables every day you can cut your butter allowance because they contain some of those valuable vitamines essential to growth, which are found in milk and butter.

Give each child one green vegetable a day at least.

Potatoes—Certainly. Feed them to children over two years once a day. Potatoes keep away scurvy. Do not, however, feed potatoes to children under ten years more than once a day.

Corn-meals—In mush, yes. Corn-meal makes an excellent cereal as boiled mush. In breads use with great discretion with young children,

Rice—Yes. This is an ideal food for children, always remembering you buy unpolished or brown rice. The shiny kind that is coated with talc is fortunately becoming scarce. It is a bad food and should not be bought.

Fish—Fish is a good food, replacing meat. It can be variously served to children.

Poultry—Yes, if you can afford it. But it is not an essential

Will a cereal-breakfast? On meats and sweets he probably will, especially if you encourage him. He is not likely to overeat on his essentials, milk, breadstuffs, fruits, vegetables, and fats

Should a child eat "everything?" He should not, and the man who insists that her children eat everything and are well is simply an unintelligent mutton or she would be ashamed to admit the fact. Well then eat one, but *let it be the children's kind and not the adults'*. It won't hurt the adults and the reverse will hurt the children. As the Children's Bureau sagely remarks: "It is not wiser to expect the stomach and intestines of a child to do adult work than it is to expect that child to go to his father's business office and, with his immature brain, run the business."

Set a Good Example for Them

A CHILD is not going to die necessarily because he is fed fried foods, and pork and veal and coffee and tea are not for them. But mothers who are trying to buy Thrift Stamps remember—it is the exceptionally strong child who lives through this and becomes a healthy man or woman. The average will become weaklings with no end of digestive troubles. The surest way to keep the children on a simple diet is to keep on it yourself. They will soon understand that certain foods are not for them. You can live well on cereals, soups, stews, roasts and broils, fruits and puddings, and sponge-cake with only an occasional layer in the form of pie or French fried potatoes—I am certain of this, because we do it.

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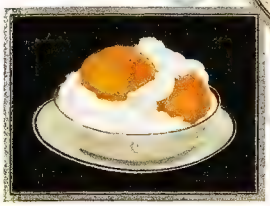
Libby's

A perfect climax to any dinner
Put halves of Libby's Peaches in the bottom of an ice-cream dish, cover with peach ice-cream; on top of this place peach halves and pile more ice-cream invitingly around them. Serve with the syrup as a sweet sauce. You cannot serve this too often to please your family



A simple dessert—but amazingly good!
If you have never tasted Libby's Peaches try them first served in their own rich syrup, or perhaps with a bit of whipped cream on top. The fresh, exquisite flavor of the peaches will charm you immediately

Peach Tart Paramount—very tempting
Line a deep layer-cake pan with some very short pastry about half an inch thick; press the paste well to the sides, prick the bottom with a fork and bake to a light brown in a moderate oven. When cool fill with Libby's Peaches and serve with a sauce made from the syrup of the peaches, which has been boiled for five minutes with two tablespoonfuls of corn syrup. The fresh flavor of the peaches combines with the crisp, flaky crust to make an unusual and pleasing dessert at very little trouble. Serves six

Peaches with a flavor of which even Libby is proud

Golden peaches, rich with fresh, sun-ripened flavor! Taste them—and you, too, will say that Libby's fruits cannot be excelled.

Libby's Peaches come to you from the finest orchards of the Pacific Coast—where the warm sunshine drenches them till they are fairly brimming with juicy sweetness!

They are picked and packaged with characteristic Libby skill—so that as you cut into the fruit you marvel at the smooth firmness of its unbruised texture.

And you will find this same perfection of fresh flavor in Libby's Apricots and Libby's Cherries. Order these fruits today from your grocer and keep this page so you can try all seven of these carefully worked-out desserts!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 303 Welfare Building, Chicago
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Limited
45 East Front Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

A new apricot dainty
Press Libby's Apricots through a fine sieve. Fill tall glasses three-fourths full of layers of the crushed apricot and vanilla ice-cream, with a top layer of whipped cream. Put halves of apricots on the top. One package serves eight. Very pretty to look at and most enticing in flavor!

An ideal Sunday dessert
Line sherbet glasses with lady-fingers. Fill the center of each glass with Libby's Apricots. Cover with whipped cream, place one apricot half on the top, and serve ice-cold. One package of Libby's Apricots makes enough to fill eight sherbet glasses.

It takes only a minute to prepare this—but the fresh, ripe flavor of the apricots is irresistible

Cherry Tarts à la Queen of Hearts
Line little tartlet pans with short pastry, pricking the bottom of each with a fork. Bake in a hot oven till delicately browned. Fill them with Libby's Cherries from which the pits have been removed, and whipped cream. These will be equally popular with grown-up Kings and little Knaves—and will disappear so quickly you will think some one must have stolen them!

A salad that does for dessert, too
Arrange Libby's Cherries on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves in a salad bowl. Make a rich, creamy dressing by stirring into whipped cream and mayonnaise just enough of the cherry juice to make it the consistency of thick cream. Pour this over the fruit, garnish with chopped candied ginger and Brazil nuts, and serve ice-cold. This will make eight attractive plates of salad. You will find this delightfully easy to prepare—and it takes the place of a dessert!

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Muffins

TRY muffins when you are thinking of something especially good for a leisurely Sunday breakfast. But have them as good as they can be. Make them with the tasteful flours we have learned to use and make them without lard. These Crisco shortened muffins are delicious.

In muffin making, a clean, odorless, tasteless shortening should be used to be certain of satisfactory results. Crisco is that kind of shortening, a wholly vegetable cooking fat that improves all quick breads.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Cooks accustomed to lard always are surprised and pleased with the uniform purity and delicacy of Crisco. Its never failing quality makes for success wherever a cooking fat is required. Crisco never varies. Tasteless and odorless, it gives only richness to foods.

Crisco comes to you in sanitary, airtight packages, one pound and upward, net weight. It costs no more than bulk lard exposed to impurities, and less than half as much as butter. Every progressive housewife should try it.

PROCTER & GAMBLE STANDARD PRODUCTS

Muffins

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

2 cupfuls barley flour
1 cupful corn flour
3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1 egg
¼ cupful molasses
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
1¾ cupfuls milk
2½ teaspoonfuls salt

Use accurate level measurements

Mix all the dry ingredients very thoroughly; add the egg beaten lightly, molasses, melted Crisco and milk. Beat well. Bake in hot Criscoed muffin pans in a moderate oven from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

A Valuable New Cook Book

Over 300 other new recipes for foods just as economical and appetizing as these Muffins are to be found in our book by Janet McKenzie Hill, editor of "American Cookery" and founder of the Boston Cooking School. Illustrated in colors. Published at 25 cents, we will send you a copy for 10 cents in stamps. Address Dept. N-3, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.

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The Age of the Golden Cow

The Price Is Still High, but Milk Will Give You Back the Most for Your Money

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

AUTHOR OF "MRS. ALLEN'S COOK BOOK"

THE "Golden Calf" has grown up indeed the cow is now justly held in as great reverence as was the idol of Biblical times. Nor can she fall. Whereas we do not worship her in the same manner as did the followers of Moses the golden calf, we have finally learned that her products are the best foods given to us by the Great God, and every all the golden assets of good health and happy being.

Milk—What magic the word implies! Yet, notwithstanding the fact that milk has always been considered the most perfect food, it is only to-day that our scientists have discovered the vital reason. For years we have known that milk furnishes protein to build tissues; that it contains fat more digestible than that of any other type; and that its minerals are essential for the building of sturdy bones, steady nerves, and the making of pure blood. We have also recognized the fact that children thrive better on it than on any other food, and that it is indispensable in the diet of the invalid.

But milk does even more than this. It gives us certain elements found nowhere else in such abundance, which are absolutely essential to growth, the maintenance of good health, and even to life itself. Dr. E. V. McCollum, to whose untiring energies the credit of much of this latter-minute knowledge belongs, calls milk "Our greatest protective food."

Why? Because these newly-found principles, so young that they are not yet named, accept her position in our midst as secure as she might think, or as you and I may believe, for a grave menace has been lurking on the outskirts of our homes, waiting for an opportunity to slip in through the open door of our ignorance of food products—the menace of milk starvation. This statement may seem radical, but in Nashville the sales of milk have decreased nearly a third in the last twelve months; in Chicago they dropped from one million two hundred and fifty thousand quarts to less than seven hundred thousand this year; while in Massachusetts the sale has fallen off fifty per cent. This is affecting the dairy business to such a degree that discouraged dairymen are disposing of their herds for beef. Indeed, Professor Erf, of the Ohio State University, not long ago told of six large herds which had just been sacrificed. He might well have added, on the altar of American ignorance."

But the loss of these herds will affect not only our dairy industry and our national health: it might almost be said that upon the use of milk depends our very existence, for, without the dairy cow to promote soil fertility, agriculture would so slump that instead of being the backbone of the nation it would become a poor anemic counterpart. Needless to say, the price of all foods would go up, up, up, milk taking the lead, at many times twenty cents the quart.

It the Price Too High?

ALREADY, comes the mighty protest from twenty-two million housewives, "the price of milk is too high!" And it may or may not be true. The fact remains that wages have never been so high in the history of the world as during the last year in this country, and that the proportionate sales of milk have never been so low. Furs, jewelry, diamonds, silk, satins, velvets, and innumerable other luxuries are none too good for our newly-made rich. The handy man of yesterday buys his meats at the "swellest" butcher-shop. The venders of fine groceries are catering to our laborers. Pills, powders, and patent medicines continue to please the palate of the gullible American public, while our national health goes

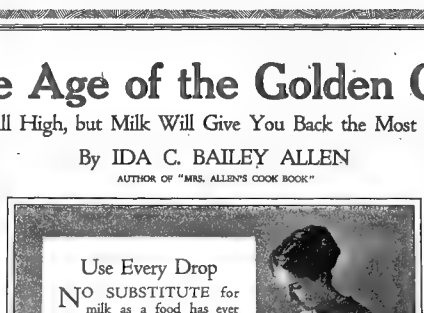
Down,

Down,

Down.

The reason for the drop in the consumption of milk is obviously due to high prices. On the other hand, practically every food commodity has greatly increased in cost and, altho grumblingly, we have still continued to purchase them. The bakery business is not on the decrease, the candy manufacturers have been as busy as ever, the meat-shop has remained open. And from the butcher we are purchasing beef, often at a hundred per cent. increase, cut from the very cattle which have been slaughtered because the American people have refused to buy milk.

And which is the cheaper food, milk at even twenty cents, or meat at 45 cents to 60 cents a pound? According to the standards of yesterday, which still hold good, the food-value of milk is computed by the number of calories, or heat units, which it contains. From a truly scientific standpoint, however, the calory value of milk may be compared only to the other foods in the group of proteids, or muscle-makers, as they, only, have a similar nutritive power. The food value of milk, then, may be compared on a calory basis with that of meat, fish, eggs, dried peas, beans and lentils, certain nuts, and cheese, which is a milk product.


Use Every Drop
NO SUBSTITUTE for milk as a food has ever been found. Use plenty of it, use it wisely and use it all. Don't throw away a single drop.

Plan to Use Plenty of Milk with Fresh Vegetables in the Spring Menu

Where It Stands in Food Value

BASING a few statements on the ideal of makers of rations for armies and institutions, which is the purchasing at the smallest cost the largest number of food calories, performing a similar mission in the body, we find that for one cent may be obtained:

88 calories of dried beans at 18 cents a pound.

48 calories of whole American cheese at 42 cents pound.

42½ calories of peanut-meats at 60 cents a pound.

38½ calories of milk at 17 cents a quart.

28 calories of beef at 35 cents a pound.

12 calories of eggs at 85 cents a dozen.

8½ calories of haddock at 20 cents a pound

It is obvious that the two cheapest sources of protein food are those which as a nation we use least—peanuts and beans. On the other hand, these two muscle-makers, altho suited to occasional use in the diet, are not adapted to every meal, nor to every member of the family, as they are somewhat difficult of digestion. It can readily be seen that, according to the above standard, cheese (a concentrated milk product) is next cheapest. Again, this food, altho worthy a wider place in our dietary, is not adapted to every-meal use. Next in cheapness comes milk itself, with its 38½ calories to the cent; a food that is not only adaptable to every meal, but to the needs of every member of the family, and which, unlike most of the other products, may be served raw—thus saving energy and fuel—or may be cooked by a very simple method, and at the same time it is the most easily digested of all foods.

It is an astounding revelation that meat contains ten calories less in food-value for each cent than milk, while eggs have an apparently insignificant place on the list. The familiar haddock is at the very bottom, with but eight calories to its credit.

But what further standards may we apply to these foods in deciding which must have first place in our menu? The answer is, the standard of the vitamines and other newly discovered, life-giving principles, which are most abundant, first in milk, then in eggs. As the leafy vegetables contain these wonderful principles, this explains their abundance in milk; they are also found in the whole grains, and in very limited quantities in plain flour and denatured meals.

Milk Should Be in Every Meal

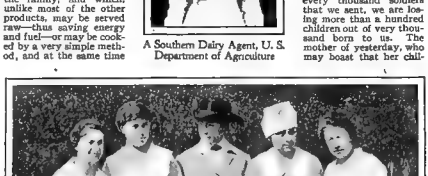
HOW then are we to standardize our meals? Does this latter-day science undermine the theory of the balanced ration? Not at all. The balanced ration remains, just as it has for years, the undisputed champion of good health, with its main dish of protein, its two or three starches, its two or three fats including butter, or a butter-substitute containing butter-fat or milk, its tonic acids, its sugar or sugar-substitute for energy and its background of leafy vegetables and green vegetables for bulk and minerals.

A Southern Dairy Agent, U. S. Department of Agriculture

In every meal, however, milk should be introduced in some form, or used as the main dish, both for the sake of economy and for the powers of resistance which it gives to the body, as well as for its muscle-making value.

The young mother of to-day must confront the fact that while she is lost at the front only eight out of every thousand soldiers that we sent, we are losing more than a hundred children out of very thousand born to us. The mother of yesterday, who may boast that her children were properly fed, must face the fact that from a third to fifty per cent. of the boys examined for military service were turned down as unfit.

You say the price of milk is too high. Nothing is too high that will bring to American manhood and womanhood the priceless blessing of good health. If the child is undernourished, begin to-day to give him milk and more milk, it is cheaper than doctors' bills. If your stenographer daughter is pale and thin, buy her a quart of milk a day and abolish the pink pills. If your son is coughing and your husband is nervous and over-wrought, try the magic of the *protective* foods. But how may milk be introduced in large quantities into the diet? There is no other food so adaptable to general cookery. Cocoa made entirely with milk; cream soups of milk and sifted vegetable pulp; plenty of creamed vegetables, fish, and meats; oatmeal, corn-meal, hominy, and other cereals cooked in milk instead of water; junketa, custard ice-creams and custard corn-starch, bread, cereal, and tapioca puddings; bread made with milk; escallops of vegetables, cereals and the like—the list is legion. And there is always the welcome glass of milk.



Government Representatives and Demonstrators at the Last National Dairy Show. A New Field of Work Is Opening up for Women in Dairying

THERE seems to be a widespread notion when milk is cooked it loses its life-giving principles. Like everything else, there is a proper way of cooking it and, whenever possible, it should be heated in a double boiler and not allowed to bubble up or actually boil, as happens when it is put over direct heat. Milk should never be cooked longer than necessary. The great milk authorities, Osborne and Mendel, in their pamphlet on "Milk," maintain that heating milk does not interfere with its life-giving properties.

Already nature has begun her annual housecleaning and her building of new life. Everywhere the instinctive necessity for rebuilding is felt, but particularly in the human body, for the improperly selected heavy Winter foods with their shortage of leafy vegetables and eliminative bulk has created more broken-down tissue, with its attendant body-drugging, than has been properly thrown off. In other words, the building of the house has gone on, but the carpenter has not carried away all the trash.

To be in tune with nature and the new year of growth, we must use more of the lighter foods (keeping in mind a balanced ration), and strangely enough these are those which are growth-producing—the fresh vegetables, milk with the attendant dairy products and eggs. With her all-provident wisdom, nature has given us in abundance these foods when they are most needed. Combinations of milk and fresh vegetables, may be introduced every day into our luncheons, suppers, and dinners, and as these foods contain sufficient protein to serve as the main dish of the meal, this introduction will mean not only an increase in health with a decrease in doctors' bills, but an actual saving of money.

A little extra butter in the seasoning of vegetables affords not only a natural tonic but will hold up the flagging energies of the Spring season. Whole sour milk, eaten when barely pungent and rich in cream, either plain, or in combination with young onions, or as cottage cheese, gives us all that milk contains, plus the wonderful "so-called "Bulgarian Bacilli" which we usually buy and put back into the milk! Buttermilk gives us these wonderful bacteria, and one of the two protective elements of the whole milk, and even skimmed milk, altho the fat has been taken out of it, contains one of the great natural protective elements and is an excellent protein food.

One Reason for the High Cost

MILK in one form or another, with its gamut of prices to suit every purse—there is no excuse for withholding it. If you still feel that it is too costly, remember that feed has advanced in price beyond that of milk. For instance, bran has been selling at about $40 a ton, against $4.50 of thirty years ago, whereas the old-time, loose, unsanitary, five-cent milk has increased to only about seventeen cents, for clean, bottled milk from tested herds.

But all this does not prevent the American woman from rising in her might and with her clubs and church organizations, and lodge societies make thorough investigations of the entire milk situation. If, as housewives, we are really sincere in our protest against high prices, we have it in our power, after becoming truly conversant with the situation, to remedy any unjust condition by legislation.

The women of Belgium and France could not do this. They looked at the little, strained faces and starved bodies of their children and had no redress. There was no milk. They were teach our children to pray "Give us this day our daily bread," and at the same time have been taking away from them the greatest of all foods, *milk*.

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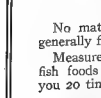
Bargain Foods

Costing up to 10 times Quaker Oats

No matter what bargain prices you are quoted, you will generally find this:

Measured by energy value, the average cost of meat and fish foods is ten times Quaker Oats. And some foods cost you 20 times as much.



Costs 5c Per 1000 Calories

Costs 57c Per 1000 Calories

Costs 54c Per 1000 Calories

Costs 60c Per 1000 Calories

For instance, here are low Chicago prices at this writing on some staple foods. And here is what the same energy value costs in Quaker Oats at this writing.

	Low Chicago Prices	What the Energy Value Costs in Quaker Oats
Round Steak	31c lb.	4½c
Veal Cutlets	40c lb.	3½c
Fresh Eggs	70c doz.	5c
Spring Chicken	25c lb.	1½c
Mackerel	20c lb.	2c
Salt Codfish	37c lb.	1½c
Peas—No. 2 Can	18c	1½c
Tomatoes—No. 2 Can	19c	½c

You can serve ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one average meat breakfast with the same energy value.

Each 32-cent package served in place of such foods saves you about $3. Yet the costly foods do not compare with Quaker Oats as food.

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food —close to the ideal food.

As a vim-food and a food for growth it has an age-old fame.

No other breakfast costs so little —none feeds your folks so well.

Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavory Flakes

You get oat flakes of exquisite flavor when you ask for Quaker Oats. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the big, plump, flavory oats. We get but 10 pounds from a bushel.

When such an oat dish is sold at Quaker Oats price it is due to yourself that you get it.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c

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(20977)

My Kitchen Revolution

I'll Never Go Back to My Old Ways of Housekeeping

By EDITH M. BARBER

THIS is the story of a revolution — a kitchen revolution and like other of this year's upheavals, the cause was the war. It is a very simple story, and to some of the readers it may seem too simple to go to the trouble of telling, but, if I had had these plain facts at my command two years ago, I should have been saved much experimenting; so this little talk is for the benefit of other women who yet have failed to free themselves from the tyranny of their kitchens

I am a woman of some education and of moderate means—a means which before the war enabled me to keep one maid, who, with the help of the cleaning woman two days a week to assist with laundry and cleaning, relieved me of the necessity of doing much of the housework. Since my marriage, ten years before, the wages of the various "girls" who succeeded each other in orderly procession had increased with a larger progression than my husband's salary, and their ability had not increased at all on the same comparative scale.

I thought myself fortunate, however, to have had only short intervals between the Marys and the Katies, the Floras and the Annies. These short periods were usually spent in the cleaning of pots, pans, and cupboards, so that the new occupant of the kitchen domain should be impressed with the "natural" cleanliness of the premises and perhaps be inspired to keeping them thus and so—a usually vain hope.

And then came the War Munition factories offered magnificent wages, which I couldn't have met in ordinary times, and my husband's business did not belong to the war-bride class. My Clara in the kitchen declared her independence and, while I did not at the time realize the fact, mine as well, and I was left among the ruins. I am not speaking figuratively, for when I began my usual cleaning orgy, I found the cupboards crowded with utensils, the accumulation of years—and such a collection!

There were saucepans, big and little, and among them all hardly one that was not burned or chipped. There were innumerable fancy vegetable-cutters which my husband brought home yearly from his Atlantic City trips, there were agate muffin-pans and iron and aluminum.

Altogether there were three times as many utensils as any one kitchen needed, and all collecting dust. As I had now taken upon myself the permanent responsibility of that dust, I at once made up my mind to remove some of its sources.

Some Went to the Junk-Man

TO MAKE a beginning, I separated my collection into three groups—impossibilities, possibilities and probabilities. The impossibilities, such as the pans in the worst stages of deterioration I set aside to be sold to the junk-man. The possibilities such as the extra sets of vegetable-cutters and some of the too-numerous muffin tins I gave to my cleaning woman. Other possibilities, as the Christmas-dinner-size roasting-pans, I placed by themselves in the farthest cupboard. This yet left an overlarge number of probabilities, many of which were not in the best of condition, but I decided to keep those at hand and find out which were the fittest to survive.

At the end of a week or two, I eliminated more from my probable class. I sent my enamel mixing-bowls to the possible closet and kept my old yellow earthenware which "stayed put" so well, and I put away my small earthen refrigerator-bowls and kept the enamel bowls in that size as they would stand the inevitable knocks. I routed out my overflowing table-drawer and left in it only a few knives, forks, and spoons.

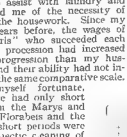
Eventually, my expurgated stock contained only utensils which were put to constant use in my cookery. I then let myself think about what purchases would make my work easier, which at the same time would pay for the outlay by their continued use. I did not buy them all at the same time, but as I came to actually feel their need. First of all, I replaced my battered and burned saucepans with aluminum utensils of various sizes, which, as I proceeded to care for them myself, I felt were an investment.

I had on hand a large double boiler, in good condition, which I used for cream soups and puddings, but I felt the need of a smaller-size utensil for sauces and such things. Small double boilers of all double boilers! So many things are improved by their long, slow cooking and so many are saved by steaming. Also, I find it convenient to use the top as a single utensil at times and then place it over the hot water of the lower part to keep the contents hot for serving. I replaced my rusty quart-measure by a bright and shining utensil and at the same time bought an aluminum measuring-cup. I no longer scorned accurate measurements as, with the help of these aids, I found my results invariable. I indulged before long in a spatula, which I found to be truly an implement of conservation; no more batter left in my mixing bowls to be wasted and, at the same time, to make dish-washing more difficult.

The next thing to be added to my stock was a cake-cooler, and I certainly have made that wire rack work overtime. I turn out all my breads and cakes upon it and consequently have no more soggy products, as the steam has a chance to escape on all sides. I place my rising bread on it over a pan of hot water; I use it as a salad-drainer and, when canning, I turn my hot jars on it; I never invested twenty-five cents to better advantage.

My biggest outlay as far as money was concerned was for a meat-grinder I hesitated a good while before actually getting this, as I had the idea that it might be hard to wash and perhaps on that account I might not use it much after acquiring it, but the meatless days were upon us, and, tired of chopping vegetables and nuts and weary of grating crumbs, when I saw a chopper that opened for cleaning purposes, I fell, and it is now a permanent ornament of my kitchen table.

Speaking of kitchen tables, I was very much tempted to discard my old table and buy a much-longed-for kitchen cabinet which displayed itself to my envious eyes when I dropped into a house-furnishing store to invest heavily—in a measuring cup or a spatula—but as my small kitchen is really well furnished as to cupboard space, and as there actually wasn't room for the cabinet, I resisted and compromised by having the top of my table covered with zinc, a shelf put underneath and castors put on the legs. On that zinc top I can put hot pans with never a thought, and I can roll cookies and pastry with never a "stick." On the shelf I keep bowls and pans in daily use, and while I hang my saucepans and small utensils over the table's special corner in the kitchen, it is ready to roll to stove, cupboard, or sink—and the steps that are saved! And the time that is saved!



Six Indispensable Utensils for the Efficient Housekeeper's Kitchen

Time! Never was time as valuable as last year; never was there such a demand for work outside the home, work which was a woman's privilege to perform; and at the same time, without my usual helper, never had my home required as much from me. In the first rush of Red Cross work my family went on somewhat of a delicatessen-store diet. I almost joined the company of the many women who think that the efficient housekeeper is the woman who spends the least time in her kitchen, a fact which, perhaps, explains the large prosperity of the delicatessen. The complication of food conservation, however, saved me from their ranks, as I soon found that only by preparing things myself was I able to live up to the increasingly strenuous program of the food administration to which, as a patriotic housekeeper, I was pledged.

Having simplified and amplified at the same time my equipment, and in this way made a good beginning, I then began to see how I could improve my methods of work with time-saving as an end. I was already using the quickest method of dishwashing, as I had a hose-attachment to the faucet which allowed me to rinse with such hot water that the china dried in the drainer without wiping. But the many cooking-pots and pans needed much scrubbing. I began to try to make one utensil do the work of two wherever possible; I began to plan my work before I started.

The Faithful Fireless Cooker

ONE of my chief assistants in this time-saving campaign has been my fireless cooker which I purchased several years ago. While it was a novelty, I played with it a few times, but as the cook was too "conservative" to experiment with it, it stayed unused in its corner. In the past year, however, it has made up for lost time; many meals have cooked themselves while I spent my afternoons at the Red Cross.

Speaking of saving money as well as fuel, it has always been a theory of mine that time was usually saved at the expense of money. I found, however, that in this case of kitchen re-organising the opposite was true, for the simple reason that I began to use my new-found kitchen intelligence in all my housekeeping problems. I found that buying twice a week saved not only time but money, in fact that that system, applied to all ends of my business of running a house, meant, in spite of the rising costs of living, a saving which helped the family to answer the succeeding calls of war funds and Liberty Bonds. I am rather proud of that, but one other thing means more to me—the fact that my declaration of independence has been successful, that never again will the comfort of my household be dependent upon the absolute monarchy of a queen of the kitchen. *My kitchen revolution is going to be a permanent triumph for democracy.*

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The Service rendered our fighting men by aluminum utensils under the rigorous conditions of war on land and sea has strikingly shown that **"Wear-Ever"** aluminum utensils will withstand the severest kind of usage.

It emphasizes what so many thousands of women know:—that, although perhaps higher in first cost,

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils

are far cheaper in the end, because their enduring service makes unnecessary the constant buying of new utensils.

Aluminum Cooking Utensils are *not* all the same. There *is* a difference. **"Wear-Ever"** utensils are made in one piece from *thick*, hard sheet aluminum. They cannot chip, scale or break—are pure and safe.

It now is possible to resume manufacturing a complete line of **"Wear-Ever"** in quantities sufficient, we hope, to meet the ever-growing national demand for these sturdy, dependable utensils—some of which were unobtainable during the war, because thousands of tons of aluminum were used in making cooking utensils for soldiers and sailors.

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Replace Utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

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The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
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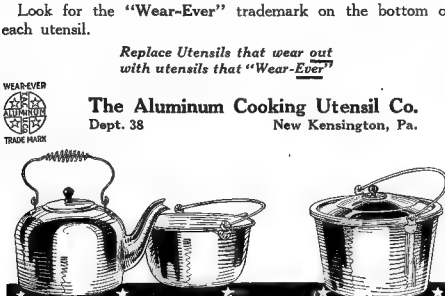

Pictorial Review Mother Club

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Normal crying registers objection and rebellion. It is a husky clear-toned sound, accompanied as a rule by vigorous motions of arms and legs. As you who followed the progress of PICTORIAL REVIEW "Junior" will recall, we often checked his crying by rubbing his limbs, buttocks, and spine, not roughly, but just enough to relieve cramping from lying in one position, or being bound in clothes for many hours. At a very early age, he showed appreciation of these rubbings in moments of blissful contentment. The combination of kicking, sawing the air with tiny fists and screaming is needed exercise for the baby who is not rubbed.

There are, however, certain forms of crying which demand investigation. Look out for the low, moaning cry without vigor. That means illness. A throaty, barking cry means cold, especially in the bronchial tubes. The fretful, restless cry often means merely physical discomfort, a wet or soiled diaper, a binder which is too tight. The long, steady wail of pain which no amount of attention will check, especially if accompanied by rolling of the head or distressed features, should be investigated. But the lusty cry of anger or rebellion does not mean anything serious. Indulged in moderation, it is good exercise and will not cause ruptures as so many young mothers fear.

CERTAIN small matters may make the inexperienced mother anxious at just this time. One of these is the fontanel or opening at the top of the skull. This does not close entirely until eighteen months or even later, so do not fret because you can see what you describe as throbbing under the scalp. The bony opening will close gradually.

Just now, Baby begins to assert his own wishes. If you feed him ahead of the schedule time once, he will demand shorter and shorter intervals, and you will soon have no schedule at all. Stick to the three-hour feeding interval if he is thriving. The test of this is weight. Normally, he will gain an average of six ounces a week. This may mean five ounces one week and seven the next, not invariably six ounces every seven days.

This is also the time when he notices sound and light. Shield him from both. His business is to eat, sleep, and gain, not to notice anything nor anybody. Many baby-specialists insist that at two months a baby should sleep twenty-two hours out of twenty-four. I have never found this possible even in an exceptionally healthy baby. Allowing fifteen minutes for each of the eight feedings required by the average baby of this age, two hours of the twenty-four are gone. In addition there must be time for changing of diapers, a daily bath, the evening rub which is so comforting to a baby, dressing for the outing—and so another two hours have been exhausted. I would say that a baby who sleeps twenty hours out of twenty-four is doing finely.

Speaking of outings, at two months a baby should have at least one of his long naps outdoors every fair weather, and all sleeping should be done in a well-ventilated room. Those mothers who have sunny porches protected from wind indeed not take their babies for daily walks. Our "Junior" was raised in a country home with a broad porch where he took all of his daytime naps. He never went for a ride in his buggy until able to sit up. This saves Mother's time and energy and discourages a taste for being pushed about, jogged, etc. The city mother often has to take her baby for a ride to secure fresh air at all, but if she is wise, she will go to the nearest sunny square or park and occupy a bench while her baby sleeps. The trundling habit does not increase the health or happiness of the child.

This is the age when you can decide whether discolorations of the flesh are birth-marks or merely bruises due to prolonged labor. The latter should have disappeared. Some of the bright-red birth-marks will also fade; but the dark-brown birth-marks are apt to remain. If the mark has a blistered surface, your doctor may wish to operate on it. But whatever it be mark, do not apply ointment, nor allow any one except a physician to treat it.

This is an exce..lent time to start two slight changes in feeding your baby. First give him a little water to drink between feedings, or on awakening, before you change his diaper. A teaspoonful of water which has been boiled and cooled is enough for the start and you can increase the amount gradually as he develops thirst. Pure water helps to flush kidneys, and modern doctors believe in training children to drink it

Second, if yours is a breast-fed baby, give one bottle-feeding a day. For this step there are two good reasons. It gives the mother more freedom to resume her social life, and to go out with her husband. It is the first step in the gradual weaning process which is so much better than the old, agonizing abrupt weaning from breast to bottle in case the mother is taken violently ill, or becomes pregnant or even when, in the natural course of events, baby must abandon breast-milk for solid food. The change is less disastrous to baby's stomach and nervous system if, from two months on, he has had one or more daily feedings from the bottle. For this supplementary feeding for a normally healthy baby, use a combination of plain or whole milk, plain boiled water, and milk sugar. At two months, start with 3 ounces of food, 1½ ounce plain milk, 1½ ounce boiled water, 1 teaspoonful of milk-sugar or malt-sugar. At first you can boil milk and water together and add sugar while the mixture is hot. Cool until it is the temperature of breast-milk. If boiling the milk causes constipation, you can change to unboiled milk, but it is well to start by boiling, especially in combining with breast-milk.

SO MANY members of the Mother Club have written kindly inquiries about the progress of my little grandson, PICTORIAL REVIEW "Junior," that I know they will be interested to hear that, during his recent visit to my home, I had ample opportunity to study the good results which have followed the use of PICTORIAL REVIEW methods in his upbringing. His digestion is excellent, his habits regular, and he sleeps from ten to eleven hours each night without waking. The change from a steam-heated city apartment to the more or less drafty rooms of a country home resulted in a cold which developed rapidly into a serious bronchial condition, complicated by swollen glands and earache. This was relieved promptly by a local physician who employed a method of treatment so simple, yet effective, that I will be very glad to pass it on to others who are remote from doctors. It can be used with absolute safety until the services of a physician can be secured, and will save the child much suffering, the mother great anxiety. In writing for this treatment, please ask for "PICTORIAL REVIEW Junior's Treatment for a Cold," and be sure to send self-addressed and stamped envelope. Understand that this is not a drug or patent medicine, just a combination of common-sense home methods and remedies which brought remarkable relief in a short time.

Reflections of a Random Philosopher

By THOMAS L. MASSON

The Second Car Ahead

IN MOTOR driving, one of the fundamental rules, the realization of which comes only after experience, is always to keep your eye on the second car ahead. It gives you so much more time to handle your own car, because what the second car ahead does, largely determines what the car directly in front of you does. You get your information just a bit earlier. It's a funny little rule this, but in actual practice how you come to respect it!

It seems almost too bad that in a corresponding short time, in driving a motor, one should come to see so keenly a rule like this, and should take so long to see it in one's life. Some people never come to see it. They go on all their lives, bumping into the object just ahead of them for want of visualizing the second one ahead.

Perhaps, after all, it will take you more time to see how this rule works than you would believe, because the only way you can see it is to work it out for yourself and then its application may seem dim to you until you have tested it over and over. Let us put it in this way: That what you are going to do to-morrow afternoon determines what you are going to do this afternoon more than what you are going to do this afternoon determines what you are going to do to-morrow afternoon. You will say immediately that you don't know what you are going to do to-morrow afternoon. But then, you don't know what the second car ahead is going to do. You watch it and pretty soon you find it halting and that gives you a little margin of time to take care of the first car ahead. It's that little margin that counts. The difference between the second car ahead and to-morrow afternoon is that you can see one and not the other; but the principle is the same, because it is largely your own attitude of looking ahead that really counts. In short, it is not so much what we determine for the future, as the fact that we are looking beyond the immediate present that gives us the greatest leverage on life.

Impatience

IMPATIENCE is the eternal trade-mark of immaturity, the badge of savagery, the unfailing register of the primitive. Children and savages can not wait. Their desires must be immediately carried out, otherwise they destroy or kill. The man who seeks to borrow from you must be accommodated upon the instant, or the insurance policy will lapse, the train will leave without him, the landlord will evict him, the children starve. Impatience travels without a margin. It has no money in the bank, no provisions in store, no time to lose. It deals in disasters, and like the whirling tornado, strews its path with wreckage. There is only one cure for impatience, and that is, patience.

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Betty Wales Dresses

HAPPINESS and springtime are rioting through the land. The high, clear note of wedding bells is on the air. This to all womankind means clothes, happy clothes. Bride, sister or guest—we are all sharing the joyous excitement.

We are thinking dresses. Whether for the street, the house or for evening, we all want at least one new dress, and that one should be a Betty Wales.

The girl in the Betty Wales dress knows that her frock has distinction and style. Every spot of trimming or dash of color is deft and sure. Nothing mars the setting that a Betty Wales dress makes for her happy face.

The Betty Wales dealer in your city is now showing the new dresses; yours is among them. If you have moved to a new city and are not sure who the Betty Wales dealer is, we will gladly supply his name.

Write for the Betty Wales New Style Portfolio.

The Betty Wales Guarantee

Your protection and our guarantee are symbolized by the Betty Wales label which is sewn in every dress. Every Betty Wales dress is correct in design and style, honest in fabric, cleanly manufactured and of full value. All dealers who sell Betty Wales dresses are authorized to make complete refund of money for any Betty Wales dress that is not satisfactory.

Betty Wales Dressmakers

603 WALDORF BUILDING NEW YORK

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Getting furnishings the Larkin Way is a saving instead of an expense

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30 Days FREE TRIAL

You don't have to wait or save. We ship Products and Premium on trial. If at the end of thirty days you are satisfied you send us the money. If not satisfactory, we will send for Products and Premium making no charge whatever for a reasonable use of products. Can anything be fairer than this? We have for many years successfully served thousands of American homes—we can save money for you and please you.

Freight Service is again normal. Never were we in a better position to serve you.

This Spring Gown is one of our many smart New York Models

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Just off the press. Tells you all about the Larkin Products. See the splendid new offers of Wearing Apparel like this model all handsomely illustrated and described, also hundreds of attractive offers in furniture, rugs, curtains, silverware, etc. Learn how to interest your friends and neighbors in our great Club Plan. We make this a very profitable service for you. They too will be glad to save money.

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Are You Lonely?

By IDA CLYDE CLARKE

IS THIS a very lonely world in which we live? I think it is, and this opinion is based, not on theory alone, but on a series of actual experiences. Quite by accident I stumbled upon the fact that about one-half of the people one meets in the course of an ordinary business day are actually lonely. The knowledge of the situation grew upon my consciousness gradually, then one day the fact rose up and struck me in the face, and I have acknowledged and pursued it ever since. That was the day upon which I met the one who lays serious claims to being the very loneliest person in the whole, wide world—a woman who is at the head of a department in one of the largest department stores in New York City. She sees hundreds and hundreds of people every day, talks to them, lives among them, has interests in common with many of them, and yet, she declares that she is very, very lonely!

That set me to thinking, and made me realize that loneliness of the heart is wholly separate and apart from isolation or even desolation of the physical being.

Being a business woman, I come in contact with an average number of average people each day, and I began to question them, as opportunity permitted, as to how they fill up the chinks in their lives—what life means to them aside from the routine of business, home duties, or the set, daily program of existence. An astonishingly large proportion of them told me that they were desperately lonely! The people who are busiest, whose lives are fullest, are often most lonely. This is because when moments for relaxation and self-realization are rarest they are most precious, most vital.

A Call to the Lonely

AN IDEA in ink is worth a hundred in the head. I decided to put my idea in ink and thus make my investigation cover a wider area. Accordingly I began my adventure in loneliness by the insertion of a three-line advertisement in a metropolitan daily paper. In this advertisement I invited lonely people to communicate with me, and within forty-eight hours I had received more than three hundred letters from lonely people! Of the writers men were in the majority, by twenty-eight! Did these letters come from desolate, faraway places? Not by any means. They came from country homes, villages, small cities, and no small proportion of them from the very heart of New York City, where six million people live, move, and have their being.

As to the cure, that is a different and a difficult question, for every case appears to demand a different treatment. Sometimes it has seemed that so little was needed to let the sunshine into a lonely heart, and again the problem has been a most baffling one. I am happy to say that some of the people who answered that little advertisement are far happier to-day than they were when first they read it.

An attractive young man of twenty-six came to see me. He was wholesome-looking and well educated, and there was a certain buoyancy about him that completely concealed the real state of his mind. He was ashamed of being lonely, and apologized for it. "I should have my friends or members of my family to know that I am lonely," he said, but "I'm going to make a confession to you. I'm going to tell you something I have never framed into words. Ever since I was quite a youngster I have had a longing, real and definite, to meet and know and associate with people—well, not *better* than my people—I don't mean that—but——" His face flushed and he looked at me desperately. "I know there is a social strata higher than the one on which I was born. I knew it when I was in high school and it was driven cruelly home to me when I was in college. *Is* there a way, *or isn't there?* I want to meet real people, people who think as I think, who feel as I feel, and who read the books I read."

ONE night a pretty, dark-haired girl called to see me at my hotel. She was a stenographer. "We are seven," she told me, with a winsome smile. "I have six girl friends who are lonely, just as I am, and I came to ask if you could help us?" With a pretty blush she admitted to me that they had formed a little "We Are Seven Club," but that it was almost a failure because—because *they were all girls!* I told her she need not apologize, that her inclination and that of her friends was a perfectly wholesome one, and only showed that they were normal, wholesome girls.

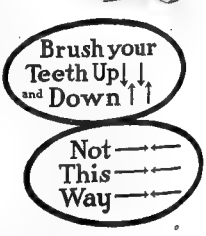
Early in my adventure I learned that the woman who feels that she would like to make friends of the opposite sex is not always the woman who wants to marry. A woman who lives in a small city in New England wrote,

"I don't crave to go to dances and I am not looking for a soul-mate or a husband—I don't want anything but to see and say a little word to a woman who realizes as you must realize that a woman can be the loneliest creature in all God's earth and yet be in the midst of thousands of people. I am sure you will understand."

"Don't you find that it is only the very poor and the very rich who are really lonely," some one asked. Swiftly I ran over in my mind the lonely people I had met and I knew that the very loneliest people are neither very rich nor very poor. Most

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

The Pro-phy-lac-tic always comes in a yellow box. There are many imitations of the Pro-phy-lac-tic so you should look carefully for the name and yellow box when you buy.



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Defy the Winds and Weather

Sharp winds that cut the face and dull the bloom of beautiful complexions can be defied with just a little extra care. Keep the skin frequently cleansed, purified and refreshed with

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

Its use is the habit of refinement that is also a daily delight. It preserves the complexion against wind and weather and helps the skin to retain a smoothness that is irresistibly attractive. Tubes and Jars, 10c to $1.50.

Send a tube to a soldier or sailor. It is a comfort they need and will appreciate.

Poudre Amourette The ultra delicate powder for very dainty people. Looks natural, stays on. Flesh, white, brunette 50c. Both D & R Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette may be obtained of your dealer or by mail of us.

Two Samples Free

Trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette sent free on request. Address

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D. & R. Building New York
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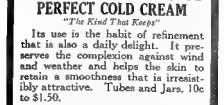

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A life may be saved or serious results prevented if you know the *first thing* to do and the *right thing* to do it.

JOHNSON'S FIRST AID MANUAL

Worth a lot—costs but little

Drowning, poisoning, accidents, minor injuries, fainting, stopping bleeding—practically every contingency is covered in simple, practical way. Actual photographs and color plates explain fully. Services of eminent physicians and first aid authorities have contributed. The *standard* First Aid Manual a needed in every home, factory, office and educational institution. Red cross Cloth cover 50c, postpaid. Order today

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Fashion says the use of DEL-A-TONE

is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why

"they all use Delatone"

Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clean, firm and hairless, with no pain or discoloration. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1 by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. HG., 339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Are You Lonely?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

of those I have met are earners and are busy enough to be growing and developing. People who are virtually standing still do not feel lonely—they scarcely feel at all.

A troubled masculine voice conveyed to me a very plaintive plea. "You are talking to the loneliest man in all the world," it said, and from the serious tone I could almost believe it. His story was one O. Henry would have immortalized. He had had a great deal of trouble of various kinds. He had suffered heavy financial losses which were calculated to make any one feel lonely, but that did not seem to be the cause of his loneliness, for he was climbing up-hill again, so far as his business was concerned. He had been in South America, where he tried to forget the things he did not wish to remember, and now he was back at home again, realizing anew his mistakes, and he wanted, oh, so earnestly, to right-about-face and begin over again. But his friends were the friends of the other days, of the life he wished to forget. Surely, he said, there must be somewhere people who would understand him, who would interest him, who were different from the people he knew. But where were they? And how could he find them? And could I help him?

Hungry for Real Friendship

THE inspirational element in all of these stories is that those who are telling them and living them are struggling to look up and out, to find a better environment for the spiritual side of their natures than they have had. Always I have found the better impulses stirring.

This letter from a woman of forty tells its own story:

"I have a lovely home and every comfort and luxury that I could wish for. I have selected my furniture, my rugs, and my curtains with a great deal of care, and they please my outward senses. But they can neither feel nor think nor understand, and I know that it is something more than velvet carpets and mahogany furniture that I want. I am lonely—oh, so lonely."

"I used to have plenty of friends," one young man said to me, "but I've been living away from home for six or seven years and it is surprising how few of the old group are left. Moved away, married, died—that's the story I hear continually, and I am lonely."

These letters and many, many more, convinced me that I was face to face with a problem—with hundreds of problems, in fact, for each story I heard was quite different from the last, as one case of physical illness differs from another. Each person had an individual, personal need. How was I to meet it?

The logical suggestion offered itself, the suggestion that I form a club of these various people and allow them to get acquainted with each other. Problems in chess always fascinated me, and one of the things I learned in the days when I had time to play chess was that the natural, normal, easy move is never the key-move that solves the problem. Early I came to know that the club was not the thing. There was such a mixture of taste and temperament, such differing degrees of refinement, education, etc., it was impossible to entertain the club idea. Some were old and some were young, some were rich and some were poor, some were grave and some were gay. Besides, it is quite probable that not one of them was willing to be tagged as a "lonelyite." Many of them seemed anxious to pay me, but there was literally nothing I could do for them for which I could accept money.

There was but one plan for me to adopt. I must look up each case separately and find out what I could do that would mean the very most to that individual. I must require and investigate references and then I must contrive, in some pleasant way, to bring congenial people together—people who might interest each other.

This I found to be an extremely difficult plan, and one requiring much time and thought, tho in every single case the results have much more than justified the effort.

I am still wondering if there is some other and better way of making the world less lonely. Most people seem to be lonely because they really never have a genuine, wholesome good time. Sunshine is something no one has been able to get around corner on. All we have to do is to step out into it and the measure of our share is limited only by our capacity to enjoy it. What sunshine is to the physical, a wholesome good time is to the soul. Sunshine has been provided for our souls just as it has been provided for our bodies. Loneliness is the darkness of a shut-in soul, and the remedy is to open the door and come out into the sunshine of friendliness, congeniality, sympathy, and understanding.

CONSECRATION

By ANNA BIRD STEWART

I AM not I alone,
I am the woman he
Has loved. My worth to me
Far mightier has grown,
And ever greater is.
Since I am his
And am not I alone.

© Ira Hill

Miss Violet Heming, starring in "Three Faces East." New York's favorite mystery play, says, "Corticelli Taffeta has unusual softness, strength and beauty. I find no other taffetas half as satisfactory for evening or street wear."

How lovely Violet Heming chose her gown

THE delightful simplicity of this girlish model created for Miss Heming by Henri Bendel threw all the emphasis on the material. Inevitably, because of its soft beauty and lustre, Corticelli taffeta was chosen. The soft, pliant fabric draped so easily

For the day-time taffeta so modish this spring, the heavy "Service" quality of Corticelli is ideal. The quiet richness and lovely colorings of the Corticelli poplins make them also, most desirable.

Ask to see them as well as the taffetas. If your store cannot show you a wide variety of the newest Corticelli dress silks, please write us. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 54 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

CORTICELLI DRESS SILKS

Also makers of Corticelli Yarns, Cottons and Silk Thread

FREE BOOKLET

Write for the interesting booklet showing the fascinating models that have been developed in Corticelli Dress Silks

Corticelli Yarn Book No. 8

Fascinating new models in women's sweaters, slip-ons, etc. Adorable knitted and crocheted things for the children and babies. Every model illustrated—explicit directions. Price 15c, by mail 18c.

No Canadian or foreign orders accepted

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An Invitation

Which Mothers Should Accept

Nearly every magazine you read invites you to serve Puffed Grains—for the children's sake.

That is, Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs—all bubble grains, flavory and flaky.

And it pictures ways of serving which millions now enjoy.

500 Million Dishes

Last year mothers served in these ways over 500 million dishes. And these three Puffed Grains have become the favorite grain dainties.

Millions of children are getting whole wheat with every food cell exploded—whole wheat made wholly digestible.

They are getting whole rice puffed to flimsy, airy morsels, eight times normal size.

They are getting corn hearts puffed in like way—delightful food confections.

They are getting all these grains fitted for digestion as they never were before.

All are steam-exploded—all are shot from guns. All are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process to make them hygienic foods.

And all are fragile, flavory tidbits with a taste like toasted nuts. All are the most enticing grain foods in existence.

If you now serve one of them try the other two. Each has its own fascinations.

And try serving them in more ways. They are ideal all-hour foods.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix them with your fruits. For luncheons and suppers float in bowls of milk.

All Puffed Grains are crisp and toasted, and four times as porous as bread.

Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat dry — like peanuts —after school.

Use like nut meats in home candy making, or scattered on ice cream.

Use as wafers in your soups.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(2092)

COOKING

Raisin Desserts Save Sugar

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

BEFORE the war we used to add raisins and other fruits to our mixtures without in the least thinking of the added sweetness they gave. In these days, when the food-value of every ingredient in a dish is considered carefully, the economical housewife finds an excellent sugar-saving ally in the versatile raisin. To the unmitiated it will probably be surprizing to learn that raisins are more than three-fourths sugar. Why not take advantage of this, and save a little more sugar now and then?

RAISIN PANCAKES WITH SIRUP

BEAT up three yolks of eggs, add two cupfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter-substitute, two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of corn-flour, one teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat well, then add one cupful of seedless raisins and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs Cook on a hot, wel-greased griddle, and when nicely browned on one side turn with a pancake-turner. When browned on the other side, remove to a hot dish, and serve with sirup or honey

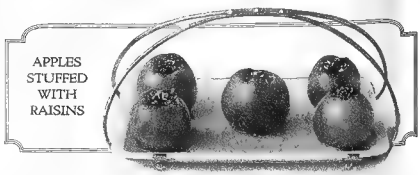
STEAMED RAISIN PUDDING

INTO a large bowl put one package each of seeded and seedless raisins, add one cupful of flour, one pound of suet chopped fine, two cupfuls of bread-crumbs, one cupful of grated maple-sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half pound of candied orange-peel chopped fine, one teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon, three eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and one and one-half cupful of milk or water. Mix thoroughly, turn into a large, greased pudding-mold, cover with a greased paper and steam steadily for eight hours. Serve with whipped and sweetened evaporated milk, or with any other kind of preferred sweet sauce.

RAISIN ROLLS WITH RAISIN SAUCE

INTO a bowl sift one cupful each of flour and barley flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, cut and rub in one-half cupful of butter-substitute, add two tablespoonfuls of corn-sirup and three-fourths cupful of milk or water Roll out to one-half inch in thickness, sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of sugar mixed with one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and one cupful of seedless raisins. Roll up as for cinnamon rolls, cut in slices, lay on greased baking-tins, and bake.

Serve while still very hot with the following raisin sauce: Mix two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch with one-fourth cupful of cold water, add one-half cupful of corn-sirup, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter-substitute, one cupful of seedless raisins, and one and one-half cupful of hot water. Bring to boiling-point and then simmer for fifteen minutes. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract.



APPLES STUFFED WITH RAISINS

WASH, core, and remove the pulp from twelve smooth apples, leaving a good shell to hold the following dressing. Through a food chopper put two cupfuls of raw apples, add two cupfuls of seeded raisins, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Stuff the apple shells with this mixture and place the apples on greased baking tins. Into a saucepan pour one cupful each of water and corn- or maple-sirup, add one tablespoonful of butter-substitute, then bring to boiling-point and boil for five minutes. Pour this sauce over the apples and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Serve hot or cold.

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A postal card to the Domestic Science Department, Division 12, Armour and Company, Chicago, will bring you a ***free*** copy of "The Business of Being a Housewife," which contains many tempting ways of serving Armour's Prepared Meats, together with other valuable recipes and household information.

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They Wanted Jell-O

Do you remember the dreadful disappointment it used to be in the old days at home when mother brought on for dessert some baked apples or pieplant pie, or something else that was too common, and you had expected ice cream or shortcake at least?

Now the little folks want Jell-O, and it is so delicious, refreshing, pure and wholesome, so "economical" and so easily prepared, that there is no reason why the little tots or anybody else should be disappointed in their dessert.

Creamy Desserts

That do not require any cream at all for making them, nor eggs or sugar, are made in perfection of Jell-O—and of course they do not have to be cooked.

To give you the best possible idea of "the Jell-O way" we will send you, free, a copy of the latest Jell-O Book, which gives full information on the subject, if you will send us your name and address.

In every case of sickness or convalescence there is a period when feeding is a most important factor, and often it is found that Jell-O is the one particular dish which satisfies the craving for something refreshing and revives the weakened appetite.

Jell-O is made in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. At any grocer's, **2** packages for **25** cents.

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Making My Old Furniture Match and Look Like New

By HANNA TACHAU

IT IS not given to every woman to be able to refurnish her room entirely—to begin at the very beginning and select new furniture and rugs and hangings and wall coverings that live together in peace and harmony. This would not be so difficult a task nowadays when there are so many charming things to choose from—modern productions as well as old reproductions. But a far more difficult yet diverting occupation is to utilize the things you have—to bring pieces of widely different antecedents together and not only make them forget their natural antipathy to each other, but to actually feel that they are associating on the very friendliest of terms.

And so it becomes an exciting adventure to set to work with a paint-pot and brush and a little ingenuity to see what can be done. When I started, I had rather a motley array to deal with—an oak day-bed, a mahogany chest of drawers, a dilapidated burlap screen, a small pine table—but they were all of a modest size, conforming nicely with the spaces of my small room. I determined to make of this room a restful little haven, tho I had but little money to expend upon it. Fortunately it had, for a foundation to work upon, walls that were painted a warm, deep cream verging upon buff. This was encouraging because my carpet happened to be of a soft blue interspersed with small conventional patterns of buff, so that my carpet and walls had something in common and the buff of the walls was repeated inconspicuously in the floor covering.

It's Surprising What a Little Paint and Perseverance Will Do

I next considered the furniture. My little chest of drawers was of real merit. It had once been part of an old secretary, but the book-shelves which had formed the upper part of the structure had long since disappeared and I had had the lower chest of drawers of fine old mahogany refinished by an expert cabinetmaker, so that it glowed and shone in its fine new dress. I found an old mahogany mirror that I hung above it to reflect its image as well as mine, and some old glass knobs to replace those that were broken.

PAINTING old furniture brings about wonderful transformations and I determined that my brush should so renew the possibilities of those pieces I possessed that they should become fit companions for my bureau. The day-bed was of unglazed oak, the finish being worn off in places, so I undertook to sandpaper the whole wooden surface until it was clean and smooth and dry. Sandpapering the entire highly-glazed surface would have been too arduous, but parts of this surface were already worn down to the original wood, so it was not difficult to remove the rest. I decided to paint my bed a rich, dull cream, to tone in with the walls, thus making it inconspicuous, but at the same time perfectly harmonious with mahogany. There is, after all, a near kinship between painted furniture and mahogany, for both of them were at the height of their glory during the eighteenth century, so why shouldn't I attempt to combine the two successfully?

First, I put on two coats of flat paint. I knew that each should be applied as evenly and smoothly as possible and put on rather thin, for paint that is too thick dries very slowly and when it is dry, is apt to chip off easily. I allowed about two days for each coat to dry thoroughly before adding the next. In the third and last coat, I had added, at the paint shop, a very little varnish. This was to give a pleasant texture to the surface without too high a luster. A little hanging book-shelf which took up but little space, but which was still large enough to hold a few favorite volumes, I painted in the same manner as the bed and also my little pine table, which I used as a bed-table, to hold a lamp and a few magazines.

Painting furniture in a solid neutral color or, if you wish to add, for relief, a few lines of a contrasting color that harmonizes with your hangings, is treating it in the simplest and most inexpensive way, but, because of this very simplicity, it can be carried out far more successfully by an amateur than if a more ambitious decoration were attempted. Of course, those of you who are adepts in flower-painting will find a splendid opportunity for displaying your craftsmanship upon furniture, if your room is adapted to it.

After the furniture has been treated with the required number of coats of paint to secure the proper surface, a flower motif, taken from the chints or cretonne hangings, or inspired from some other source in the room, can be applied to it. The design can either be sketched in lightly "free hand" or traced from a stencil that has been cut from stiff paper or thin cardboard. The outlines of the decoration must be kept absolutely clear and sharp to get good results and this protects the decoration and also makes it possible to clean it with a soft cloth when soiled.

The most difficult phase of painting old furniture is to remove the several coats of paint and varnish with which it has previously been finished. The most successful way is to treat it with a paint and varnish remover, but this is neither a very easy nor pleasant job, so it is often better in the long run to have it done by a trained cabinetmaker. However, when the finish is not highly glazed and the surfaces of the particular pieces of furniture are rather flat, you can use a stout, broadbladed knife and scrape them, holding the edge of the knife to the wood at right angles, drawing it firmly toward you. If the strokes are even, and you do not use a nervous digging motion, you will not injure the wood underneath. After the paint and varnish have been removed, the surface should be made smooth and clean with coarse sandpaper. A strong solution of ammonia is sometimes used to remove varnish and paint but this is apt to darken the wood. When I began to do over my screen, I found that the slender wooden posts to which the burlap was fastened were of a light oak, but as they were highly varnished, I removed the outer layers with a strong solution of washing-soda and then made the surfaces smooth with sandpaper. Then I painted the posts with a thin coat of mahogany stain to match my bureau. The burlap was not in a very good condition and I thought of replacing it with cretonne to match my hangings, but as it was a four-panelled screen, I found that both the labor and expense would be great, so I determined to first mend it and then paint the faded green burlap blue, to match my carpet. In several places, I had to insert new pieces of burlap, darning the patches back and forth with strands of the fiber itself, drawn from the burlap.

After the mending process was complete, I realized that burlap was a very porous material and that it would voraciously eat up oceans of paint before I could get any results, so I casually asked a decorator who specialized in this sort of work what to do and he told me to size the surfaces first before painting. This sizing consisted in melting to a thin consistency with boiling water, a sizing glue, which, when thoroughly dissolved, is applied with a paint-brush to the burlap. I did, finding that it must be put on very evenly and quickly while it is warm and flows easily. Wherever the glue became thick and spotty it soon became apparent when dry and this uneven surface even showed through the paint. I let this sizing dry overnight, and then the next day I began applying the blue paint, two coats of which proved sufficient to procure the tone I wanted.

Perhaps under no other circumstances could I have so thoroughly enjoyed furnishing my room as by having each article evolve—the results of my own labor. It was such fun planning and experimenting and finally finishing and putting each piece into place. Of course, each room presents a different problem, but it is this variation that makes for individual expression and individual solution.

THERE is no more delightful combination than that of a few pieces of painted furniture with those of wicker or cane. It is particularly appropriate for use in country houses or in informal rooms where chints hangings and covers abound and where the color and flower motifs can be repeated upon the painted pieces, transforming a once dull and uninteresting apartment into one of real joyousness. And so any woman who craves a bright, cheerful environment can create one at little expense, by using to advantage the things she has, provided she is willing to give the time and enthusiasm that are needed to bring to fruition this labor of love.

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Silk Fabrics ~ Spool Silks

As with classic masterpieces, the judgment of time has set it's approval on the perfection of fabric and design in Belding's Silks.

A beautiful, highly lustrous silk of individual weave is "NANCETTE" —a new Belding creation to meet the style demands of Spring.

BELDING BROS. & Co
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White Clover Dress Shields are the shields you choose to protect your most cherished gown! They are comfortable and always reliable.

In flesh—white—black; in different sizes, styles and weights.

If you have difficulty in obtaining just the Omo Shields you wish send for Booklet 14 and name of nearest dealer.

THE OMO MANUFACTURING CO.
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

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KABO

"LIVE MODEL" CORSETS AND BRASSIERES

Fitted over Live Models bending to every working position. This secures positive comfort with correct support and shapeliness. Extra strength in all KABO fabrics gives additional months of wear. This means the most thorough corset economy.

Kabo Corset Company
New York Chicago San Francisco

Daughters of the Golden Treasure

Money for Every Girl and Her Mother

THE word reconstruction is on every one's lips these days Now that peace is in the world once more the numerous problems the war has caused confront us for solution. One of the biggest tasks that men have ever faced is before them now. This task really means the reconstruction of a great part of Europe physically, financially, and mentally. As we, here in the United States, are in the best position to assist in this great work, naturally it will be up to us to supply the greater part of the materials, money, and inspiration for this colossal undertaking

You girls who read this may wonder what the reconstruction of Europe has to do with giving you opportunities for making money But it really has a great deal to do with you, just as the war itself had a great deal to do with you. In the next few years there are indications on all sides that the United States is destined for the biggest period of industrial activity it has ever known Factories, mills, shops, and stores will positively hum with prosperity There will be work for everybody—men and women. Farmers and other agricultural workers will have all that they can do to take care of their various duties. Now it is true that everybody can not work in a mill or on a farm or help in a factory. This is particularly true of women. At the same time, however, the number of women who crave for financial independence is increasing daily and that leads me to state to you in emphatic terms that I have it in my power right now to help any woman, girl, wife, mother, or even grandmother to make money for herself.

The Coming of a New Era

A NEW era is dawning for women. The war showed us very clearly that the old parasite type of woman is dying out. To-day no one would dare say that women are incapable of this or that kind of work Women have proved that there is very little they can not do when given the opportunity and incentive. Loyal patriotism was the inspiration that prompted women to achieve what they did during the war.

The incentive I have to offer them is independence; independence, self-reliance, and financial freedom The freedom to make money for themselves and the freedom to spend it for themselves, on themselves, or in any other way they choose. Here is what one of "my" daughters wrote me recently.

"DEAR PEGGY

"For doing what you did for me I look on you as a sort of new feminine Lincoln. You surely freed me from financial slavery. Do you know, dear Peggy, until I came in touch with you I never knew what it was to spend a cent without having to account for it. Now I am happy to say I spend my own money and make it myself, thanks to you L. M. F——, N. Dak."

A letter like that has a sweet sound to me, for I think I guess a great deal from what L. M. F—— leaves unsaid. Can't you picture many a scene in her home? The girl with her secret longing for something—a gift for a friend or perhaps some trifling need that a woman's vanity yearns to possess; then the man in the case—a husband, or brother, or father, the loving guardian of the purse-strings of the family, and then the anxious moment for the tremulous request and then the questions—what is it for?—the whys—the whens and the wherefores!

Oh, dear, can't you see it all? Can't you feel the tragedy of these pathetic domestic scenes that confront so many women? I often wonder just how many homes there are whose sole "rift within the lute" is caused by these soul-crushing economic battles It is not that men mean to be parsimonious or close-fisted. My experience with men tells me otherwise. Men as a whole are not ungenerous, but it so often happens that they are unable to see good reasons for paying out their hard earned dollars for things of a feminine nature they are unable to fathom

And who can blame them? It is not their fault that they can not always understand, and it is not the fault of the average wife or daughter that she has to apply to a man for her pin-money—her. It is just an unfortunate instance of the dependence of women which I am trying so hard to relieve Are any of you who read these lines in a position like hers? If so, let me urge you to write and let me show you how to gain your financial freedom

What Every Woman Knows

THERE is one thing that every woman knows. It does not matter if she be rich or poor, of high or low estate—and that is that even the best and kindest of men do not always understand or sympathize with a woman's expenditures. What may appear utterly unessential to him may really be entirely necessary to her. Oh! how many ships of marital happiness have been wrecked on these rocks of monetary explanations! And how humiliating it is for a sensitive woman to be eternally explaining and explaining her reasons for having to ask "him" for money.

There should be an end of this sort of thing for every woman who reads this page. Write to me and let me free you from this sort of irritation. It does not matter if you have a dear loving father, a husband, a son, or brother—write to me and I will not only help you to independence, but I will help "him" too.

Read This from California

"DEAR PEGGY:

"With the check you sent me I subscribed to our local Relief Fund and didn't have to ask my husband for a cent.

"GERTRUDE S——"

A woman's needs are varied, and often unselfish, for which she requires money. How often some pet charity of yours has to go without your contribution because you can not supply the money yourself Why don't you make up your mind to end this sort of thing? Womanliness no longer means helplessness. It stands for independence and helpfulness as never before in the world. I rejoice to think that in my own modest way I have been the means of introducing 10,000 women to the happiness of earning money for themselves. What I have been able to do for this army I surely am able to do for you.

You may write quite freely to me, I can assure you. I look on all the correspondence I receive as a sacred trust, and no word or extract from a letter is ever printed on this page without receiving express permission from the writer. Many a secret is locked up in my heart Many a problem has been solved for those who have seen fit to confide in me. I find that nothing brings one woman so close to another as the desire to help, and in my own way I have been able to assist many, many women and girls to take the first step that leads to independence. What are your needs? Write and tell me. Are your little wants always supplied? Let me know. Would you like to be active in your community charities? Tell me about it. Do you want a little extra money for any purpose whatever? Then write to me and tell me all about it. You will never regret the day you do so. A post-card costs but two cents

I am constantly receiving letters from girls thanking me for drawing their attention to something they had never even dreamed of—financial independence. I will take the liberty of printing a few excerpts for you, chosen from a pile of letters on my desk as I write:

"The ring is lovely, but I must confess the check was appreciated still more."

"Your letter and enclosure was the biggest surprise I have ever had in my life."

"My girl friends think the pearl necklace just beautiful and want to know if they can get one, too"

"Am going to take a trip home for Washington's Birthday on my very own money. You are a wonder, Peggy."

"The comfort-kit I bought with what you sent me made a big hit."

Those are just samples. They come to me from the North, South, East, and West —and they all say the same thing

DO NOT imagine that these grateful Daughters who write me are any different from you. Do not think they are a privileged class, more brilliant or cleverer than you. They are not. They are just like you—but with this difference. They had the initiative to accept my invitation to write me and find out how to earn money. You can surely do that. Just think of having it within yourself to decide whether you will make money or not. Isn't it wonderful? And you have this power. All you have to do is to decide to write me. That is all Now sit down when you have got this far. Think to yourself whether sending a two-cent postal card is too much trouble or not. It isn't, is it? Make up your mind. Do it now while it is fresh in your thoughts. Out with your pen. Just say "Send me your secret, dear PEGGY," and off it goes on its way to,

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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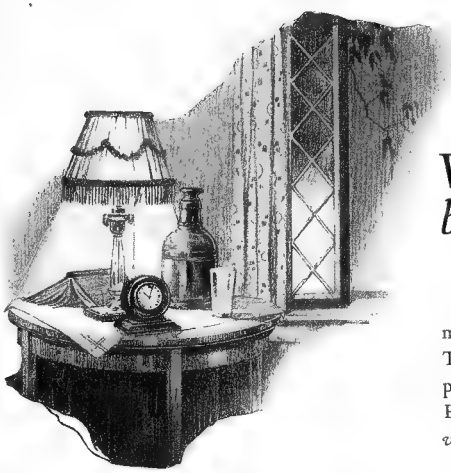

Why are some beds better than others

THE power of a principle is the most wonderful thing in the world. The manufacturer who starts with a principle can accomplish anything. He can even produce a bed that *invites sleep* instead of repelling it.

PERHAPS you have never slept in or seen a proper bed.

A great many people do not yet know what a bed should be —or *why*.

The old wooden bed persists —warped, unsanitary and creaking with age.

The average metal bed is hardly less noisy.

❦ ❦ ❦

IT MAY be news to you that there is anything better to be had than the average bed of the average store.

This better bed is the Simmons Bed with Slumber King Spring.

The Simmons Metal Bed starts with the principle that a bed is made to sleep in. It is noiseless.

Even a slight noise keeps the nerves on edge, though it may not wake the sleeper. The body cannot relax into sleep—sound sleep—unless the nerves are relaxed.

The Simmons Bed will not creak or rattle.

When you push or pull it by one post, the whole bed moves as a unit. You will not feel it shake in your hand—not a sign of unsteadiness.

It is strong—correctly made. It will not pull to pieces or wear loose.

And in the Slumber King Spring, thought has been taken for the relaxed body. Its spring action fits to the contours—the spring is elastic so it will give; but taut so it will support the body.

❦ ❦ ❦

SIMMONS COMPANY started in business forty-two years ago, with a small plant and a fixed principle.

Today it has eight producing factories, millions of beds in use —and a nation-wide goodwill that is not matched anywhere.

It is the leader in *Twin Beds* —a separate bed for each sleeper; welcomed everywhere by nice people, and a great aid toward sound sleep and glowing health.

You will not pay any more for a Simmons Bed than for any bed of good average quality.

It costs no more to work to a principle than to go at the job blindfold.

Simmons styles are better. There are more of them. A business that covers a Continent cannot be local or provincial.

The soundest merchant in every section is sure to have Simmons Beds and Slumber King Springs.

❦ ❦ ❦

FOR every American, sleep is the most important personal issue of the time.

No one can remain healthy and efficient without enough sleep—sound sleep.

Eighty million American men and women are working mightily with hand and brain.

Twenty million American children are growing up.

They all need sleep—plenty of it—deep, sound, restful.

Where are they to get it—

In a creaky, rattling bed—on a spring that knocks, sags and humps?

Or on a noiseless Simmons Metal Bed and Slumber King Spring!

SIMMONS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA NEWARK, NEW JERSEY MONTREAL, CANADA

SIMMONS BEDS—*Built for Sleep*

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"I would not use any other soap for my baby"

That tender little body should never be touched by a harsh soap—trouble may follow. The lather of Coleo Soap is gentle and soft—it not only makes baby clean but he likes it. Coleo is composed *entirely* of vegetable oils—bland and soothing in their action. Do not risk an inferior soap for *your* baby.

The lather of Coleo Soap is quick, and plentiful—it comes freely in hard or cold water.

Do you know Coleo?

LATHER — MORE OF IT — CLEANSING, YET GENTLE

COLGATE'S COLEO TOILET SOAP

Colgate & Company hereby guarantees that Coleo Toilet Soap is made entirely of vegetable oils
Colgate & Co.
Note the word entirely & assure you that Coleo is a real vegetable oil soap
COLGATE'S COLEO
A soap guaranteed to be made entirely of vegetable oils

THIS GUARANTEE WITH EVERY CAKE

10c

Made entirely of Vegetable oils and guaranteed so

HOUSEHOLD

Decorating to Save Fuel

By LEONARDA GOSS

PROBABLY none of us ever again will eat white bread, altho the wheat ban is now lifted, without a lurking feeling of guilt somewhere in the fringes of our conscience. Our long training in war-time food conservation has developed in us a "food conscience" on which the word wheat is so ingrained that its war meaning can never be erased.

Even more important would it be if we had developed a "fuel conscience," and if none of us ever again could burn a single unneeded lump of coal in the furnace or range, or leave a light burning in an unoccupied room, without a feeling of guilt which would punish us until we promised ourselves never again to transgress in this.

We did not learn to save fuel by substituting more costly fuels for coal. We learned how to save coal by making one ton do the work two tons had done before. We learned to eliminate coal-prodigality, even where it meant the saving of coal used to generate the electricity or make the gas used in one electric lamp or gas-burner.

Our fuel-saving meant money-saving, for it meant cutting the coal bill, the gas bill, and the electric light bill. In patriotically saving coal for war use we were sparing our bank accounts and change-purses.

We who have rallied to national sacrifice and world unselfishness will meet, with equally spirited unity, the sacrifices demanded by peace.

How then shall we enroll ourselves to continue to save fuel for ourselves and our comrades across the water?

First of all, the saving in our furnaces last Winter destroyed the biggest leakage. With Spring cleaning days at hand, however, we will soon be cleaning out the stodgy old furnace and leaving it to sulk blackly by itself in the cellar.

Second, there is economy in the kitchen stove and range, but with Summer coming apace, no cook needs a reminder about generating a single unneeded unit of heat.

Third, there is the saving of fuel by saving artificial light.

How many of us have realized that *as long as light flows, coal flows?*

Even if we have realized it and with exacting caution turned out every unneeded light and substituted efficient tungstens for inefficient carbon filament lamps, or gas-mantles for wasteful open-flame burners, have we done our full light-saving duty.

There is another aspect, entirely overlooked in the pre-war past, but one on which the United States Fuel Administration arrested attention during the last months of the war; the decoration of our homes may either conserve coal or waste it by absorbing light or reflecting it back to us. As a rule, our homes are not *overlighted;* but many of them use light inefficiently.

Previously we have looked upon the matter of our wall-finishes, the curtains and hangings, the floor-coverings, the selection and arrangement of furniture, and even the choice of lamp-shades, merely from the point of view of beauty. We are asked now to add to the esthetic feature none the less in mind but to combine with it the idea of economy of light as well as of fuel.

During the war, we patriotically refrained from calling in the paper-hanger and the painter, from buying new curtains and rugs and furniture. Labor and materials were needed for war use.

We are released now from such obligations to the War Trade Board. We can now redecorate the shabby interiors.

Photo by N. Y. Edison Co.

A Parchment Shade Gives a Well-Diffused Light

WE WHO are true homemakers, and who study our profession in its every detail, consider it both a business and an art. As a business we purpose to conduct our household affairs economically and to get maximum results with minimum expense. As an art, we purpose to apply scientific principles to the running of the household so as to obtain beautiful, comfortable, harmonious surroundings for our families.

As homemakers, then, we apply to ceilings and wall-finishes, the principles of interior decorating.

At least one-half and in some cases all the light we use within our homes comes to us reflected from walls and ceilings. White ceilings and, to a lesser extent, light-colored walls increase lighting efficiency. Particularly should ceilings be refinished when they begin to show the soil of furnace fumes. With indirect or semi-indirect lighting, the refinishing of the ceiling and the cleaning of light-globes and bulbs will increase the intensity fifty to one hundred per cent., permitting a reduction in wattage to the next lower size of lamp.

Wall finishes should never be dark in tone, for all dark substances absorb light, "swallow" it, so to speak, instead of radiating it back into the room. Light-colored surfaces reflect five to ten times as much light as dark surfaces. They conserve both daylight and artificial light and make it possible for us to burn fewer and smaller lights.

We are thankful that the days of hideous, dark wall-finishes is passing; that for beauty's sake and economy's sake we are substituting now in our living-rooms, sunny yellow tones, warm and light-giving; or we are putting on the walls of the living-rooms the delicate tones of French gray that reflect light and restfulness and charm.

In our bedrooms, we save light when we finish the walls with shades of light blue or tan.

The kitchen is a cheery and light-economizing workroom when its walls are calcimined or finished with other sanitary coverings in white or very light tan or cream-color.

The bathroom, on every count, should be immaculately white in all its finishes.

Our generation well remembers the day when woodwork was painted and varnished in hideous shades of oak with grotesque knots curiously ingrained by the painter. Some of us remember even the day of gloomy black-walnut supremacy, when lintels and baseboards and doors and doorways throughout the house were proudly carved from forests of walnut-trees.

To-day, from the point of view of fuel-saving as well as of cheer and taste in decoration, we look with disfavor upon light-absorbing woodwork. We prefer ourselves, instead, on spotless white or French-gray finishes. It requires greater care to keep these finishes from showing finger-marks, and in the soft-coal cities of large manufacturing centers they may become impracticable.

We thank "whatever gods there be" that the fashion of "drapes" for windows are rapidly receding into the past of tidies and piano-scarves. We have tortured our homes by every distortion of hangings, from those that held peacocks flaunting their vivid tails against black backgrounds, down to lighter surfaces with impossible massive bouquets of flowers.

Not only taste but light-economy demand their abolition. Windows are put into our homes to allow sunlight and air to enter them. Why shut out that light with heavy velvets, brocades, or cretonnes?

Sheer, delicate white marquisette, white or cream-colored linen scrim or even cotton scrim, dropping in straight folds, protect the windows so that curious outsiders can not look within and, at the same time, these hangings permit the rays of daylight to pass through their texture.

THE positive note of color which a room demands can be supplied by an arm-chair of deeper tone or by the rich colors of one or two cushions.

Above all, the lamp-shade should be carefully considered when one plans the decoration of one's room to save fuel. Very often the lamp-shade is one of the greatest light-absorbers in the room instead of being a light transmitter. As the decorative spot of attention in a room, we often make the shade of rich dark silk. Through this light-absorbing silk we get only a dim, uncertain light.

To get the full benefit of the light-rays from the lamp and, therefore, to waste no fuel, the shade should be of material that permits the light rays to pass through. If of silk it should be of sunny, golden tones. A light yellow silk, lined with highly glazed satin or white silk, makes a translucent shade.

Art glass is an abomination of desolation to interior decorators. Likewise it is an abomination to fuel-savers. The dark glass is peculiarly opaque and wasteful of light.

The shape of the shade should be such that it distributes the light evenly over the surface where it is needed. For a reading-lamp on the table, a shade of mushroom shape is best.

By the arrangement of furniture in a room, we can frequently save fuel. Grouping a comfortable chair or two near the windows means that the last hours of daylight can be utilized instead of "turning on the lights."

That horror of the eighties, the center table, which broke up the symmetry of the room, we no longer tolerate. Placed near a window, the reading-table still is the center to which the other furnishings may be related, while at the same time those who group themselves near it have the full benefit of all the hours of daylight.

Certainly our homes are not overlighted. It behooves us to utilize every particle of light, allowing no single ray to be wasted.

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The favorite breakfast of every member of the family

Father loves it—and as for the *children* - - - - !

FATHER says he prefers a hot plate of Aunt Jemima Pancakes to any other breakfast. He says that on the days he has pancakes he doesn't seem to get so hungry along towards noon. Then he can eat a lighter luncheon and feel more clear-headed all afternoon. And breakfast always seems to be on time on pancake days.

The children—well, they don't know just why but they certainly do like them!

Mother says they're so easy! And so economical!

Mother likes to have Aunt Jemima Pancakes for breakfast because everyone else enjoys them so much. Even Father's paper is cast aside—*that* can wait till he's on the car!

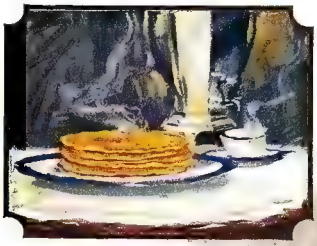
She knows, too, how good they are for the children—for they are made of rich cereals, carefully ground and blended, and contain sweet milk.

And Aunt Jemima Pancakes are so wonderfully easy to make—it's no trouble at all to mix up the flour with a little water—the cakes are done before she has fairly begun! She herself marvels at the way they turn out the same every time—always so tender and delectably brown!

As for economy—Mother has rejoiced ever since she discovered that an Aunt Jemima breakfast for the whole family costs only a few cents!

Have Aunt Jemima Pancakes tomorrow!

Your family, too, will speedily vote Aunt Jemima Pancakes their favorite breakfast! Make Aunt Jemima waffles and muffins! And Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Cakes—made from the flour in the yellow package—are as light and fluffy as the pancakes—and as easy to make. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.



Ready as soon as the coffee is

Richer because of the milk that's in it!

Sweet milk, powdered and mixed in the flour, gives Aunt Jemima Pancakes the flavor that has made them America's favorite breakfast. You need add nothing but water to have rich, full-flavored cakes.

Send for the jolly Rag Dolls

Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. Aunt Jemima, Uncle Mose and two gay little pickaninnies all come in bright colors, ready to cut and stuff. Send for one of them, or for the whole famous family.

"I'se in town, Honey!"

Copyright, 1919, Aunt Jemima Mill. Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

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OUT *of the* SPIRIT *of* '49

It was gold in the hills that first drew the settlers to California, but they soon discovered the more lasting wealth of its rich soil and wonderful climate.

Long before the transcontinental railway was built—when settlers were still making their way slowly across the country in prairie schooners or sailing 'round the Horn—the founders of the DEL MONTE business were already in California, canning and preserving the golden harvests of its most fertile valleys. *They were the first in the field.*

They began as pioneers—in a new land and in a comparatively new industry—with very little capital but with a big ideal—an ideal, which, backed by the determined spirit of '49, has revolutionized the canning business and given the whole world better things to eat.

That ideal was to can the finest fruits and vegetables grown, and so to perfect the processes of canning that the finished product should retain its full natural flavor and freshness.

They believed that the way to secure the finest fruits and vegetables was to locate their canneries in those sections where soil and climate combine to produce Nature's best. And they believed further, that to preserve that natural goodness at its best, the ripe fruits should be "packed where they ripen the day they are picked."

That was the principle upon which the DEL MONTE business was started nearly 60 years ago. And that is the principle upon which it has grown and developed until today the California Packing Corporation is the largest canner of fruits and vegetables in existence and DEL MONTE quality is recognized the world over as the standard of excellence in foods.

DEL MONTE represents the finest achievement of specialists in the art of canning fruits and vegetables. That is why the red DEL MONTE shield is regarded as the unfailing guide to quality and flavor by America's millions of discriminating women.

In addition to their supreme goodness, DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables offer the patriotic housewife innumerable ways of adding delicious variety to her conservation menu and at the same time saving wheat, meat, sugar, fats and fuel. Our new book, "DEL MONTE CONSERVATION RECIPES OF FLAVOR," will help you. Send for a free copy. Address Dept. H.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Del Monte CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS & VEGETABLES

"The conservation foods of flavor"

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IN AND AROUND THE SHOPS

Dainty and Inexpensive Accessories for the Wee Baby

SELECTED BY GABRIELLE ROSIERE

A BABY'S coat-hanger for little coats and dresses, decorated at the top with satin-bound loops to complete its daintiness. A really useful possession.

MADE of soft material and with a painted face and jointed arms and legs, this rabbit doll is a delightful plaything for a wee tot and one that can not be easily destroyed by baby fingers.

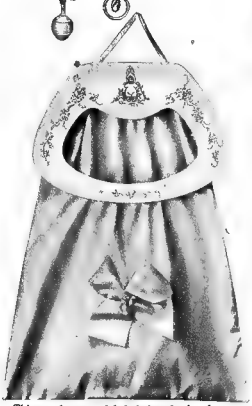
THIS is a different style of baby's coat-hanger with a cap tied over the little painted head and a spray of flowers finishing the top.

A SATIN carriage-strap decorated with painted flower-sprays. Toys are attached to the ribbons and there are hooks at each end to snap into the sides of the carriage. Both useful and attractive.

WITH a little Dutch figure decorating the side and a big ribbon bow at the top, a small hot-water bottle can be used in many cases where a larger one would be useless because of its size.

HERE is a rattle dressed as a doll in practical Turkish toweling and with a painted face. A baby can get plenty of enjoyment out of this toy.

POSSESSING a hollow nickel base which may be filled with hot water to keep the food warm while eating, or in case of a delay of any kind, a child's feeding-plate of decorated china is practical.



This wooden-topped baby's laundry-bag has an adjustable silk bag inside.

KNITTED bootees of white with a colored stripe and a top to match. Useful and pretty, for no mother ever has too many pairs of bootees.

A BABY'S clothes-tree with a decorated post and pedestal, ribbon trimmed.

For baby's use, a celluloid set with dainty painted decorations.

WHITE kid bootees, satin lined, feather-stitched in colored silk, and tied with ribbon. These make a charming gift.

DOVE
UNDER-MUSLINS
SPECIAL FOR MARCH
"DOVE" Night Gown No. 452, a lace creation of exceptional beauty. Made of fine quality white Nainsook, trimmed in front with five rows of fine Valenciennes lace in ruffled effect, and on the sides with two dainty organdie insertions set between rows of Valenciennes lace. Matches "DOVE" Envelope Chemise No. 453 shown here. We cannot fill mail orders, but can tell you nearest store that sells these and other new "DOVE" styles.
IT is true economy to buy "DOVE" Under-muslins because they are so well made, of the best materials, and most beautiful in styles.
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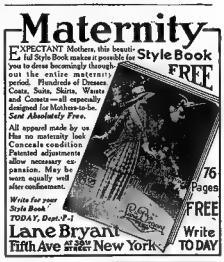
D. E. SICHER & COMPANY
"World's Largest Makers of Under-muslins"
45-51 West 21st St., New York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EXPECTANT Mothers, this beautiful Style Book makes it possible for you to dress becomingly throughout the entire maternity period. Hundreds of Dresses, Coats, Suits, Skirts, Waists and Corsets—all especially designed for Mothers-to-be. Sent Absolutely Free.
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Velvet Grip
HOSE SUPPORTER
BOYS and GIRLS enjoy the lightness and comfortable security of Velvet Grip Supporters. And they are the most economical because they prevent injury to stockings and give the longest wear.
GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON

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How Old Are You?

If you are over

60—have you lost all your teeth?
50—have you lost some of your teeth?
40—are some of your teeth loose?
30—have you sore, bleeding, receding gums?

NOW take a mental glance at the condition of your mouth, teeth and gums. THEN think of your age.

AT YOUR AGE, if your teeth and gums are in a state of health, you are in luck.

We say "luck" because you are an exception to the rule. You are in luck because you are not a victim of

PYORRHEA
(RIGGS' DISEASE)

The rule is that 75% of all the men and women in the world, over 30 years of age, *are* victims of pyorrhea; and it is pyorrhea that is responsible for painful, bleeding, spongy, receding gums—loose teeth and loss of teeth.

Diseased teeth and the pus exuding from gums afflicted with pyorrhea cause diseased bodies. This toxic pus is taken into the stomach and poisons the whole system.

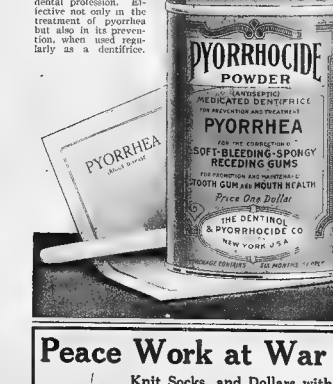
What are you doing to prevent pyorrhea or to correct a pyorrheic condition of your gums?

Our free educational booklet on the causes, effects, treatment and prevention of pyorrhea may interest you. It may center your thoughts on oral hygiene. It may induce you to act.

Write for the booklet today and at the same time ask for a free trial package of PYORRHOCIDE POWDER (antiseptic), a medicated powder designed expressly as a co-operative home treatment for pyorrhea and for pyorrhea prevention. PYORRHOCIDE POWDER (antiseptic) aids in repairing broken-down diseased gums. It cleans and polishes the teeth

THE DENTINOL & PYORRHOCIDE CO., Inc.
Dept. M 1480 Broadway, New York City

Sold for years exclusively upon the recommendation of the dental profession. Effective not only in the treatment of pyorrhea but also in its prevention, when used regularly as a dentifrice.



Pyorrhocide Powder removes the mucoid plaques and the daily accretions which harden and form tartar—the principal cause of pyorrhea—and increases the vitality of the gums so as to enable them to resist the attacks of destructive germs. It is economical because a dollar package contains a full half year's supply. For sale by all good drug stores and dental supply houses.

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The Insidious Tonsils and Teeth

The Importance of Keeping Them Healthy

By LOUIS HENRY LEVY, M.S., M.D.

VISIT any home for the aged or infirm and you will see among the inmates several with markedly bent fingers on ill-shapen hands. You will notice that these people who are so afflicted, gently and tenderly rubbing their poor fingers with a hopeful feeling that the hands may even yet return to their former appearance and usefulness. These unfortunates have rubbed and nursed their hands in the same way month after month and year after year without the least indication of the hoped-for relief. Instead, the fingers have become more bent until finally they can not perform the smallest of duties.

It is not uncommon for people to talk about pains in the joints of their hands and feet, or pains in the back, especially when a rainy day is approaching. Perhaps you, yourself, have experienced these same pains and aches. The big toe will ache or the "crick" in the back will return at the least suggestion of damp weather—an almost reliable barometer.

As a rule, when you experience any of these pains or aches, you call it rheumatism, and often you are right. The medical profession, however, endows these pains with other titles, the names referring to differences in the symptoms, the duration of the pains, and the appearance of the parts affected. Three distinct groups are recognized. One of which is a true rheumatism, which may be acute or chronic. Then there is another, *rheumatoid arthritis*, characterized by the beginning of deformity of the joints; and the third, *arthritis deformans*, where deformity is marked. Most of the cases of the disease, in any form, are the result of the presence in the joints of bacteria which find their way to these places *via* the blood stream from infected tonsils or diseased teeth.

Clean Food an Absolute Necessity

IT IS simple enough to see how this might occur. Just consider for a moment the multitude of things that enter the mouth. First of all, there is the food you eat. No matter how well washed it may be, the food can not be entirely bacteria-clean, that is, free from bacteria. Boiled food, of course, is nearer bacteria-free, since boiling kills bacteria. But many people eat fruit that has come right off the fruit dealer's stand, where it has been exposed to the dust stirred up and blown about by the wind—and this dust often teems with bacteria.

To prevent any bodily disturbance from the action of bacteria that enters the system, they must be disposed of before they have gone very far. Nature has tried to guard against them by placing far back in the mouth the tonsils. These they stand, guardians at the gateway of the system, performing their duty well until the forces of the bacteria are too great for them. Then they are compelled to give in, the portals are opened and trouble results.

The mouth is never free from bacteria. If a drop of saliva is examined under the microscope, thousands, and in some cases millions, of the tiny, many-shaped invaders may be seen. In the mouth they flourish and multiply rapidly if conditions there are favorable to their growth. If the tonsils are healthy and if the teeth offer no hiding-places in the form of small ulcerations, the bacteria are held in check. Should the tonsils, however, weaken, bacteria will pass through them into the blood stream in which they will be carried to some part of the body where they can lodge and grow.

All of us at some time or other become very well aware of the presence of these bacteria when we are suddenly brought to a check in our daily routine by a sore throat of a very painful nature. We feel "knocked out." Every joint and muscle of the body aches. The physician calls it "grippe" or "gripbe sore throat," but in reality it is a tonsil infection, with bacteria lodging and growing on the tonsil and from this station sending out all over the body their overwhelming poisons. When such a condition is present, you need to examine the back of your throat with a mirror, you would notice, located on the tonsils, white patches which are produced by the presence of millions of bacteria. Within recent years, there have been in some of our large cities, epidemics in which many people, in some instances thousands, have been affected with severe sore throats. In all of these epidemics the mortality was high. On this account, the disease has been named "septic sore throat," and is now reportable to the Board of Health.

Diseases Are Traced to Sore Throats

COULD you visit a physician's office and, unobserved, listen to his questions to the patients suspected of having heart or kidney disease, you would probably hear these questions again and again:

Are you subject to sore throat?
How often have you had sore throat?
Have any of the attacks been severe?

The physician knows that if there have been repeated attacks of sore throat, these are probably the cause of the heart or kidney disease.

Dr. Rosenow of Chicago, one of the best-known scientific investigators in medicine, has been able to show that in one serious form of heart disease, known as bacterial endocarditis, the same bacteria circulating in the blood may also be found in diseased tonsils or affected teeth of the patient. This is an absolutely incurable form of heart disease, but one proven case having ever been cured. On this account it is being advised that the tonsils be removed in those cases where any indication of heart disease is present. This is a preventive measure and undoubtedly will result in a lessening of the more severe forms of heart disease.

To prove that either the tonsils or teeth cause certain forms of disease is often an easy matter. If the disease is already present, an examination by a competent throat-specialist will reveal the affected tonsil, or if the tonsils are normal the dentist may be able to locate the trouble in the teeth by finding visible pus or by means of X-ray pictures which will show any abscess at the roots of the teeth. It is astonishing in how many cases abscesses will be found tucked away at the roots—abscesses that have never given any evidence of their presence. By removing the abnormal tonsil, or by removing the pus from the tooth by extracting the tooth or drilling into the abscess, the patient will often make a brilliant recovery. Severe pains in the joints will gradually disappear and deformed fingers will assume a near-normal appearance.

When one is told that he is suffering from disease his first thought is "How did I get it?" And up to recent years the physician frequently had to admit that he did not know. This has all been greatly changed. A large number of diseases are now known to originate either entirely, or in part, from the bacteria-ridden tonsils or from some treacherous tooth. Here is a list of some of these diseases—appendicitis, ulcer of the stomach, diseases of the gall bladder, including gall stones, diseases of the liver, of the intestines, joints, heart, muscles, kidneys, lungs, skin, and nervous system. No part of the body is exempt. Bacteria from tonsils or teeth in any of the above mentioned cases, when injected experimentally into animals, produce similar conditions. In addition to the diseases mentioned above, there are other conditions which may be traced directly or indirectly to the teeth or tonsils. Diabetes is one of these; so are many of the goitres and some forms of anemia.

Twenty years ago appendicitis as a disease was in its infancy or very little known. Now visit the surgical wards of any active hospital and it will be found that one-third of the cases are operated upon for appendicitis.

In the same wards will be discovered several patients operated upon for ulcer of the stomach or for gall stones. The medical wards of the hospital are filled with those suffering from kidney disease, heart disease, and diseases of the joints. Could one compute the total number of people suffering from all the diseases born of the infected tonsils or teeth, the total would be astounding. In New York City in one week, 23 per cent. of all deaths were due to heart disease, kidney disease, or appendicitis. Many of these could undoubtedly have been traced to teeth or tonsils. Surely this is a strong case presented against the insidious tonsils and teeth. It is a big toll which they exact.

What Is the Cure for All This?

SINCE so much illness, so much suffering, and, through these, so much unhappiness results from diseased tonsils and teeth, the question that naturally arises is "What can be done to remedy this?" The ounce of prevention fits in very well here. There is no reason why healthy tonsils should be removed since these still have an important duty to perform. With the unhealthy tonsils there is but one remedy—removal. It is the tonsil repeatedly inflamed or infected that is the smouldering fire which at any treacherously send its tiny sparks around the body to one place after another, until they find a good resting place. Here the evil spark will gradually grow larger and larger until a general conflagration is set up.

This is the beginning of trouble which persists until the original source of danger is removed. As long as the diseased tonsil remains, drugs, salves, and douches will relieve only temporarily. In the hands of a well qualified surgeon, the removal of the tonsils is a simple and easy procedure. It is an operation that can be made quite painless; one that never requires more than a week for convalescence, and one in which complications are uncommon.

The teeth, too, must come in for examination, especially when the tonsils have been found to be unaffected. The most carefully cared for teeth, teeth that have been subjected to the strictest hygienic regulations, will occasionally, tho not often, become the seat of an infection, the infection in this case being deep-seated and discoverable only by use of the X-ray.

With illnesses of various kinds constantly in our midst, making use to-day of the knowledge of how to prevent them or to curb their seriousness, will more than repay you by warding off the suffering of to-morrow. So when the throat troubles with an occasional soreness; when the joints with their irregular aches betoken the coming storm; when vague pains within the body forbode further suffering—watch out. Think of the tonsils and teeth and, if they are the offenders, let the surgeon or dentist mete out to them their just deserts.

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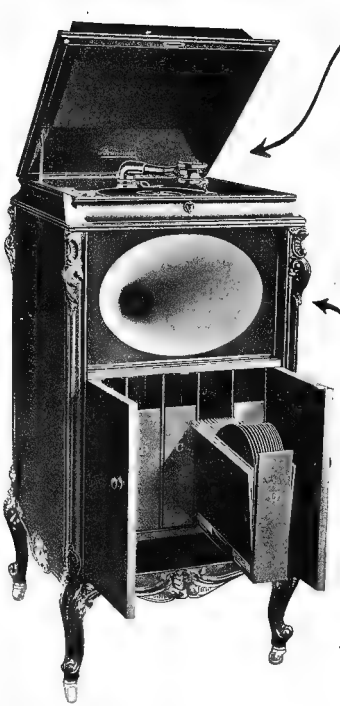
Why the Brunswick Method of Reproduction Insures a Superior Phonograph



Reason No. 1 The Brunswick Method of Reproduction includes the Ultona, a new conception in playing. The Ultona consists of an arrangement of the several necessary reproducing diaphragms upon one tone arm. This is an all-in-one arrangement, with no attachments—nothing to take off or put on.

At a turn of the hand, the Ultona is adapted to play any type of record. The proper diaphragm is presented, the exact weight, the precise needle. Thus the requirements of each type of record are met.

So each record, whatever make, is played exactly as it should be. The Ultona demands no sacrifice in tone, as attachments often do.

The Brunswick owner can choose records without regard to make. Every singer, every band, every musician, every selection may now be played at its best on the one phonograph.

Reason No. 2 Equal in importance to reproduction is tone amplification. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction also includes a new idea in acoustics—The Brunswick Amplifier.

Old-time ideas were at variance. Some makers still cling to metal construction. Others use a combination of wood and metal—a wooden horn and a metal casting as the "throat".

But the Brunswick Amplifier is oval in shape, and built entirely of wood, like a fine violin. It is molded of rare holly-wood.

Sound waves require uniform amplification to reach their fullness. You will note that The Brunswick tone is richer and more natural. Strident, metallic notes are absent.

Make comparison. Let your ear decide. Try to find an equal to Brunswick tone.

You're bound to end such a search at a Brunswick Shop, where every opportunity will be given you to decide for yourself.

Hear this remarkable instrument before you decide. And you'll avoid regrets.

The Brunswick

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Canadian Distributors, Musical Merchandise Sales Co., Excelsior Life Building, Toronto

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[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

Its quality is in the paper. The style is added by the creator of stationery style.

A weaver makes a beautiful and durable piece of silk. A modiste makes that silk into a smart and becoming gown. The beauty is in the silk itself. The style is in the gown.

All good stationery departments can show you the five new, smart envelope shapes—Whitley, Premier, Intervale, Geraldine and Carsley—any one of which you can select with confidence. Also three new colors—Mignonette, Laurel and Forget-me-not—as well as white.

Usable samples sent on request for twenty-five cents

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Or, if you are very tired and your feet burn, ache or swell, soak them in a solution of Absorbine, Jr., and water. Relief will be prompt and lasting.

You will like the "feel" of this clean, fragrant and antiseptic liniment. It penetrates quickly, leaves no greasy residue and is intensely refreshing. Only a few drops needed to do the work, as Absorbine, Jr., is highly concentrated.

Keep a bottle handy at home, at the office, or in your grip when traveling.

$1.25 a bottle at most druggists or postpaid

Send 10c for Liberal Trial Bottle or procure a regular size bottle from your druggist today.

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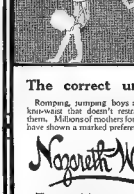

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Romping, jumping boys and girls like the knit-waist that doesn't restrain, bind or grip them. Millions of mothers for three generations have shown a marked preference for the

Nazareth Waist

The original knit waist—not woven—the elastic knit fabric "gives." Tapes correctly placed to support weight of outer-garments direct from shoulders. Sizes 1 to 13 years.

Ask your dealer to also show you the **Nazareth Waist Union Suit.**

Always look for the Nazareth trademark in red. At dry goods stores everywhere. If not at your dealers, write us.

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Mill at Nazareth, Pa.

Mrs. Graham's Hair Color
RESTORES GRAY HAIR
to its natural color

Perfectly harmless—easily applied—will not stain skin or scalp. Positively sure in its results. Makes hair rich and glossy

Sold at all toilet counters or mailed postpaid, in plain sealed wrapper, upon receipt of price, $1.50. *Booklet Free.*

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Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Dealers in Taylor Trade Thermometers for Every Purpose
423

Wrapped in Silk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Liége a very beautiful girl named Audrée Roncey. She was wonderfully beautiful, Mademoiselle. Do you remember her?"

"Who are you?" again demanded Rachel. Then she turned to the big man with the beard. "What does this mean? What do those blank papers mean? We have been tricked. We are suspected and we must be watched."

The big man made no reply

"This Audrée Roncey," Renée continued, "won the love of Captain Esteve and his trust. Trust is harder to win than love, is it not? But he trusted her, and she betrayed him. Not only did this woman steal from him plans of the fortifications upon which he was working, but for some cruel reason, left in his room evidence which made it appear that he had not been tricked, but had become a traitor for money. And he an Esteve!" Renée's voice was full of scorn and bitterness.

"The woman disappeared, Mademoiselle, and so did the young Captain. But the Captain did not die. That was a mistake. He lived, and he lived for one purpose—to clear his name of the stain of treachery. There was but one way to accomplish it, Mademoiselle, and that was to find the woman. He has found her."

RACHEL LAURENS drew a sobbing breath of fear.

"He—he is alive?"

"He is alive, Mademoiselle—and here. He is not so youthful. Grief and misfortune change men's faces, and so do beards.

Rachel shot a terrified glance at the big, bearded man, and shrank away from him, trembling.

"No, the Captain did not die. He went to his father and his sister—who believed his story because they loved him, and because they knew him. From that minute they had but one business in life, Mademoiselle, and that was to find the woman. It has been long; it has required much patience and planning—and suffering. We boys all suffered—my father, Wonder, my brother, and I. And but for my father we would not have succeeded. He made himself into another man. He was very shrewd and wise, my father, and he made a place for himself where it was a risk to life and honor to be, even for an instant—in the German Secret Service. He was useful to them, for I have said he is very shrewd and wise—but he was more useful to France, for what he learned in his work he transmitted to Paris. Yes, Mademoiselle, that explains much, much of the failure of Germany. And through him we found you, and we have been near you."

"What do you want? What——?"

"Nothing that you can give. We have what we want. This day has been planned for with such care as even you can not know. And the plan has succeeded. We were opportunists, too. And once, in Belgium, when first I was arrested, I thought you had discovered and betrayed me. But it was not true, was it, Mademoiselle? I was to be the cat's-paw. And then we met Major Land—"

She paused and turned to Douglas with weary eyes. "We met Major Land and you loved him—and I loved him. Because he was good, I loved him. You, because it was your fate, I suppose. But he did not love you. If he had loved you, would you have betrayed your masters? I wonder."

There was cruelty in the scene. Renée played with Rachel as Land fancied Rachel might have played with a victim, and it chilled him, appalled him. Matters had happened with such speed that he was bewildered and did not understand clearly.

"But Renée—who was it in No-Man's-Land—in the little shanty that night? I—I thought it was you?"

"It was I," she said, and smiled. "I had to see my father, but the net was drawing tight around him. Your Secret Service was at his very elbow. And besides, we dared not meet here for fear of Mademoiselle. If she had seen us together! And you saw me and followed. It was Gian who sprang on you. He had followed you, not knowing who you were in the darkness, and not caring, I suppose. It would have been the same if he had recognized you—for we had to escape, we could not take you into our confidence even then. You it is cruel to say it you were bait for our trap. But you were careless, friend. One entrusted with a thing of importance does not carry it into danger."

"Give me the packet, Renée."

She handed it to him, and he tore it open. "See," he said. "The sheets are blank except for my name. I—well, I, too, had a moment of wisdom."

Her eyes sparkled. "I might have known. I might have known. It hurt that you should be careless, unworthy of trust. My faith was small"

FIVE minutes later Rachel Laurens was gone. She had gone quietly without outcry or struggle, with spirit broken, and terrified. A closed carriage had swallowed her up, and her conductors. Major Land remained in the room with Renée and the little man with the green trousers.

"It is done," said the little man with a sigh. "It is all over. But I shall miss my little birds. They have been companions."

Land disregarded him. "Renée," he said in a voice that he could not hold to steadiness. "It is true? Is it all true?"

"All," she said, softly.

"Even—even that you love me?"

"That most of all."

The little man quietly slipped out of the room and left them alone. His face was happy.

"You love me?" was his only reply.

"So much. So much."

"I am going—in the morning. Will you marry me before I go—so that I can have you with me in my heart—over there?"

"If—if you will marry a spy," she said, and looked up into his face, "I will marry you—and my heart will be with you wherever you go. It will hold you safe, and bring you back to me—bring you back soon, my dear—soon."

THE END

Be sure to read Mary Roberts Rinehart's great new serial, "Dangerous Days," which begins on page 5 of this issue and will be completed in three more big instalments. If you don't like to read a story month by month, save your magazines and read it all at once.

Now that We've Got to Rebuild the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

we have but to hold and follow them out to their logical conclusions. The Federal Employment Bureau should be continued, with local agencies in every State, county, city, and town, with bulletins of labor needs and opportunities for all localities and seasons. Never again should the social idiocy and disgrace of "unemployment" give us loss.

THESE things are basic necessities, foundations in world-building, wherein each nation should strive to show best progress, and share with one another each gain as fast as it is made.

What else do we need?

Practically we need money and labor to meet the immediate needs of a half-ruined world, this is imperative and immediate. It will call for the best efforts of all those disbanded soldiers and some persons are worrying about, of all the industrial workers that can be spared from current necessities, and especially of those persons who are not actually occupied by motherhood. At once they are wanted to care for the sick, the wounded, the crippled, the hundreds of thousands of orphans left us by the war. Here is essential work for us, to make the best possible use of this maimed humanity, thus ravaged childhood, here also the pressing need to re-house and re-clothe these millions of sufferers.

We shall not be backward in all this. It stares us in the face, it cries to heaven We shall not rest till the face of France is clean and lovely again, till Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Poland, Roumania, all the waste places, are restored But beyond all this we must build for the future, to make a better and a safer world

What causes war? Unjust economic conditions, evil passions, and ignorance. The first we can remove, we must if we are to be safe. This is the great work of a World Federation, to ensure to every nation, large and small, fair and equal opportunities for the best development. This does not mean more land as a reward for overbreeding, nor access to men for Thibet. but it does mean such guaranteed supplies and trade conditions as are essential to the prosperity of each nation.

Ignorance we can also remove. The larger education above described should be established everywhere, and be required as a condition of membership in the Federation of Nations, should be supplied as legitimate missionary service to all backward peoples in proportion to their capacities.

It is not so simple a task to free humanity from those evil passions, greed and hate, pride and envy, always tending toward war; but it is by no means impossible. Through universal education we can make clear to each child that human progress is general, not national; that each nation is of value as it contributes to that progress; that we need now what we have and are to the world behind and around us, and that all true pride lies in doing most for the world around and to follow us.

WE MUST teach history based on the latest researches, the concensus of the best students of all peoples, instead of the vain lies of national egotism. We must have a system of travel in our school courses which shall give to every boy and girl some first-hand knowledge of other countries, besides universal teaching by stories, moving-pictures, and the like.

Also we need here a new application of religion. Let us postpone our personal hopes of heaven above to a general effort in realizing heaven on earth. We pray, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven," let us work as well as pray for it. We have not yet answered that searching question, "If a man love not his neighbor whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen?"

All our religious enthusiasm, fervor, faith, worship, devotion, should now pour forth on earth, a resistless current of love and service for humanity. With this we may swiftly and nobly rebuild the world.

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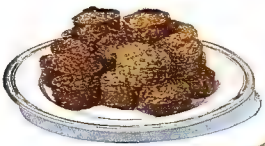

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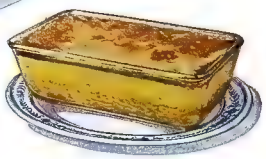

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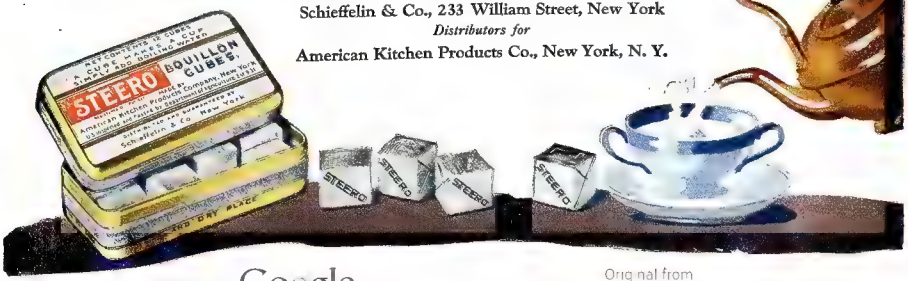

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Getting the Utmost Out of the Garden

Plant Fruit-Trees as Well as Vegetables

By LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

HAPPILY, the war is going to make the world safer for the individual household as well as for democracy. Already we have recovered some of the household independence of our forefathers; and we shall recover more. The evolution is inevitable. It is the evolution of necessity; and necessity knows no law. Back to the soil we are going, whether we will or no.

The beginner in gardening learns with astonishment how many vegetables can be grown on a small plot of ground. The American method of producing food—a method extensive instead of intensive, and wholly commercial—is by the use of machinery and horses; and horses and machinery require room for operation. Thus potatoes, grown in the field in rows three feet six inches apart, can be spaced in the hand-worked garden in rows two feet apart. And by interplanting, companion cropping, and the use of succession crops, the same area can be made to yield twice as much food as at first would appear possible.

But vegetables are only a part of the food products that every back yard should yield. "Fruits," says Liberty H. Bailey, our foremost writer on agricultural topics, "should be counted a regular part of the home premises. There are few residence plots so small that fruits of some kind can not be grown. If there is no opportunity for planting the orchard fruits by themselves at regular intervals, there are still boundaries to the place, and along these boundaries and scattered in the border masses, apples, pears, and other fruits may be planted."

Perhaps you look at your diminutive back yard and smile, remembering some huge and ancient fruit trees you have seen in the country. How big is your back yard? Fifteen feet in width? In our yard stands a Kieffer pear-tree, the uttermost stretch of which does not exceed fifteen feet, and a little pruning would easily head it back to twelve feet; yet from that tree I took this fall a bushel and a half of fruit—as average crop for that tree. In our orchard stands a young Wealthy apple-tree. The yardstick shows its spread to be not more than fifteen feet. Yet I took from that tree last year six bushels of beautiful apples. To be sure that was a larger crop than the tree should have been allowed to bear, but among the many things I intended to do and did not accomplish was the thinning of those apples. So we had two barrels of apples from that little tree last year.

The giant apple-tree seen in your youthful days on some visit to the country is not the apple-tree of the modern fruit-raiser. In the planting of commercial fruit orchards forty feet is the greatest distance usually allowed between permanent trees. In some systems of planting thirty-five feet is all that is considered necessary. And these distances allow for spaces between trees for air and sunshine to penetrate. To reach its full size a tree must grow for many years—long after it comes into bearing. And by the judicious use of the pruning-knife a tree can be kept at practically any size desired.

BUT the modern fruit-grower has found other methods than that of the pruning-knife to keep trees small. To-day dwarf trees are almost as common as standard fruit-trees once were. A dwarf tree is one formed by grafting a scion of an ordinary-sized tree on a slow-growing root. Dwarf trees of practically every variety of fruit can be had from almost any good nursery house.

It is quite within the range of possibility, then, for every owner of a back yard on which the sun shines—even that yard be of the tiniest dimensions—to raise fruit as well as vegetables. And there is fully as much reason to attempt the one as the other. The arguments of high prices and scarcity hold alike in the case of both fruits and vegetables. For fruit is more than a luxury. It is a physical necessity.

How, then, is the householder to develop his garden space to the fullest extent—to make it too per cent. efficient? There is but one way. He must crowd into that space everything it will adequately contain. Just what he shall plant is a matter for individual choice.

The question of how he shall plant is somewhat affected by the size, shape, and location of his land.

A lot fifty by one hundred and fifty feet is a very common-sized plot for town homes. If the house does not stand too far back from the street, half or nearly half of the yard should be available for fruit and vegetable production—a plot approximately seventy-five by fifty feet. Since a vegetable garden of this size is larger than most householders care to work, it may well be divided into two portions—a vegetable garden proper, forty to fifty feet deep, extending the entire width of the yard, and a fruit plantation occupying the remainder of the seventy-five feet. If this is done, the placing of the fruit plantation will depend somewhat upon the location of the land; for the fruit plantation will cast a shade, and the vegetable garden must not be shaded too much. Should the yard run north and south, for instance, it would be inadvisable to place fruit trees along the southern edge of the vegetable ground. Rather they should occupy the northern border. But where no such strictly utilitarian reason applies, the trees may be placed to suit the taste and convenience of the owner. They may stand beyond the vegetable plot as a background.

THE problem of what he shall plant and how he shall plant it is one for each individual to determine according to his own taste, just as he plans his house according to his own needs and desires. But suggestions may very properly be offered as to the varieties of fruits and vegetables that the householder must select from.

The veriest tyro knows that he can raise the more common of the garden vegetables, such as radishes, beets, and onions. But somehow the erroneous idea has gone abroad that certain vegetables, like cauliflower, are so difficult to grow that their production should be left to expert market gardeners.

Among these is asparagus. Actually it is one of the easiest of vegetables to produce if the gardener will but follow present-day methods. Asparagus should be in every garden. A single row of it across the garden, the plants being set within eighteen inches or two feet of the boundary fence, will give the average family an abundance of this delicious first Spring vegetable. Once established, an asparagus bed should be good for twenty years or more. Cultivation and feeding are all that are required. Commonly one or two-year-old roots are planted, and the shoots not cut until the third season from planting. But nowadays it is possible to buy roots more than two years old and cut from them the first year. The former practise is probably safer. To start the plantation, dig a trench where the roots are to go, with a square-ended shovel. This trench should not exceed 10 inches in depth —a foot at most. Put the asparagus crowns flat on tiny mounds of earth, spreading the roots like the spokes of a wheel. Roots should be one foot apart. Fill in with two inches of rich earth. As the plant grows, gradually fill in the entire trench until your bed is again level. Keep the row free from weeds and fertilize well, and you can not fail to have abundant crops. Each fall cut and burn the tops. Conover's Colossal and the Giant Argenteuil are desirable varieties.

Another plant for the border is rhubarb. Probably half a dozen plants will give the average family an abundance.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES. a booklet giving 586 receipts for cooking, canning and preserving vegetables of all kinds. Will make one's garden crops doubly valuable. 10c.

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Gregory, Inc. Marblehead, Mass.

Getting the Utmost Out of the Garden

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

name for them; for each plant annually sends out additional shoots, like blades of grass coming up from a common root. Hence it is not necessary to replant these vegetables year by year. Set them out like other onions, but leave more room between rows and individual plants.

If one is fond of condiments, a short row of horseradish makes another attractive border plant. By cutting off the blossoms the plants can be kept from becoming troublesome through spreading.

ANOTHER possibility for the border is a strawberry bed. If there is a poor piece of ground along the border, put the berries in this. They will thrive on very poor soil. Set the plants 15 inches apart in the row, making the plantation in May. All runners can be cut off as they develop, and the fruit thus grown in hills, or the plants can be allowed to multiply, making a matted row. The runners should be set by hand so that the plants will be limited to the row, which can thus be made of any width desired. Nothing better repays cultivation than strawberries. When Winter is at hand, mulch the row, if possible, with straw or grass free from seeds, or with your cornstalks. Any nursery will well acquaint you with the desirable varieties. Plants set in May will bear fruit the next year. Those set out in August will not. May plantings are by all means best.

Blackberry and raspberry plantations are also well within the possibilities of the back-yard garden. The finest fruits are doubtless grown in hills, the plants being set three to four feet apart and the rows five to six feet. The red raspberries can be set closer together than the black.

The average back-yard gardener will find it more advantageous to grow such berries in a row. The plants are set out as stated above, but the new shoots are allowed to come up until the row becomes thick with plants. Where plants spring up outside the row they are easily lifted with a trowel and set into the row proper. Raspberries respond well to cultivation. A fifty-foot row will yield several quarts of berries in a season, after the plants are well established. Raspberry plantations are said to be good for about seven years. In the Fall, soon after the bearing season is over, the old canes should be cut out and burned and the new canes cut back to a height of not more than three feet. For general purposes the Cuthbert is perhaps the best.

Raspberries belong to that group of plants among which the strawberry is numbered, which thrive in partial shade. Our raspberry patch is shut in on the south side by three or four sour-cherry trees, which cast a fairly dense shade. Two small apple-trees shade one end, and several cherries stand along its other borders, with a cherry and an apple-tree in the very heart of the patch. Yet this patch gives us usually a bushel and a half of berries.

The currant is one of the hardest and most productive of our fruits, and so is often badly neglected. It should have clean cultivation. The currant is easily propagated by mature cuttings of the new or previous year's canes, and the partial shade of a young orchard exactly suits the plant.

In considering other possible border plants, one thinks immediately of grapes, which can be grown close to the boundary and the vines trained up on the side of a building or a trellis, thus requiring very little ground space.

If the yard stretches from north to south, so that the sun can shine between the rows, trees can also be planted in this partial area. Beneath the trees can be placed those plants, like raspberries, that are tolerant of shade.

IN SOME home gardens it may happen that there is space for one good-sized tree, but there would not be room for several smaller trees. In such case it will pay the gardener to plant a standard tree grafted with various varieties of fruit. Nurserymen now sell such trees. Grafting is such a simple process that any one can alter a tree to suit himself. Uncle Sam or your State Agricultural College will send you upon request a bulletin giving explicit directions.

One who has never raised fruit-trees can have no conception of the pleasure that comes from seeing trees grow and the fruits develop under one's own hands. Even the extensive side of gardening does not appeal to the householder, the financial gain is too considerable to be disregarded. If, in addition to working his vegetable plots intensively by interplanting, companion cropping, and the use of succession crops, the gardener will develop the entire area to the utmost by planting tree and bush fruits, he will be amazed at the productivity of a small garden.

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

house took on the tomb-like quiet of an establishment where the first duty is service is silence. Clay wandered about, feeling an inexpressible loneliness of spirit. On those days when Sid was ill he had always discomforted. He thought of the club, but the vision of those disconsolate groups of homeless-bachelors who gathered there on all festivals that centered about a family focus was unattractive.

All at once, he realized that, since he had wakened that morning, he had been wanting to see Audrey. He wanted to talk to her, real talk, not gossip. Not country homes. Not personalities. Not recrimination. Such talk as Audrey herself had always led at dinner about political affairs, and social issues, of the war. He felt suddenly that he must talk about the war to some one.

Natalie, who was still asleep when he went down-stairs. It had been raining, but a cold wind was covering the pavement with a glaze of ice. Here and there men in top hats, like himself, were making their way to Christmas calls. Children clinging to the arms of governesses, their feet in high stetics, slid gaily on the ice. A belated florist's wagon was still delivering Christmas plants tied with bright red bows. The street had been of festivity to Clayton than had his house. Even the shop windows, as he walked toward Audrey's unfashionable new neighborhood, carried out their message of peace. Peace—when there was no peace.

Audrey was alone, but her little room was crowded with gifts and flowers.

"I was hoping you would come, Clay," she said. "I've had visitors, but they're gone. I'll tell them down-stairs that I'm not at home, and we can really talk."

"That's what I came for."

And when she had telephoned, "I've had a letter from Chris," she said.

She read it slowly, and he was surprized, when she finally looked up, to find tears in her eyes.

"Poor old Chris!" she said. "I've never told you the story, have I, Clay? Of course I know part of it, but not all. There was another woman. I think I could have understood it, perhaps, if she had been a different sort of woman. But I suppose it hurt my pride. I didn't love him. She was such a vulgar little thing. Not even pretty. Just—woman."

He nodded.

"He was fastidious, too. I don't understand it. And because he never cared for her. I don't believe he did, either. I suppose there's no explanation of these things. They just happen. It's the life we live, I dare say. When I look back— She's the girl I sent into the mill."

He was distinctly shocked.

"But, Audrey," he protested. "You are not seeing her, are you?"

"Now and then. She had fastened herself on me, in a way. Don't scowl like that. She says she is unhappy and she only wants a chance to work now. She's off the stage for good. She—danced. That money I got from you was for her. She was waiting, up-stairs. Chris was behind with her rent, and she was going to lose her furniture."

"That you should have to do such a thing!" he protested. "It's—well, it's infamous."

But she only smiled.

The little clock was striking six when at last he rose to go. The snow was now dark, with only the glow of the wood fire on Audrey's face. He found her very lovely, rather chastened and subdued, but much more appealing than in her old days of sparkle and high spirits.

"You are looking very sweet, Audrey," he said.

"Am I? How nice of you!"

She got up and stood on the hearth-rug beside him, looking up at him. Then, "Don't be startled, Clay," she announced, smilingly. "I am going to kiss you—for Christmas."

And kiss him she did, putting both hands on his shoulders, and rising on her toes to do it.

It was a very small kiss, and Clayton took it calmly, and as she intended him to take it. But it was, at that, rather a flushed Audrey who bade him good night and God bless you.

He turned toward home reluctantly. Behind him was the glow of Audrey's fire, and the glow that had been in her eyes when he entered. If a man had such a woman behind him—

He went into his great, silent house, and the door closed behind him like a prison gate.

FOR a long time after he had gone, Audrey, doors closed to visitors, sat alone by her fire, with one of his roses held close to her cheek.

In her small upper room, in a white frame cottage on the hill overlooking the Spencer furnaces, Anna Klein, locked away from prying eyes, sat that same Christmas evening and closely inspected a tiny gold wrist-watch. And now and then, like Audrey, she pressed it to her face.

Not the gift, but the giver.

The Second Instalment of "Dangerous Days" will appear in the April issue. If you don't like to read a story by instalments, save your four copies and read it all at once.

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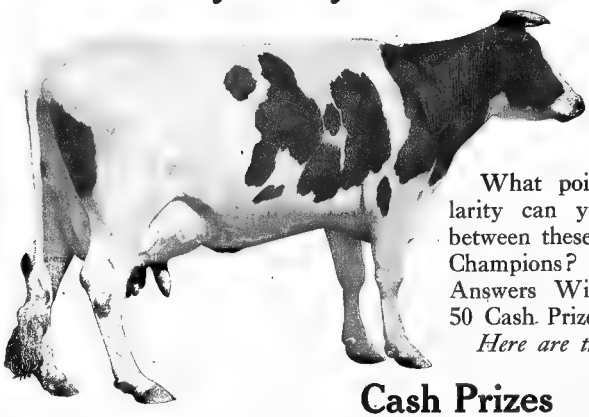
50 CASH PRIZES

You May Easily Win—Costs Nothing to Try



What points of similarity can you think of between these two World Champions? The 50 Best Answers Will Win the 50 Cash Prizes.

Here are the Prizes:

Cash Prizes

1st Prize	$500.00	4th Prize	$50.00	21st to 35th Prizes (each)	$5.00
2nd Prize	300.00	5th Prize	25.00	36th to 45th Prizes (each)	2.50
3rd Prize	100.00	6th to 20th Prizes (each)	10.00	46th to 50th Prizes (each)	1.00

TO ENTER this contest, you ought to read our intensely interesting booklet, which we will send you, FREE, and which tells, in detail, just how these great world records were made and this great success attained. No one, anxious for success in life, should fail to read it. It also gives you many pointers of help in this contest because it tells of the connection between Segis Fayne Johanna, the $150,000 official Champion Cow of the World, "The Liquid Veneer Cow," and

LIQUID VENEER

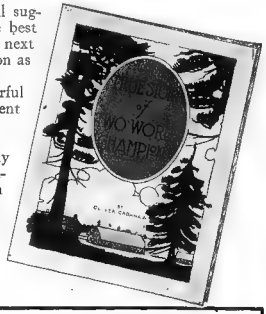
Read and study this ad and the story carefully, and then send us a list of NOT MORE THAN EIGHT points of similarity that you can think of between these two World Champions. For instance, "Both are World Champions," "Both are owned by the same people," "Both are doing great Patriotic Work."

After the close of the contest on June 1st, 1919, the judges will carefully consider all suggestions and will award the first prize to the contestant from whom, in their opinion, the best list of suggestions has been received, the second prize to the contestant from whom the next best list has been received, etc. All contestants will be notified who the winners are as soon as possible after the close of the contest.

FREE, to every contestant, a large and beautiful colored reproduction of a wonderful painting of Segis Fayne Johanna, suitable for framing. It is a work of art and will be sent whether you win a cash prize or not.

A complete set of Rules and List of Prizes will be sent with your copy of the story.

And don't forget these facts about Liquid Veneer. It is entirely different from any furniture polish known; it is more than a mere polish; it transforms the furniture and woodwork of the mustiest, dullest room in the world, into one of polished cleanliness, sanitation and beauty; it leaves a perfectly dry surface, free from oil and grease, making old furniture and woodwork look just like new; it feeds or nourishes the varnish of pianos, furniture and woodwork and makes the finish last very much longer, improving its appearance all the time instead of forming incrustations; it actually repairs the damage done by oil, wax or other similar polishes.



This is great work and is all accomplished by simply moistening a piece of cheesecloth with Liquid Veneer and using it in your daily dusting. Remember, Liquid Veneer is not a varnish and leaves no film or coating. A 50c bottle often saves $50.00 that might otherwise be spent in refinishing. Wonderful for your piano, victrola, furniture, woodwork, floors, fixtures, tile, white enamel, linoleum, brass and nickel.

Clip The Coupon Now Before You Forget. This opportunity will not be presented again in this magazine for two months so "strike while the iron is hot." You may easily win a cash prize and it costs nothing to try. Send on your entry *NOW*.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., 371 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Buffalo Specialty Co., 371 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

I desire to enter the Liquid Veneer Cow Contest and request you to send me, FREE, a copy of the story offered in your advertisement, and a copy of the rules.

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Dad's at it again!

Does the head of your house let the furnace get clogged up with ashes and then, when the fire starts to go out, take an axe and smash the grate? He may feel like it, but it is the only furnace he has, and grates are hard to replace these days.

Each member of your family has but one system, in which there is a furnace for his food. If, it becomes choked with food waste, you treat it with axe-like violence if you administer pills, salts, castor oil, mineral waters, etc., to force the bowels to move.

But the Nujol treatment is different.

For the Nujol Treatment teaches the system to clear itself of accumulated food-ash at regular intervals, and without violence, pain or stress. If you allow the food waste to collect, it decays, and generates poisons.

Just as the furnace fire clogged with ashes gradually goes out and the house turns cold—just so the bodily vitality is reduced and one becomes an easy prey to disease.

Famous physicians attribute ninety percent of human illness to bowel irregularity. The same men encourage the use of Nujol, a natural, gentle and harmless evacuant which fortifies the system by teaching bowel regularity, whether in a child of three or a man of sixty.

Warning: Nujol is sold only in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. All druggists in U. S. and Canada. Insist on Nujol. You may suffer from substitutes.

Nujol Laboratories
STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)
50 Broadway, New York

Nujol *For Constipation*
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Booklet entitled "Thirty Feet of Danger" will be sent free on request. It is based on the latest and best medical authority the world over and has a message for every member of your family.

"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol Laboratories, STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY) Room 126-C, 50 Broadway, New York
Please send me free booklet, "Thirty Feet of Danger."

Name .....

Address .....

Homeward Bound

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"No—I didn't," came the husky answer. The young man, too, was staring out to where the robin hopped about in the new green leaves beyond the window.

"And you didn't even care—there were other things, weren't there? Other things that you cared about?"

Again a husky answer, this time in the affirmative. Jedge Prescott straightened. He pulled the case-register closer to him, and scribbled upon it.

"John Perry," came his voice at last, "you have pleaded guilty of assault. It is within my power to send you to the State penitentiary for—"

"H'Your Honor please"—it was the district attorney interrupting—"I would suggest that my office has no rancor in this case, and that inasmuch as the prosecuting witness has not appeared to—"

"Very well"—Jedge Prescott ended the plea of the district attorney with a gesture and looked again at the prisoner. "As I previously said, it is within my power to send you to the State penitentiary for a term of years at hard labor. There is no peach-orchard at the penitentiary. There is a coal-mine instead, where men can contract tuberculosis and be pardoned out on the recommendation of the warden. The martins don't circle around the chimneys up there at evening. It is within my power to send you there, as I said, for a term of years."

HE CEASED and sat looking at the shuddering form of the man before him, a man suddenly grown old, and bent and shaking. Then with a little pressure of his lips, he raised his pencil again and drew a line across the case-register. Following this he wrote something on the book, very slowly, very deliberately, and raised his head.

"But, John Perry," he added, "I have been wondering whether the penitentiary is just the place for you. I shall sentence you—but I shall sentence you to go back to the place you came from, where the peach-trees are in bloom, and the bluebird sings, and the pond down by the meadow gate catches the tint of the clouds and throws them back again. I shall sentence you to go back where everything is peaceful and quiet when the day ends, and where the catbird calls in the berry-bramble, and the sugar-pears are blooming. I sentence you to say good-by to the things that have been your enemies since the minute you met them, and to say hello to the things that were your friends and that you cast aside. Somewhere the primrose is blooming beside the roadway and the sun is gleaming on the elderberry buds. Somewhere the meadow-lark is perched on an old rail fence, jus' trying to bust its throat and let out all the joy and happiness that's bound up in its little heart. Somewhere the whippoorwill is calling when the dusk shuts in and the shadows creep along the meadows, where the cattle are resting under the crab-apple trees. And that somewhere is where you're going, John Perry—to work out your salvation. Bailiff!" Jedge Prescott turned and called sharply. "Take care of this young man until after court hours. Then bring him to me in chambers. Clerk, call the next case!"

Two days later, down in Shelbyville, Jedge Harrison Farnsworth, doubled and double of eyes, stared drearily out the window of his court-room, and sighed. The whole big, old-fashioned court-yard was athrill with Spring. The trees had come into their full foliage, and the hue of the evergreens had become, more inviting. Somewhere, a vagrant turtle-dove, resting for a moment on its whirring journey, called a signal to its mate. Far away, a wagon rattled along the one brick-paved street of Shelbyville toward the dirt road of the open country. The sun was turning ruddy with late afternoon. From the back of the court-room sounded the tapping of a gavel and the quavering voice of the old bailiff.

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! The hon'ble co'te of Shelby county is adj'urned 'til ten o'clock Wednesday mornin'. Jedge Harrison Fa'rnsworth p'siddin'."

RATHER wearily Jedge Farnsworth rose and went to his chambers for his coat and hat. Slowly he opened the door—and then his bent, drawn little figure straightened and his eyes became suddenly bright.

"Well?" he asked with a suddenly summoned asperity. The white-haired, bent figure which awaited him smiled and held forth a hand.

"Hello, Jedge," came rather hesitatingly, "I jus' got through work up in the city and came home. And I said to myself, I said: 'By cricky! I'll apologize if Harry will.' So there's my hand."

Jedge Farnsworth's tongue scurried over a pair of suddenly dry lips. His voice, when he spoke, seemed very queer and far away.

"That's all right, Nat," he answered, and blinked as he said it, "maybe I was to blame."

"Nothing of the kind, Harry"—they were shaking hands and laughing now. "Nothing of the kind. Cricky! But it's good to get back. I don't like the city, Harry."

"You don't?" Jedge Farnsworth's eyes were frankly querulous. "You—say Nat," —he asked the question eagerly—"you didn't see John down there did you?"

"Just what I was going to tell you about," said Jedge Nathaniel Prescott. "Just what was on the tip of my tongue. Bless me, if I didn't see him two days ago and he doesn't like the city any better'n I do. That boy ain't built for the city, Harry. It's made him sick already—blamed if he doesn't look ten years older. So I just said to him, 'Why don't you get back out where the dogwood's blooming and everything like that?' and, by golly, that was just the very thing he was thinking of!"

"No?"

"Yes, siree! And naturally, he was kind of wondering what he'd do—he had a pretty good job there, I guess, Harry—and so he and I fixed it up that he'd take charge of that Briar Bottom place of mine —I've been letting it go to seed lately"— he turned and looked suddenly upward— "Blame it, Harry, we'll have to be hurrying. This light isn't any too good, even if it is Springtime."

Jedge Farnsworth looked up critically at the light. He smiled and rubbed his hands.

"So John's coming home?" he said softly. "I've been wishing for him, Nat—I've been lonely, I guess. So he's coming home! I'm glad of it. There's a fine boy, Jedge Prescott."

"A fine boy?" Jedge Prescott reared himself pompously. "Whoever said he wasn't? They don't make 'em finer than Jedge Farnsworth's boy! But here, we've got to be making tracks for up-stairs. Come on, Jedge!"

Then he offered his arm, and together they walked out of the big, old-fashioned room and trudged up the stairway, laughing and cackling and chatting, to the long-deserted chambers of Jedge Prescott. There they suddenly became silent. Slowly the judge reached into a drawer of a desk and brought forth an aged box of dominoes. Deliberately they seated themselves and began their game. Fifteen minutes later, a hand banged on the table and the sound of a triumphant voice echoed down the deserted hallway:

"By cricky! Home—ward *bound!*"

Why Have Baby Worries in Your Home?

Your anxiety will vanish quickly if you will read

KEEPING BABY WELL

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON, Editor of Pictorial Review's Baby Pages

It is written in a practical, common-sense way, and solves the many knotty points in Mother and Baby problems.

It is designed to serve as a hand-book in preventive medicine and aims to keep the baby so well that a physician's services will seldom be required. *Every mother must have a copy.*

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THIS booklet contains six talks on sex-hygiene, told simply, yet scientifically and truthfully, by a recognized authority.

Mothers, teachers, nurses, and brides-to-be by the thousand have availed themselves of the opportunity of securing the valuable information contained in these talks on this important subject.

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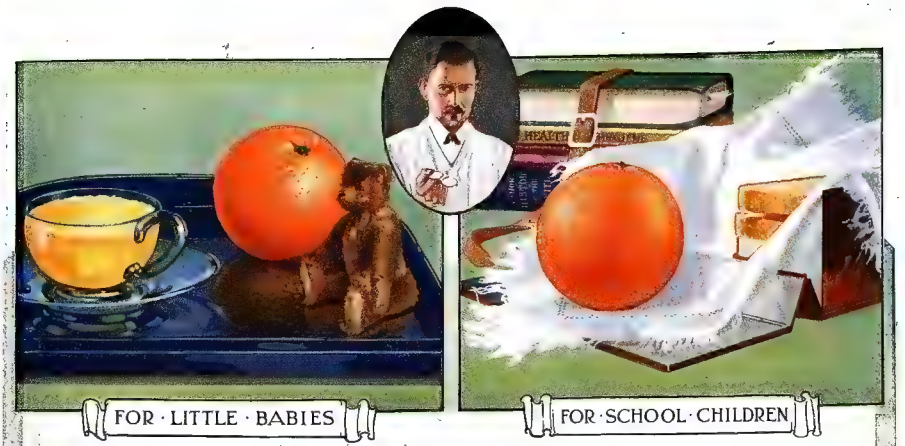

"Luscious Orange Juice"

The Overwhelming Verdict of Physicians

WE wanted to know—so we could tell you—what physicians think of the healthfulness of fruits. We asked four questions of doctors, and these are the results:

111 physicians of the 118 mentioned oranges as one of the raw fruits most often prescribed for patients; 53 of the 111 mentioned no other fruit but orange.

107 mentioned oranges as one of the most beneficial fruits for children under three years of age; 93 of these physicians *mentioned no other fruit but oranges.*

91 said oranges are one of the best fruits for children from three to fifteen years of age; 50 of this number specified oranges without referring to other fruits.

83 recommended oranges for adults, 31 mentioning no other fruit.

Some Notable Comments

"Oranges (juice) form a valuable article in the dietary of the infant and child and one that is with difficulty replaced by any other food," said one.

Another replied, "I know of no other fruit that is so excellent for the human being from infancy to old age."

Another investigation shows that convalescents in hospitals eat two and one-half times as many oranges as the usual consumer. Thus you see how this golden fruit is esteemed by men who know the body's needs.

Oranges Plentiful Now

Now oranges are again plentiful—California having this year produced a crop of almost normal size. That means twice as many oranges as were shipped from California last year when a period of severe heat destroyed two-thirds of the crop. It is estimated that this year's California crop will total fourteen million boxes, so there will be enough for everyone everywhere—and at reasonable prices.

Quick, Convenient and Delicious

Oranges are served in a jiffy. And a more luscious salad, dessert, or breakfast dish never has been conceived.

Don't go a day without a fruit that brings so many benefits in such attractive form.

Send the coupon below for "Food Value of Oranges," a little booklet by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, head of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.

With French dressing oranges are both salad and dessert.

A fine breakfast dish—a delicious fruit.

A luscious, *quick dessert* is prepared in a jiffy with oranges cut up and sprinkled with coconut.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Sweet, tender, juicy and practically seedless. Easiest sliced, and the sections separate easiest, so they are most convenient to eat whole. Order a dozen from your grocer now. They are *uniformly good.*

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit Co-operative Organization of 8500 Growers
Los Angeles, California

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. E-63, Los Angeles, California

Please send me, without charge:

☐ "Food Value of Oranges," by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, head of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.

☐ "How to Live Long." What Elbert Hubbard said about oranges.

☐ "Sunkist New Day Drinks," by Alice Bradley.

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Check the book you want. Check all if desired.

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TRY THIS TONIGHT
Recipe
MACARONI PUDDING
½ Package Skinner's Macaroni
4 Quarts boiling water
4 Tablespoonfuls salt
Add Macaroni slowly to rapidly boiling salted water boil uncovered 10 to 12 minutes Drain, rinse with cold water
CUSTARD
½ Cup sugar
½ Tsp. salt
½ Tsp cinnamon
3 Cups scalded milk
4 Eggs
½ Cup raisins
Beat eggs slightly, add sugar cinnamon and salt then slowly add scalded milk. Strain and add to seeded raisins cut in halves. Line a well buttered mold with the cooked macaroni. Pour in custard.
Bake in a pan of water in moderate oven until firm. Turn out on platter garnish with canned plums and slices of cooked apples. Serve with plum juice boiled thick.

So Delicious the Artist Ate the Model!

OUR advertising man sat at the elbow of a famous artist who was painting the above picture. Before them on the work table sat the model—this dish of SKINNER'S Macaroni fruit pudding, *minus* a liberal helping. The artist turned to the advertising man:

"I worked through the lunch hour—and that delicious dish tempted me. I ate a piece of the model!"

He took a few more deft strokes with his brush.

"I never dreamed," he resumed, "that it was possible to make macaroni so appetizing. It was a revelation to me. I'm going to educate my wife tonight on the possibilities of macaroni."

And this delightful dish of SKINNER'S Macaroni fruit pudding will demonstrate to you, too, that SKINNER'S Quality Macaroni has undreamed of possibilities of preparation. This is only one of a hundred, and more, palate-tickling recipes.

Try this dish for dinner—as a surprise for the family. Phone to your grocer at once to send you a package or two of

SKINNER'S Macaroni

Made CLEAN in the World's Largest Macaroni Factory

SKINNER'S Macaroni Products are made only from the very highest quality amber durum wheat flour. This flour has such a high gluten content that it permits SKINNER'S Macaroni to be made with walls so thin that it cooks much more quickly than any other macaroni and releases for the palate all those savory qualities of real macaroni; yet it holds its shape and is firm and tender. To be absolutely sure of the best, highest quality of macaroni, make it your inflexible rule always to insist upon getting SKINNER'S.

Warning *The cooking qualities of SKINNER'S Macaroni are so distinctive that if you attempt to use a SKINNER recipe with another macaroni, you are almost sure to reap disappointment.*

Skinner Manufacturing Company

World's Largest Macaroni Manufacturers

Omaha, Neb.

141 Tested Recipes for 4c

Send us 4 cents in stamps to cover postage and we shall send you one hundred and forty one carefully tested SKINNER recipes, showing you how to make scores of new and savory dishes with SKINNER'S Macaroni, SKINNER'S Spaghetti and SKINNER'S Egg Noodles—conceits which will surprise and delight your family and your guests.

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Our Club Conference Organizes a Community Thrift Campaign

By MAUD C. HESSLER

A Representative Committee Planned the Programs

WE'D just heard an enthusiastic report from the head of the canteen service, and a pleased rustle and whispering had gone about and subsided, when our chairman, Mrs. James, said approvingly, "We can certainly be proud of the work of the patriotic Canteen Committee. And now I have another service to Uncle Sam to bring before you. He is asking every one of our organizations to have some thrift study on its program. What action shall we take in the matter?"

A heavy silence fell. Nobody even moved a chair. It seemed to me that some of the women even looked half sulky, as if they were nursing rebellious thoughts like this: "I'm sick of thrift. Don't you ever mention it to me again!" How could I tell? A fellow feeling let me divine it, for I didn't feel very enthusiastic about thrift myself at the moment. I'd been so very good and thrifty during the war that I wanted to break out and have a little fling, now that the war is over.

Mrs. James gazed about with a look of disappointment. Our Club Conference has a fine record of achievement already and is made up of a very influential group of women, the presidents of organizations from all over our county as well as from the Metropolis. It's work is giving it the right to be considered one of our county's best dividends from its war service. You know we all agree that it is a wonderful thing for an individual to "find himself," to come to see clearly his qualities, his ubilities, his disabilities and his possibilities, and to get himself into good productive working order. But when a whole community opens its eyes in the same way and gets to running along in easy and productive co-operation, it's an even more fortunate event. That is what has come to pass in our county, so far as our woman's work is concerned, and our Club Conference has come to be, since the war, the co-operating agency.

We All Pulled Together

IT HAS been a liberal education to all of us to meet so often and so intimately as we've been doing in our war work. The Woman's Committee of our Council of Defense brought a lot of us habitually active workers and club presidents together; we've been close partners with all sorts in the fervor of various patriotic drives. Women who've never entered each others' homes have chummed together at the Red Cross. And when Mrs. Emory Allen, society leader and president of our aristocratic Fortnightly, rubs elbows day after day with Sophie Bergen, president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Labor Union, in our busy Union Depot canteen, they find each other out as human beings. The social differences which used to impress them both have dwindled out of sight. I think Mrs. Emory Allen finds it quite as stimulating to meet Mrs. Bergen as she does to meet a woman of her own social group, more so, perhaps, for Sophie Bergen is an unusually forceful person with her shrewdness and wit and outspoken manner. We patriotic women over here may not be quite so democratic yet as our soldier sons across the seas, but we've made a good start.

Mrs. James repeated, "What action shall we take?" and looked about reproachfully. Conscientious Ellen West was showing signs of planning to rise when we were electrified by the thrilling, trilling, little voice of Elsie Stanton. "I think the study of thrift would be splendid!" Everybody smiled. Mrs. Stanton was the last woman we'd expect to bear such testimony, for she was a fluffy, fashionable little creature we've always thought rather light-weight, mentally. Also her sweet voice and amiable disposition have made her a popular person. She and Ned Stanton have always been notoriously extravagant.

Elsie laughed so like a peal of bells that we smiled with affectionate amusement as she said, "I never thought I'd come to it. I've always hated the very name of thrift. Why, whenever any one mentioned it I'd have a vision of a woman I used to know who ate off oilcloth to save linen, and wore clothes that were scant and clumsy and hideously home-made—too tight across the front and too loose in the armhole. How she looked! But she had saved a lot of money and every one called her thrifty. I've always preferred to enjoy things as I went along. Then war came and the Government wanted us to buy bonds. My, it was a squirm to pay for them! Yet it wasn't so hard to do without things in order to save for bonds in war-time because nearly every one else was scrimping too. But when my first interest came it was like money dropped from the skies! First I wanted to rush right down-town and spend it—blow it in; then I sobered down and put that money into thrift stamps as fast as I could, so I wouldn't be tempted. You see how I've reformed. I'm not joking. I seem to have lost the fierceness of my appetite for spending. If I learn more about thrift, maybe I can keep from backsliding."

Mrs. James voiced the feeling of most of us, to judge by the nodding heads, when she said, "Most of us have needed to learn to save, Mrs. Stanton, and can thank the war for a valuable lesson. It is for the very reason you have mentioned, that we shn't forget what we have learned, that the Government asks us to study thrift. Only fifteen per cent. of the American people are in the habit of saving, the forty to sixty per cent. of foreigners habitually save. . We are told, too, that out of every hundred men who die there are 82 who leave no tangible assets whatever." Then she read, "We are a prosperous nation, but individually we are not a prosperous people. We are poor. We have grown rapidly. We have developed vast resources. Our people have earned plenteously but have spent lavishly. We have wasted. Our people have neglected to lay by for the rainy day. Let the wheels of industry stop tarnish for thirty days and the vast majority of our citizens would be paupers."

SOPHIE BERGEN nodded seriously. "That's true, I know it. One of my neighbors died six weeks ago. He was earning big wages, and a day in the mills, and just yesterday his young daughter had to leave High School because there wasn't enough money to keep her there."

"Do you suppose grown people can really change the habits of a lifetime? I read somewhere that we can't look for permanent and general thrift in the present generation," said one of the women. That started a lively debate, with a lot of personal testimony, which went to show that there were other reformed characters beside Mrs. Stanton in our midst. Finally the president of the George Eliot Circle got up. "'Perhaps you can't ordinarily cure grown people of bad habits, but to-day is an exceptional time. We've got so stirred up by patriotism that it seems to have really re-made us in many ways. I believe Adam Bede gives us the clue when he says, 'It ain't notions as gets people to doin' things. It's feelin's.'" We applauded.

"Madam President, what is thrift?" rang out a clear voice, as Mrs. Long, president of the Round Table, rose to her feet. "Lots of people think it is plain miserliness or stinginess. Of course we know it isn't. Have you a good definition?"

"You can take your choice," said Mrs. James, as she looked through some notes. "One man says, 'Thrift is a determination to live with a margin for future advancement, to save a little more than one spends,' and he adds, 'The money that is spent in the name of education of self or family, in travel, music or art, or in helpfulness to others is in accordance with the spirit of thrift.' A Pennsylvania school-girl won a prize for the definition, 'Thrift is management of your affairs in such a manner, that the value of your possessions is constantly increased.' Some one else says, 'Thrift is not meanness but management.' It seems to me," Mrs. James went on thoughtfully, "that thrift is based on self-control. When we apply it to money, it means saving not for miserliness but for some wise purpose. It means intelligent spending, too. We can be thrifty so far as health is concerned and we can be thrifty of labor and of fuel and clothes, of everything, in fact. When I try to make out a definition of thrift it seems to be a wise sort of balance in every act of living."

Accidents from Wasted Energy

"I WISH every domestic had to take training in thrift in the way she moves her muscles," said Mrs. Long with a quizzical look, "and make them go in a wise balance. I've a nice, good-humored maid I'll have to discharge because she sails about toppling over everything she goes near. When she sweeps a room, she drops things on my dressing-case and bumps it. She scratches the furniture by banging one piece against another as she moves it on sweeping day. She has such an uncontrolled energy she's always smashing something. A great many people need to practise thrift by acquiring a deftness in handling objects. It would be a real money-saver."

"I suppose your maid moves by impulse rather than by thought. That problem ought to be looked after by mothers as they rear their children," said Mrs. James. "Shall we confer now in committees for a while and plan out some thrift programs and topics for the different clubs?"

There was a great moving of chairs at this as we circled into smaller groups.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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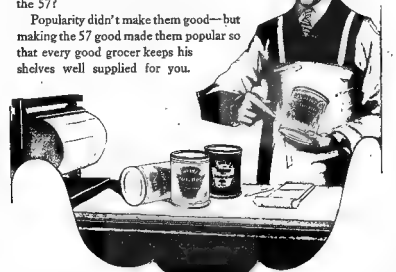

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OUR CLUB CONFERENCE THRIFT CAMPAIGN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

The several presidents of the large Woman's Clubs of the county went into one group, the Home Economics Club leaders formed another group which centered about our clever County Home Demonstration agent, Miss Ruth Adams; presidents of various literary clubs drew close together and went to work with enthusiasm, and two or three other groups formed under Mrs James's guidance. Everybody went to work seriously and when we re-assembled much had really been accomplished. The task of the large clubs had been to outline a symposium which was to launch the county thrift campaign. The following topics were finally selected:

1. What Thrift Means.
2. How I Learned to Save.
3. Thrift in the Home.
4. Thrift in Time and Labor.
5. Thrift in Health.
6. Training Children in Thrift.
7. Thrift in Civic Affairs.

EACH talk was to take ten minutes. That doesn't seem like nearly long enough, I know. In fact, each of these topics could be expanded into a day's program at least. But the purpose in having a symposium was to launch the campaign with great eclat, to advertise it and make it conspicuous and popular. We discussed the choice of speakers carefully and frankly to get exactly the right people. We didn't want merely celebrities with names only, who were proxy and long-winded and uninteresting. Every talk must be clear-cut and full of snap and each speaker must have not only a good, clear voice, but understand his limit of time. We finally selected a brilliant minister for the first topic; the second fell at once to one of our merchants, a man who rose with honor from poverty to wealth, and who is very public-spirited.

Many women could have done justice to the third topic, but we asked Miss Adams to take it. She is new in our county and we want to advertise her merits.

An expert efficiency man employed by one of our factories took the fourth topic. The best and wittiest talker in our group of Metropolis physicians took topic number five, and the wide-awake principal of one of our schools, a woman who has made a great success of thrift-stamp work, received topic number six. Topic number seven fell appropriately to the editor of the *Metropolis Journal*, a man who is an authority in civic matters as well as a masterful speaker. If our mayor had been a well-qualified person he could have been asked to take the topic, but unluckily he is a mere politician and can scarcely be considered even intelligent about the job he fills. The plans for the symposium met with strong approval by the Conference and were promptly adopted.

The Home Economics committee said that they had an embarrassment of riches and generously presented three programs, one on Food, one on Fuel, and one on Labor-Saving. They are so interesting that several clubs besides the Household Science ones are planning to follow them. Besides these full-day programs they suggested a group of short talks, which could be given before any club as a preface to the regular program. Some of them were: "Thrift in Table Linen;" "Thrift in Utensils;" "Thrift in Caring for Floors;" "Keeping Accounts as an Aid to Thrift;" "Thrift in Shoes;" "Thrift in Storing Clothing;" "How I Taught My Children Thrift. They also favored a full day's program on "Thrift in Dress."

THE Literature Club committee offered several ideas. One suggestion was for a program on Benjamin Franklin. In carrying out the program, the speaker is expected to emphasize Franklin's influence in promoting thrift and the roll call is thrift maxims from Poor Richard's Almanac. Another suggestion was to camouflage a thrift talk under the title, "Some Lessons from Mr. Micawber." I'm sure a witty member could work that out cleverly. They laughingly offered some amusing afternoon for a day's program called "Detective Stories," designed to include short, snappy talks on "How I Detected Waste in My Kitchen;" "How I Detected Waste at my Butcher's;" "Detecting Waste at the Grocer's;" "Detecting Waste in the Community," etc. Each speaker is expected to really investigate and to report pungently.

The Parent-Teachers Club women presented programs on "Training Children in the Use of Money;" "Child Training in Dietness;" "Thrift and Character Building." We applauded when they announced that they would offer a prize for the best essay on "Thrift Lessons I've Learned this Year." This prize is to be open to schoolboys and girls and must be written out of the pupils' real experiences.

It is hard to believe that our women were so reluctant to entertain the idea of a thrift campaign when you see their enthusiasm about it now. Nearly every club is going to use the program on Food. You see, we have loyally signed the pledge the Government sent us and have promised "our best effort to prevent the waste or the selfish use of our food resources," and have pledged "our loyal co-operation in carrying out the conservation measures suggested by the Government." In order to redeem

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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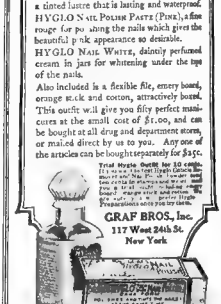
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One Woman to Another

By "Bobby" Wyndham

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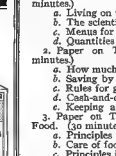

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OUR CLUB CONFERENCE THRIFT CAMPAIGN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

this pledge, we need to study thrift in food. We're going to, literary clubs and all.

We're not only planning thrift programs for our *clubs*, we're planning thrift programs for our own *lives*, too. We call it the Thrift Game, and hundreds of people are playing it already. It is full of new discoveries and new thrills. The first move is to inspect ourselves very carefully and check up how many things we do in a given day, that are wasteful or extravagant. I've always been considered a good housekeeper, but I was amazed to find how many wastes I'm guilty of—little ones, many of them, but amounting to a good deal in the end.

"What did you find that wasn't thrifty?" has got to be a regular byword, and it always starts racy conversation. Lots of people, especially children, have joined "Do Without" Clubs and are learning to lop off all sorts of small extravagances.

WE NEED all these aids to thrift. I know I've spent too much, always, and I'm trying to save for many reasons. I've long needed an electric washing-machine and I'm saving my dimes faithfully for that. It is good practise. Then I've wakened at last to a prudent fear of the "rainy day" that may overtake my husband and me, and I'm co-operating with him to cut down large expenses, hoping to build a sure road of escape from the horrors of dependent old age. The budget we've made out helps us.

We are just following up what the war taught us; then patriotism freed us for the time from the yoke of fashion and all the extravagances which follow when we ape other people. I learned these lessons trying to serve my country; now I have them to enrich my own life.

Like Elsie Stanton, I, too, when I thought of thrift, pictured her as a miserly, scrimping woman. Now she looks to me like the Goddess of Liberty!

Here are three of the programs which the Home Economics Committee planned:

Fuel Saving

Paper on Ancient Methods of Heating and Cooking. (15 minutes.)
Paper on Fuels. (15 minutes.)
a. Fuels most widely used.
b. Uses of fuels in industry.
c. Work of the U. S. Fuel Administration.
Paper on Thrift in Household Heating. (30 minutes.)
a. Principles of Heating.
b. Managing the heating plant.
c. Thrift in heating. Discussion.
Paper on Fuel-Saving in the Kitchen. (30 minutes.)
a. Saving fuel in the range.
b. Steam Cookers.
c. The Fireless Cooker.
d. Electric, Gas, and Oil Stoves.
Vacuum bottle.
References: Clarke, "Care of the House." U. S. Department of the Interior, Technical Paper 97.
U. S. Farmer's Bulletin 771, on Fireless Cookers.

Thrift in Food

Roll-Call. Name your favorite economy dish.
1. Paper on Thrift in Eating. (30 minutes.)
a. Living on three meals a day.
b. The scientific choice of food.
c. Menus for simple meals.
d. Quantities to serve.
2. Paper on Thrift in Buying. (30 minutes.)
a. How much to buy.
b. Saving by careful storage.
c. Rules for good buying.
d. Cash-and-carry stores.
e. Keeping accounts to aid thrift.
3. Paper on Thrift in Preparation of Food. (30 minutes.)
a. Principles of cookery.
b. Care of food materials.
c. Principles in using recipes.
d. Cooking processes.
(*Note:* Each of these papers could provide a day's program.)
References. Kinne and Cooley: "Foods and Household Management." U. S. Farmer's Bulletins on How to Select Foods (808, 817, 824).

Saving Labor

Motto: Grandmother's maxim, "Make your head save your heels."
Roll-Call. Name your favorite labor-saving device.
1. Paper on Principles of Household Efficiency. (20 minutes.)
a. Simplicity, a new-old Standard for Living.
b. Modern gospel of efficiency.
2. Paper on Saving Labor in the Kitchen. (30 minutes.)
a. A well-planned kitchen.
b. Kitchen conveniences.
c. Discussion.
3. Paper on Saving Labor in the Laundry. (10 minutes.)
4. Paper on the Convenient Home.
a. Cutting down non-essentials.
b. Labor-Saving machinery.
References: Childs: "The Efficient Kitchen." Frederick, "The New Housekeeping." U. S. Farmer's Bulletins 607 and 927.

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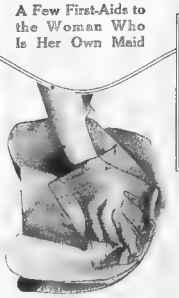
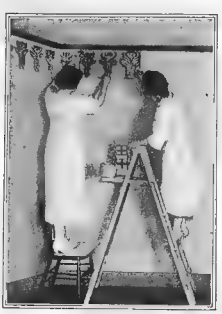
A Few First-Aids to the Woman Who Is Her Own Maid

MODERN methods and up-to-date equipment have taken most of the back-breaking toil out of housekeeping The house isn't cleaned twice a year—it's *kept* clean But at Fall-cleaning time nothing yields dividends in cleanliness like soap and water and a good scrubbing-brush in the hands of a woman who abhors dirt. But there is no use in making the job any more difficult or disagreeable than it has to be. Rubbing the unprotected knees over the hard floor and getting the skirts damp won't help to make the house cleaner, and are likely to bring sorrow to the housewife the day after Try kneeling in this padded scrub-basket, and see how much easier scrubbing becomes



AN AMPLE polishing-cloth of flannelet is an excellent thing to have in hand when you put the final polish on your mirrors. This handy cloth has a pocket made to fit your fingers.

ALL of the glassware must be sparkling and she must be able to see her smile reflected in the brasses before the critical housewife is willing to consider the house-cleaning a finished job. Any not too harsh brush, like the one shown above, plus warm soap-suds and a rinsing in hot, clear water will bring luster to the glassware But cleaning the brass- and nickel-finished trimmings is a more difficult task. Ordinary brushes are tabued because of the scratches they leave Then it is that this brush made of layer upon layer of cotton duck, proves exactly the thing. The metal grip which holds the fabric firmly in place makes a comfortable handle for the woman using this practical polishing cloth.



THE task of polishing the tarnished silver is much lightened by plunging it into the solution formed by the action of hot water on this cleaning device The metal comes out shining, and rubbing is unnecessary.

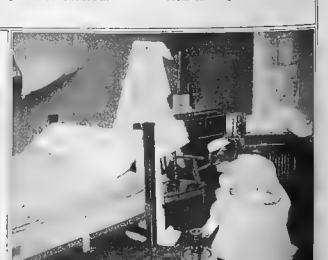
IF YOU have decided to get along without redecorating this Spring, you may be able to give your rooms the fresh touch you so much desire. You can add a new color-note by applying a decorative border to the walls. Even an amateur in house-decoration can do this work by applying the colors through a stenciled design

TO CONCEAL faded wall-paper beneath a fresh coating of cold-water paint is an art which, fortunately, does not require skilled workmanship. You can get this wall-tint in a wide variety of colors and apply it with good effect to almost any wall-finish. The results are especially good when the tint is applied to ingrain or oatmeal papers.

BEATING the furniture, whisking the draperies, and pounding the rugs raises clouds of dust. These dust clouds used to be the mark of a job well done—before vacuum cleaners came into use Now the wise woman spares herself and her furnishings the hardest part of housecleaning, by using the vacuum method For the home where electric current is available, a cleaner like the one shown below, is ideal for year round service Used once or twice a week, it keeps the rugs, hangings, and upholstery almost free from dust.

THE most carefully guarded furniture gets marred once in a while and furniture in a home where there are children generally gets well battle-scarred in the course of the year. No housecleaning is quite completed until the dulled finish has been brightened up and scars toned down with an application of furniture polish, well rubbed in

FUMIGATION after all contagious diseases has been the watchword of the physician for years. It is only recently that housekeepers have realized that fumigation at Fall cleaning-time is a precaution against sickness that is well worth the trouble it involves. Formaldehyde gas will penetrate and disinfect clothing, rugs, bedding, etc., without injury to anything in the room. Pets and plants, of course, should be removed and the doors and windows of the room carefully sealed.



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JAP ROSE
TRADE MARK
SOAP
FOR THE TOILET AND BATH
James S. Kirk & Co
JAP ROSE
FOR SEVENTY NINE YEARS THE NAME KIRK HAS BEEN THE GUARANTEE OF GOOD SOAP

Loved by Children

JAP ROSE SOAP

If you could see a chemical analysis of this ultra refined toilet soap you would know why it is always so pleasing and refreshing to use, and why it leaves the skin in such perfect condition.

You would know too, why the children love it. And you would know that it is what its delicate transparency suggests—PURE.

Roses in the cheeks, fluffiness in the hair, fragrant cleanliness everywhere—that's Jap Rose.

You'll Like It

JAMES S. KIRK & COMPANY
CHICAGO

Makers of Jap Rose Talcum Powder

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His fragile dresses-his delicate woolens -how to keep them sweet and fresh

How to wash his woolens his blankets and afghans

His flannels, so expensive, so hard to keep from shrinking They must be washed so often!

To wash them like new, use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a bowlful of water. Dissolve in boiling or *very hot* water, whisk into a thick lather and add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Put the woolens in, and work them up and down in the suds to expel the dirt. Then squeeze the suds through the garments. *Do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear water, the same temperature as the water in which you washed the garments, dissolving a little Lux in the last rinsing water. Squeeze the water out. *Do not twist.* Dry in a moderate temperature. Press with a warm iron.

To launder his fine dresses

For his fine white garments, dissolve a tablespoonful of Lux in a gallon of boiling or *very hot* water and whisk into a thick lather. Put the clothes in and souse thoroughly. Squeeze the suds through—*do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear, hot water, and dry in the sun. Dampen, then press with a hot iron. Air until thoroughly dry before putting away.

His delicately-tinted silks

For his tiny silk things, whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of boiling *or very hot* water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly, squeezing the suds through the garments. Do not rub. Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Squeeze the water out—do not wring. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

LUX

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. —Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure

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For Bed-Time and Rest Hours

7656—Misses' and Girls' Nightgown. Eight sizes, 6 to 20 years. Embroidery No. 12175, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8019—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years.

5110—Child's Union Suit. Six sizes, 2 to 12 years.

6790—Girls' Combination. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Embroidery No. 11339, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8091—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years.

8108—Child's Nightdrawers. Four sizes, 1 to 4 years.

8099—Child's Bath-robe. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years.

6941—Child's Combination. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years.

8085—Infants' Set. One size only. Set consists of a nightgown, two bands, and two diaper covers. The nightgown may be of batiste, longcloth, or outing flannel, the bands of soft silk-and-wool flannel, and the diaper covers of stockinet or rubberized material.

8186—Juniors' Negligée. Five sizes, 8 to 16 years. Little sister must have her negligée just as well as mother, and this is a cunning model.

Hair Beauty

must be insured by the Quality of aid you give it. This implies but one course—faithful use of

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC

This, the original Eau de Quinine, is nature's true aid in restoring youthful lustre to the hair. Use it with confidence in its safety and certainty. Safe because of Quality. Certain because it contains elements for removing dandruff and imparting hair beauty—it contains nothing else, except a delightful fragrance.

It is a fact that ED. PINAUD'S "Imparts to hair a beauty rare."

Special offer: For 10c a testing bottle sent anywhere, together with a sample of our exquisite new Parisian Extract "Campeador."

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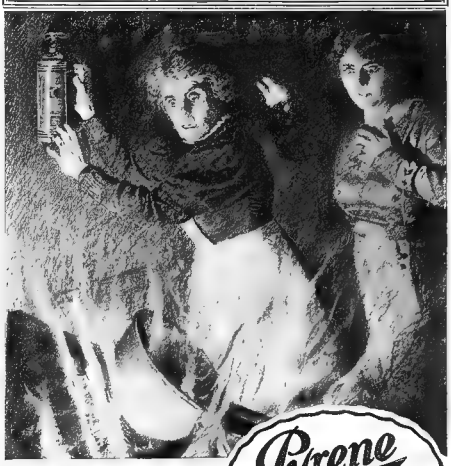

Pyrene KILLS FIRE SAVES LIFE

Doughnuts frying; lard spatters over—Fire;—but Pyrene hung on the kitchen wall!

MARY was frying old-fashioned doughnuts in lard when the Lady of the House entered the kitchen. The lard spattered over and in an instant the whole stove seemed afire. Curtains and clothes were nearby but Mary reached quickly for the Pyrene extinguisher, which always hung on the kitchen wall near the stove, and in less than a minute the fire was out. You never fear fire with a Pyrene handy. Always hang a Pyrene in the kitchen.

SAVES 15% ON AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

Sold by hardware and electrical supply dealers and garages.

PYRENE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
52 Vanderbilt Avenue – New York

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TOWLE'S
LOG CABIN
SYRUP
With the delicious flavor of pure maple

POUR some Log Cabin Syrup over a plate of golden brown French Toast! Open a steaming hot corn muffin and "butter" it with Log Cabin. Serve it with cereals, waffles and pancakes. Try it with cold snappy grapefruit. It's great!

Use Log Cabin with plain "homey" dishes—fried rice cakes or fried mush, or pour it over ice cream.

The Log Cabin Products Co., St. Paul, Minn.
The Center of North America

BUY W.S.S.

17 Highest Awards

FOR PURITY

A Medal-Winning Product

SAUER'S
PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Made in Old Virginia, in the Old Virginia Way, with the same method and formulæ used by us for thirty-one years.

Vanilla, for instance, can be made practically over-night, but Sauer's Vanilla requires more than a year from the time the beans are received until the finished product is turned out. This process, with the high-grade materials used, insures a Vanilla with the true, fine flavor and bouquet.

Quality has made Sauer's the Largest Selling Brand in the United States and won for it seventeen highest awards at American and European Expositions for *Purity, Strength and Fine Flavor.*

The C. F. Sauer Company
Richmond, Va.

COOKING

Unusual Milky Ways

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

Buttermilk Sherbet

3 Cupfuls Buttermilk — ¾ Cupful Grated, Canned Pineapple
Juice of 2 Lemons — ¾ Cupful Sugar

DISSOLVE the sugar in the buttermilk, add the other ingredients and freeze in three parts of ice to one of salt. Use as a Spring tonic.

Grape-Juice Bavarian

1½ Tablespoonsful Powdered Gelatin — 3 Tablespoonfuls Lemon Juice
2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water — 1 Cupful Boiling Water
⅛ Cupful Grape-Juice, scant — ½ Cupful Sugar
¾ Cupful Cream, just turned

LET the gelatin stand in the cold water and grape-juice for ten minutes. In the meantime dissolve the sugar in the boiling water, bring to the boil again, and pour into the gelatin mixture. Add the lemon-juice, let cool till slightly thickened, and fold in the cream whipped stiff. Chill and serve. This is not only a tonic, but a good liver stimulant as well

Buttermilk Jelly

3 Cupfuls Buttermilk — 2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Powdered Gelatin — Juice of 1 Lemon
Juice of 2 Oranges — ¾ Cupful Sugar, scant

LET the gelatin stand in the cold water for five minutes, then dissolve it over steam and add the fruit-juices In the meantime, dissolve the sugar in the buttermilk, combine the two mixtures, let stand till solidified and serve. Particularly good "for that tired feeling," which usually means auto-intoxication.

Corn-meal Cooked in Milk

4 Cupfuls Scalded Milk — ¾ Cupful Corn-meal, preferably undenatured
1½ Teaspoonfuls Salt

SCALD the milk in the double boiler. Then gradually sift in the corn-meal, stirring all the time till thick. Add the salt. Cover and cook, all told, one hour. Serve as the *main dish* at breakfast, because the milk adds sufficient protein to the cereal to give it this value

Corn-meal Timbales

PREPARE the recipe for corn-meal cooked in milk, increasing the amount of corn-meal to a cupful Chill in individual molds and for luncheon unmold on a deep fire-proof platter; cover with grated cheese and for six timbales pour around a pint of white sauce Brown in a quick oven.

White or "Cream" Sauce

1 Tablespoonful Butter — ¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Flour — Pepper
1 Cupful Milk

FOR vegetables: Barely melt the butter in a small saucepan or a double-boiler top Remove from the heat and stir in the flour, salt, and a few grains of pepper, preferably with a wire whisk Then return to a medium heat and add the milk a little at a time, whisking it in, and being sure that the sauce is up each amount of liquid before any more is added. Bring to the boil and let simmer gently for three minutes, or, better still, let it cook over hot water for ten minutes.

In using a white sauce for creaming meats, eggs, fish, and in making escallops and cream soups, make as directed above with these exceptions: Use two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter

Mock Indian Pudding

1½ Cupful Crumbled Stale Bread — ½ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Cupfuls Milk — ½ Teaspoonful Mixed Spices
1 Egg — 1 Tablespoonful Melted Butter
⅓ Cupful Sugar — ¾ Cupful Molasses

COMBINE the bread and milk in a pudding dish beat the egg and stir it into the milk mixture with the other ingredients Bake in a slow oven for an hour and a half and serve with top milk This is substantial enough to supplement a meal otherwise deficient in protein and growth-promoting materia'.

To Make Koumiss

1 Quart Sweet Milk — ½ of a Compressed Yeast-cake
1 Tablespoonful Sugar — 1 Tablespoonful Tepid Water
½ Teaspoonful Salt

WARM the milk, then stir into it the sugar, salt, and yeast cake which has been dissolved in the water Divide equally into three pint bottles, cork them tie the corks on, and invert, or place on sides for twenty-four hours at a temperature of about 80 degrees Fahrenheit, shaking them occasionally. Then chill and serve or keep for as long as five days on the ice If kept on a warm place, the Koumiss will quickly sour, as the alcoholic fermentation will change to lactic fermentation.

This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Gold Medal
Glenwood

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 154 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.
Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

Brush made from extra long Pure Pig Bristles

That's Why one BISSELL outlasts so many brooms

YOU KNOW how a good bristle clothes brush will outlast many whisk brooms—it's because the bristle is tough and does not break off like the brittle broom corn. It's the same way with the Bissell sweeper and broom.

THEN "Cyco" Ball Bearings, besides making the sweeper run easy, automatically take up the wear of other parts so the Bissell sweeper continues to do good work for many years.

AT the present high prices, brooms are an extravagance to use on carpets and rugs. One Bissell's "Ball Bearing carpet sweeper will outlast 50 brooms and at one-tenth the cost.

BROOMS scatter dust, and are harsh on floor coverings The Bissell brush, of selected bristles, is thorough, yet gentle. It confines the dust and will not harm the finest rug

Prices $4.25 to $7.50. Bissell's Vacuum Sweepers for periodic use in getting the deeper lying dust and grit $8.00 to $14.50—dependent upon style and locality. At dealers everywhere. Booklet "The Care of Rugs and Carpets" on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers

Grand Rapids, Mich. — Made in Canada, too.

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Advance Footwear Fashions

DURING the early spring gray kid shoes will continue as the dominant note in footwear fashions. "F. B. & C." Gray Kid, No. 24, is the leather designated by the Style Committee. Another popular "F. B. & C." leather is Field Mouse, No. 88.

The accepted mode for Southern resort wear is found in shoes of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid, "No. 81"—the leather which "Fits on the Foot like a Glove on the Hand," and requires no mussy dressing.

NOTE

"F. B. & C." Kid is increasing daily in scarcity. It is made from imported kid skins. Shipping facilities are still impeded, and the demand is greater than ever. Buy early to avoid disappointment.

These marks on shoe tags or stamped in shoes are your guide to buying "The Best There Is" in leather.

WASHABLE "The Modern Kid"

Reg U S Pat Off

FASHION PUBLICITY CO. of New York

F.B.&C. Kid

There is danger in tender gums

TO preserve healthy teeth the ordinary tooth-paste is futile. You must first care for the gums, on which tooth health depends.

How many people think of that? Yet four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-decay, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease).

At first the gums become tender, though actual gum-shrinkage is imperceptible. But in time receding gums will surely loosen your teeth, and then only a dentist can save them. The tender, bleeding gums of Pyorhea also act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's (For the Gums) prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. This means that it prevents gum-shrinkage, gum-tenderness, gum-bleeding. So, automatically, Forhan's prevents tooth-decay.

Brush your teeth with it. It scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and free from tartar.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for treatment.

30c and 60c tubes All Druggists

FORHAN CO. 6th Ave., N.Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD, Suite 203, 70 5th Ave., N. Y. City

Patriotism and Our Home Dyes

By MARION BURKE

HOME dyeing is one of the most interesting phases of home economy which has been developed by the wartime need for every possible saving. It has been left, moreover, for Yankee ingenuity to change the operation that used to be such a bugbear into a most delightful pastime, for there have been developed newer and better methods of dyeing, as with a multitude of other housekeeping operations.

Home dyeing combines so many delightful features with such a deal of real economy that it is one of the most fascinating things I do. It is so easy and such fun to produce a smart new effect from what was old and discarded, that the temptation to try it again is almost irresistible.

Soiled white and pink waists are particularly easy to freshen and you will find it also a simple matter to get most gratifying results with heavier materials and darker colors which will prove a wonderful help to the family wardrobe.

A friend of mine whose social demands mean a burden almost too heavy for her income to bear is most resourceful in the matter of thinking out stuff of little. She carries the impression, among people who know her, of having a number of dressy gowns, while as a matter of fact she never has more than two. It is all a matter of a little ingenuity and a few cents' worth of dye. You really will be surprised and delighted to find how completely you can alter the appearance and effect of a dress by making a few simple changes and giving it a totally different color.

Particularly with children's frocks and dresses home dyeing takes it a simple matter for the tasteful mother to keep the kiddies looking fresh and neat and to take away the "hand-me-down" look from "made-overs."

You have lots of things that would make over nicely for small daughter, but she frets and fusses because her playmates know when the dress or coat was "Mother's" or "Older sister's." Just try once and see what a wonderful difference a little dye will make. Give it a brand-new color and the material will look entirely different. Small daughter will be delighted and no one will suspect that the pretty school or party frock isn't brand new.

One neighbor of mine who has several attractive youngsters buys all their clothes in white and then dyes them to suit her fancy and the complexion of the child who is to wear the suit. She also buys stockings and ribbons in white and dyes them to match each suit.

Another plump, jovial neighbor, who "runs" a fashionable boarding-house—in fact we call it a hotel—is wonderfully successful in dyeing draperies, curtains, and other things about the house. She has excellent taste and produces many charming color effects at surprisingly small cost. The other day she said, "I've done about two hundred dollars worth of redecorating this week with $1.75 worth of dye and a few hours' time of myself and Virginia."

American Dyes Are Fast Colors

WOMEN who have been a little afraid of American-made dyes, questioning their fastness, will be interested to know just what the situation is in regard to these home products.

When German imports were cut off, our industries, that had been about a supply of dyes, were in a critical state. American dye manufacturers met this emergency until their immense coke ovens wasted the priceless coal tar products, from which dyestuffs are made.

Of course, during the first three years it was impossible to perfect all the colors to which we had become accustomed. Then Uncle Sam had his own needs demanded huge quantities of khaki and navy blue for uniforms; in fact, since we went into the war the Government has used the entire production of the fast navy-blue dye for wool, so that none was available for the public. But were manufactured last year for civilian wear. So, if by chance we purchase a navy-blue frock and find the coloring fades, we must understand that it is not because American dyes are not dependable, but because the particular kind of dye for that particular kind of fabric was used for the navy. There are other dyes which will produce navy blue, but not fast to washing and to light, to perspiration and to dust. Before purchasing any blue or gray material this Spring, it will be a wise precaution to test a sample. If it be of silk or wool, just pin a piece of pasteboard over one end, then put it in a window for a week. When the pasteboard is removed, one can easily tell whether or not this fabric has faded. If it be a cotton or linen fabric, wash it with white soap and put it in the shade to dry, just as you would a colored frock. In fact, these simple tests, which our thrifty grandmothers always practised in purchasing dress goods, are in line with our own new thrift ideas.

We are all glad that the basic materials for our pet colors were used for explosives and helped to win the war. Now, let's stand back of this new American dye industry until it can meet every need of our own factories, so that they need never again be put in the situation of lacking dyes. This is just one little thing that American women can do toward our reconstruction work and it is vitally necessary.

Your Favorite Gown

Make It Like New With Sunset

Last season's becoming dress, deftly changed a little here and there, and dyed a totally different color will look wonderfully smart and fresh, and no one will suspect it's not brand new. You will be delighted with the convenience, economy and satisfaction of

Sunset Soap Dyes

No need to buy new things when your old materials are perfectly good. Sunset enables you to get out of every garment all the wear that is in it; and Sunset color is boiled in to stay—the only way to make color fast.

Sunset dyes all fabrics—does not stain hands or utensils

Ask your dealer for your favorite color or send us his name and fifteen cents and we will mail a cake postpaid.

Pink, Scarlet, Cardinal, Wine, Light Blue, Navy Blue, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Light Green, Dark Green, Gray, Lead, Heliotrope, Yellow, Mustard, Old Rose, Old Blue, Orange, Black, Taupe, Purple, U. S. Olive Drab.

15¢

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION

New Corporate Name of Sunset Soap Dye Co.

Dept. P

Now Rochelle, N. Y.

Sales Representatives for U.S. and Canada, HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc. New York and Toronto

Let Me Show You That You Can Hear!

Don't say it cannot be done—had Mr. Bell said that, there would have been no telephones. I have shown over 375,000 deaf persons that they can hear distinctly and have thousands of grateful letters from them, mainly because I said to them what I now say to you—"My company does not want a cent from you until you know that the Acousticon will make you hear." Just say, "I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon." We will immediately send you, charges prepaid, the new

1919 Acousticon DICTOGRAPH

For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL

No Deposit—No Expense

WARNING! There is no good reason why everyone should not make at the trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it. After you have given it any test that you choose it is entirely for you to say whether you will keep or return it—as least you will know whether you are among the hundreds of thousands of fortunate ones to whom it does restore normal hearing. Address me personally, if you will write

K. M. TURNER, Pres.
General Acoustic Co., 1251 Candler Bldg., N. Y.

10c

Buys "Century" The Best Sheet Music

WHEN you pay 10c to the *Century* dealer in your town for the "Sextette from Lucia" or any of the other 2000 *Century* masterpieces, you are certain of two things:

First:—That he is a dealer who has your interest at heart, because he could sell you the classical music on which he makes more profit.

Second—You know that in *Century* you have the world's best classical pieces—edited by some of those master music-minds conceived them—printed on the best paper and at the remarkably low price of 10c.

Mothers — Pupils — Teachers

Insist on "Century" Edition and get authentic Certified Music at 10c. If your dealer won't supply you, we will. Complete catalogue of 2000 masterpieces, free upon request.

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238 West 46th St.
New York City

CENTURY Certified EDITION SHEET MUSIC

"Say it with Flowers"

FOR THE SICK ROOM

Patronize your local florist. Send flowers. They are just the thing to brighten the sick room and cheer the sick.

Your local florist, within a few hours, can deliver fresh flowers in any city or town in the United States and Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery service.

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He First Notices Your Complexion

Make your complexion beautiful—attractive—a reason for admiration.

If your complexion is naturally rough, or lacks that exquisite texture so greatly to be desired, give it a few touches of

CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

and see how well it commands the glance of approbation.

White, Cream, Flesh, Pink

50c Everywhere

A Sure Way to Earn Money

Hundreds of women, and men too, are making splendid incomes acting as our factory representatives. Earnings average $2 an hour for spare time and $35 to $60 a week for full time. You, too, can make good money at this work. The occupation is pleasant, congenial and helpful and if you are ambitious you are sure to succeed. Write and get particulars of our easy sales system. We furnish

Free Sample Outfit

and teach you our sure sales method without charge. No experience or capital necessary. You start earning money at once We furnish up-to-quality underwear and guaranteed hosiery at mill-to-wearer prices. You can quickly build up a permanent, profitable business. Be independent—make no favors of anybody. We pay all express charges—guarantee satisfaction and assure prompt services. You get your own money at factory prices.

Guaranteed Six Months

Get Agents Working for You—Make Double Pay

You can make all the money you want in your spare time or your entire time as our representative. Experience unnecessary. Just a few hours' work each day will bring you a generous income. Many of our representatives are making $3 to $5 an hour. Others are making $60 to $100 a week. Write today for complete details of our easy sales plan.

Malloch Knitting Mills
323 St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

By spread writing the name of the wearer, the signature on a stocking is applied. Thousands of women wear Durable Hosiery and "go clad" wearer's name on every pair.

"No Metal to Ruin the Hair"

"Aurora"
Vice-Versa Hair Waver

THOSE lovely soft waves you envy may be yours in half an hour with "Aurora" Hair Wavers. Your hair will be so easy to arrange and will show such pretty new lights when it's "Aurora" Waved.

Leave the wavers on while you dress, rest, read, or work—in a short time you have a soft, loose, becoming wave. For a closer and more lasting wave leave them on for several hours or overnight.

"Aurora" Wavers require no heat. Try them today and discover the real beauty of your hair. Two colors—Shell and Amber

Send for a sample card of 3 for 25c, or buy them at your nearest notion counter

JOSEPH W. SCHLOSS & CO.

ENTERTAINMENT

Try these Mathematical Puzzles on Your Skeptical Friends

By SAM LOYD

EVERY one likes puzzles, there is something fascinating about working over them and finally making them come out right. Here are a few clever pieces of wizardry based on real mathematical calculations. Science has certainly given these problems a look of magic, but clever application and a good memory will make any one a magician. Try them on your friends and notice the amazement on their faces when you answer seemingly impossible questions. No one but yourself will know that you have worked everything out by rule

Can you judge a person's age within ten years? Of course you can—nine times out of ten Well then, you may couple that ability to judge ages with a simple arithmetical formula that will qualify you as an age-guessing wizard—to astonish your friends by telling their exact ages.

Scientific Age Guessing

HERE is your speech to the friend whose age you propose to guess

Select any number you like from 1 to 10,000 and multiply that number by 9. Now add your age to the product and tell me the total" That is all the data you need to announce the correct age forthwith.

The trick is based on an interesting mathematical principle explained as follows:

Any number multiplied by 9 will produce a sum whose individual figures, continually added together, will resolve into the root 9. For example 2 times 9 equals 18; 8 and 1 equals 9; or, again, 9 times 225 equals 2025. Then 2 plus 2 plus 5 equals 9 Thus, in the first process, we have a number the root of which we know to be 9. The age is now added and a total produced whose root is learned by adding together its figures. That root must necessarily correspond to the root of the added age. It is now necessary to judge the person's age within 10 years and find the number within those 10 years producing the same root.

Let us say you try your wizardry on a young person whose age you estimate to be between 16 and 26. That person, following your instructions announces a total of 10822. Adding together the figures you have 13. Then adding 3 and 1 you have the root 4. Between 16 and 26 the only number with a root of 4 is 22. Therefore, you know your friend's age is 22

To make it still clearer. Your friend's age is between 35 and 45. She selects the number 700 700 multiplied by 9 is 6300, adding 39 we have a total of 6339. These figures added together produce 21 Now 2 plus 1 gives the final root number, 3. The process requires continued addition until a single figure results, that being the root. The root of 39 likewise is 3 plus 9—12; 2 plus 1 equals 3. As your friend's age is between 35 and 45, 39 is the only number having a root of 3.

Magic Age Cards

IF YOU have passed Life's first milestone and are not more than sixty-three years of age — these six numerical diagrams will automatically calculate your age through a simple formula that is astonishing and at the same time scientific.

Directions — Scan each of the six diagrams for the number corresponding to your age. Then add together the first number on each of the cards in which your age appears—that total is your age.

(1)

1	2	5	7	9	11	13	15
17	19	21	23	25	27	29	31
33	35	37	39	41	43	45	47
49	51	53	55	57	59	61	63

(2)

2	3	6	7	10	11	14	15
18	19	22	23	26	27	30	31
34	35	38	39	42	43	46	47
50	51	54	55	58	59	62	63

(3)

4	5	6	7	12	13	14	15
20	21	22	23	28	29	30	31
36	37	38	39	44	45	46	47
52	53	54	55	60	61	62	63

(4)

8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63

(5)

16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63

(6)

32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39
40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47
48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63

With these Cards You Can Tell Anybody's Age

Let us say your age is 24. Then you will find it in diagrams Nos. 4 and 5, the initial numbers of which are 8, 16, total 24. Memorize the initial numbers of the 6 cards—No. 1 is 1, No. 2 is 2, No. 3 is 4, No. 4 is 8, No. 5 is 16, No. 6 is 32. Now, cut out the diagram, mount it on cardboard, hand the card to a friend and say,

"Examine the 6 cards and tell me in which of the 6 you find your age" Like a flash you add together the initial numbers fixed in your memory, and the total will, to a certainty, compare with your friend's age. Your reputation for wizardry and mathematical genius is now launched.

Reading Secret Messages

TO THOSE who have never considered the subject, it might appear that each letter of the alphabet is of equal importance in the formation of words. Scientific analysis has proven that such assumption is erroneous, and that in the English language, letters are used with relative frequency as follows:

A, 85; C, 30, D, 44; E 120; F, 25; G, 17; H, 62; I, 80; J, 4; K, 8; L, 40; M, 30; N, 80; O, 80; P, 17, Q, 5; R, 62; S, 80; T, 90; U, 34; V, 12, W, 20, X, 4; Y, 20; Z, 2.

It is this knowledge of how frequently one letter is used, compared with others, that enables cryptogram readers to unravel cipher messages.

An elementary code is constructed by simply mixing up or transposing the letters of the alphabet—K might represent E; T stand for A, etc. The following message is constructed on that plan.

QDT KJ JKSSBJD TEFT GEFWODJ RJ BJD TERWN WRGEDW TEFJ DQODJ TEDJ EBA EKGE SBBWDW RJ DQODJ TEFJ GEFWODJF

Now that the process is explained let our amateur cipher solvers see how long it will take to translate that Russian looking sentence into plain English.

The sentence is translated into English as follows:

"Let us suppose that Charles is one-third richer than Ellen, then how much poorer is Ellen than Charles?"

For the benefit of those who might be interested in the matter, we will state that Ellen is one-quarter poorer than Charles

Puzzling the Court

POLUS instructed Cteisphon in the art of pleading, and it was agreed between teacher and pupil that the tuition fee should be paid when the latter won his first case. Some time having passed and the young man being without clients and evincing no ambition to secure business, Polus, in despair, brought the matter before the Court. Each party pleaded his own case, and Polus speaking first, said,

"It is indifferent to me how the Court may decide this matter, for, if the decision be in my favor, I recover my fee by virtue of the judgment; but, should my opponent win the case, in telling his first, I obtain my fee according to contract"

CTESIPHON, who was evidently an apt scholar, replied

"The decision of the Court is even of less importance to me, for if the verdict is in my favor I am thereby released from my debt to Polus; but if I lose the case, the fee can not be demanded according to the contract."

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"Look Young at Forty"

Tint Gray Hair A Lovely Brown

Brownatone

"Untidy" is the stern criticism of employers when women with faded, streaked, or gray hair seek today to enter the business world.

No less severe are modern standards of neatness in society. Successful women give no more careful attention to their teeth, their complexions or their fingernails than to the appearance of their hair.

To retain through advancing years not only the spirit but the charm and attractiveness of Youth is held to be the highest obligation of every woman to herself, her family and her friends.

Simple and easy is this pleasant duty when "BROWNATONE" is used to tint streaky, gray or faded hair so that the features are framed with lovely brown tresses of the exact shade to harmonize with the eyes and complexion.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

Thousands of refined and particular women use and endorse this safe and harmless preparation that tints gray, faded or bleached hair instantly to any shade from light golden to medium, dark brown or black. It does not rub off, cannot be detected and can be applied in a few moments. "BROWNATONE" must not be confused with ordinary and unsatisfactory hair "dyes."

Send 10 cents (coin or stamps) for a sample and valuable booklet on the care of the hair. Leading druggists everywhere sell "BROWNATONE." Two colors: "Light to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Be sure to state which is desired when writing or purchasing Large bottle, $1.15; small size, 35 cents.

THE KENTON PHARMACAL CO.
Suite 417 Coppin Building COVINGTON, KY.

SEND 10 CENTS
FOR TRIAL BOTTLE

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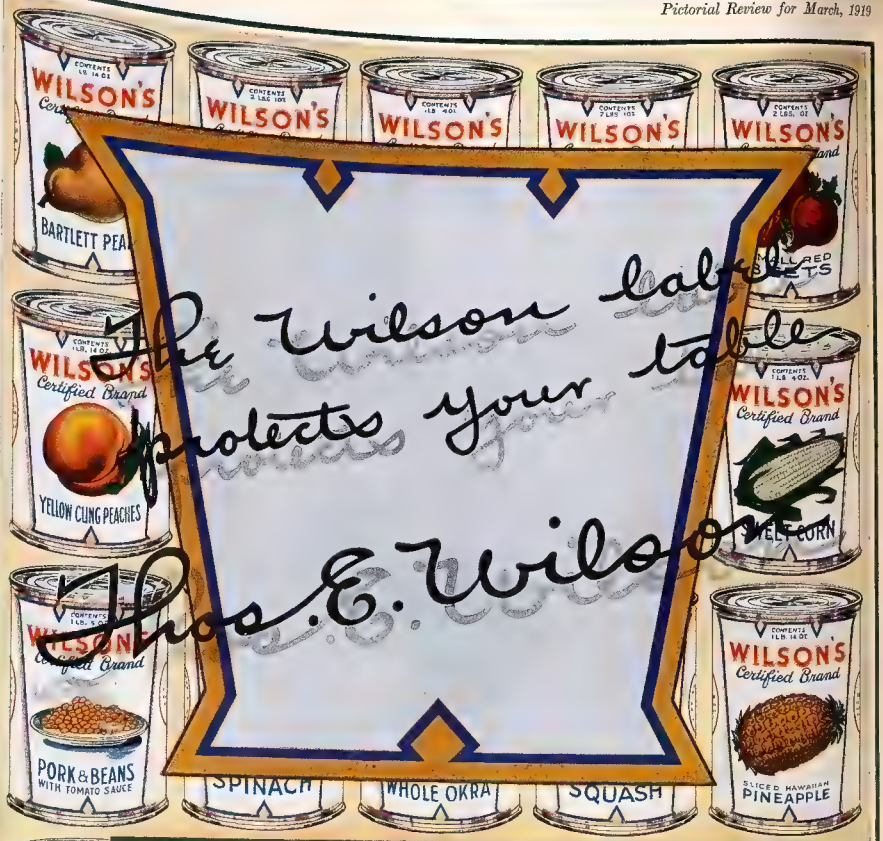

The Wilson label protects your table

Thos. E. Wilson

OUR "money-back" guarantee is on every Wilson's Certified label. It distinguishes our Certified fruits, vegetables and table specialties. It sets them apart from ordinary "canned foods." It is a binding pledge that the quality of any of our Certified products must satisfy your own individual taste.

We could not make such a guarantee if we did not first make sure that the quality is in the product. We prepare these foods for your table with the *respect* they deserve.

IN OUR model kitchens we are as careful and thoughtful as your own mother would be. Corn, tomatoes, peas, beans and other vegetables, as well as the fruits and berries, when gathered for us must be of the finest quality.

Our "money-back" guarantee stands alongside your confidence in your dealer. Ask him for Wilson's Certified food products. If he cannot supply you write us giving his name and address and we can stock him very quickly.

This mark WILSON & CO. CHICAGO your guarantee

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

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Embroideries for the Baby

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12367 (at left) and 12399 (at right) blue or yellow. Applied to bonnet No. 8169, sizes ½ to 4 years.

Embroidery 12367 on Bonnet 8169

Embroidery 12399 on Bonnet 8169

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12485, blue or yellow, supplies 3 yards of floral border 1¾-inch wide. This lovely border may be used in strips to trim a party frock for the young girl, working it on soft batiste or Georgette. Dress No. 8144 (at right). Sizes 6 to 14 years.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12487, blue, supplies, shape and design of the two bib designs shown below at right and left of page. Raised satin, eyelet, and buttonhole stitches should be used in developing these bibs which may be of linen or piqué.

Embroidery 12485 on Dress 8144

Bib 12487

Bib 12487

Feeding-bib 12489

Embroidery 12484 on Coat 8168

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12489, blue, gives shape and design of bib. The embroidery on this bib is done in outline stitch and the edges are blanket-stitched.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12484, blue. Two collar and cuff designs (with shapes) to fit 2- and 4-year size in pattern. Coat No. 8168, 1 to 4 years.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12486, blue, supplies embroidery design 14½ by 19½ inches for carriage or boudoir pillow.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 555, for sandals and cap at right and left.

Knitted Sandals 555

Crochet Bonnet 555

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More and more women are turning to these Packages as the "New Economy Way" of possessing, at small cost, dainty hand-embroidered lingerie, infants' and children's wear, etc.

Bucilla Package Outfits are sealed envelopes, each containing a stamped garment of finest quality, usually *ready-made*, full working instructions and sufficient cottons to *complete* all embroidery. Learn the variety and completeness of the assortment by sending for the

New Illustrated Circular—FREE

Package No. 5436 contains the ready-made one-piece Suit illustrated. Made in a combination of serviceable white and tan materials; sizes 1 and 3 years; an exceptional value at $1.65. Ready-made Hat to match (same sizes) No. 5437 65 cents. These are but examples of the enchantments and originality awaiting you in Bucilla Packages.

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Guaranteed Boil Proof Colors

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You Can Be Well

Without Drugs

BE free from nagging ailments as our soldiers are free! Weigh what you should weigh! Have a perfect figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE.

When all of the vital organs are doing their proper work, and you stand and breathe correctly, disease germs, grippe and colds have little hold on you.

I have helped 87,000 refined, intellectual women regain health and good figures. I have taught them how to **keep** well. **Why not you?** You can devote just a few minutes a day in your room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health which I direct to suit your particular needs, and

You Can Weigh Exactly What You *Should*

I KNOW it. I have reduced the weight of 40,000 women and increased the weight of 40,000 more. I can do the same for you and at the same time strengthen every vital organ.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural, permanent, scientific and appeal to common sense.

You Can Have a Good Figure

Don't envy the friend who has a wonderful figure. **Perfect your own.** You can and you will look a lot better in a modest dress if you carry it well than in a $200 gown with a poor figure.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you CAN reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Have You Any of These Ailments?

Even the most stubborn—Common Ailments—yield to my treatment, as:

Excess Flesh in any part of body
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms
Round Shoulders
Incorrect Standing
Incorrect Walking
Poor Complexion
Poor Circulation
Lame Back
Headache
Sleeplessness
Lack of Reserve
Nervousness
Irritability
Constipation
Indigestion
Dizziness
Rheumatism
Colds
Torpid Liver
Malassimilation
Auto-intoxication

Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others. The most progressive physicians are my friends. Their wives and daughters are my pupils. Medical magazines advertise my work.

Write me about yourself. I will hold your letter in strict confidence and will tell you personally whether I can help your case.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait, you may forget it. I will send you **free** my valuable booklet on health, telling you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 74, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft has surely been doing a valuable war work. She is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

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Why We Should Bathe Internally

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of today is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's-portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine.

There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin today.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line made him the preeminent authority on this subject. Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute at 154 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this article in PICTORIAL REVIEW, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realise now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you this information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now*, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

(Advertisement)

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AID NATURE
B & P Wrinkle Eradicators
or Frowners
smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty—while you sleep. They are absolutely harmless simple and easy to use—a touch a night. Made in two styles, one wears between the eyes. Eradicates for lines in the face.
Either kind sold at 50c., $1.00, and $2.00 by leading dealers. Dressing Table Hints" at drug and department stores every where. If your dealer is out, send direct postpaid, on receipt of price
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Freeman's is a most exquisite powder with a fragrance of charming delicacy. Gives the skin a soft velvety feel and delicious flesh tint. Does not rub off. At all toilet counters.
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All tints 50 cents (double quantity)—4 cents for miniature box.
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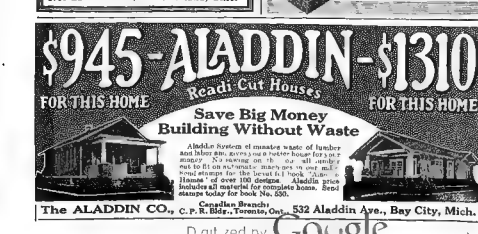
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COOKING

Little Savings in the Kitchen

By FLORENCE SPRING

DURING the past year we have learned many things. We have practised economies of which we had never before dreamed. We have detected apparently unimportant wastes which never before occurred to us. We have extended and substituted. But possibly there are still some small outlets not before stopped; small conservations that have not been practised.

Potato Parings

HOW about potato parings? I had never saved them; had you? Use them in making a delicious soup. Scrub the potatoes clean, do not "bother" to pare as thinly as your conscience usually directs. With the skins use tomato (or a bit of stewed tomato or canned tomato soup); half a cupful of split peas (soaked previously); an onion, a carrot, and half a turnip, all diced and cut up; a handful of dried celery-leaves, a sprig of parsley, two cloves, and half a bay-leaf. Cover abundantly with cold water, let come to a boil and let simmer three or four hours, stirring often. Rub all through a colander, return to the stove and season to taste, thicken slightly with butter and flour melted together, and see if it is not as delicious a soup as you ever tasted!

Of course any little additions from the "pantry scrap-basket" are in order. This soup is perfectly adequate for the main dish for lunch or supper. It might be followed by a salad and perhaps a "hearty" dessert as gingerbread with cheese, butter or whipped cream, or an apple dumpling, "Betty," or pandowdy.

Left-over Parsley

ON Saturday when you are giving a large Sunday order to your marketman, ask him to include two or three cents' worth of parsley. Some markets do this as a matter of course. Save that used only as a garnish, add it to that which has not been used in the cooking and dry on the stove shelves. Rub through a coarse sieve and store in a glass jar, adding to it whenever you have extra parsley.

Use it in cream sauces, creamed or Lyonnaise potatoes, potato salad and other soups, and for sprinkling over roasts, broiled or fried fish, or on slices of lemon used for garnishing. The moisture causes it to swell and it looks as green and fresh as if newly prepared. It may be dried, also, in small sprigs, carefully soaked when needed, and used as a garnish.

Jelly Dessert

WHEN using jelly, jam, and marmalade for this present year, when sweets are luxuries, do not waste the dainty accessories and frills, but as the main dessert. A delicious way of serving jelly for this purpose is to up it out in a glass and call it "rice," a la Chatel cheese over it. Serve with it any variety of hot, unsweetened biscuit or crackers, or with hot rolls or baking-powder biscuit.

Jam or marmalade may be placed in a shallow glass dish, leaving plenty of extra space and arranging around it at each end and side snowy drifts of cream cheese beaten until light and fluffy with fresh cream. This is a particularly delicious combination. Serve as above with unsweetened biscuit, toasted or very hot.

Scraped Cereal

I HAVE always practised saving the cereal which adheres to the double boiler after the breakfast supply is perhaps too hurriedly removed. To be carefully done, fill the container with cold water and when "cleaning-up" time comes run a spatula or a supple-blade knife around and every particle of the cereal will easily come off. Tip quickly through the strainer which should hang over your sink and put aside the "salvage" thereby obtained to add to muffin and bread, griddle cakes, etc. Bits of bacon, gingerbread, doughnuts, broken cookies, etc., may be soaked and added to brown-bread mixture, both to its advantage and that of conservation

Corned Beef Water

ALWAYS save water in which corned beef is boiled. Previously ask the marketman to put a piece "in corn" for you for a short time only; it will be much nicer and more delicate than when hardened by long salting. In consequence, the liquor may be utilized in many ways when a saltier broth could not. It may be used by itself with the addition of a few vegetables, run through the meat-chopper, as a vegetable soup; it may form the water addition to a tomato soup or a stew, and it can always be used, when on hand, instead of water, in moistening bash. Cool the beef in the broth overnight, next day remove the beef and press and also the cooked fat on top, which melt and clarify, strain the broth through double cheese-cloth into a pitcher, and keep in a cool place to use as needed.

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.

In'64
PISO'S
Coughs and colds are the same today as when grandma was a girl. And Piso's is still the same favorite that it was more than 50 years ago. Gives prompt relief; eases tickling; soothes hoarseness and inflamed throats.
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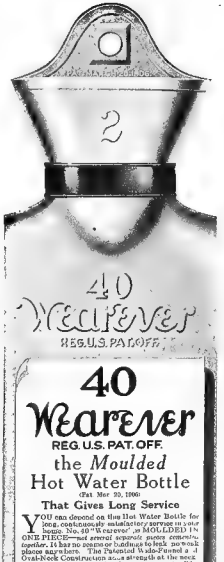

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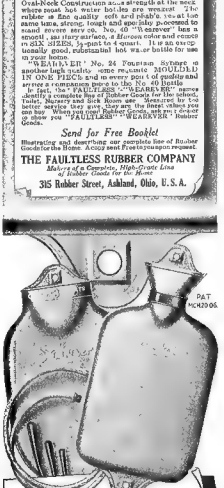
"Wearever" No. 84 Fountain Syringe is another high quality syringe moulded IN ONE PIECE and in every point of quality and service a companion piece to the No. 40 Bottle.

In fact, the "FAULTLESS" "WEAREVER" series identify a complete line of Rubber Goods for the school, the home and the sick room. Look for them—you'll better appreciate their worth over the dealer unless you can buy. When you need Rubber Goods, ask to see a dozen to show you "FAULTLESS" "WEAREVER" Rubber Goods.

Send for Free Booklet

Illustrating and describing our complete line of Rubber Goods for the Home. Actual size Fountain Syringe pictured.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY
Makers of a Complete, High-Grade Line of Rubber Goods for the Home
315 Rubber Street, Ashland, Ohio, U. S. A.



Faultless
NURSER
(Nipple Pat. July 12, '10)
With **"Sweetie"** Doll

Regular Price, 25c. Special Introductory Offer, This Limit April 10th, 1919. With Coupon for **10c**

The FAULTLESS NURSER is "Just Right for Mother & Baby." The Patented Nipple is Nature's super product—a beautiful looking breast, soft and round like Mother's breast—it feels, acts and is so much like the real thing that baby takes to it naturally and nothing else will do. The FAULTLESS NURSER is the most reliable and convenient nursing device for the use of mothers who cannot nurse their babies and mothers who prefer not to. Nothing else like it. Nothing else so perfect. You will never use any other nursing device when you use the FAULTLESS NURSER. Ask your druggist to show you one. If he has not got it, send us his name and 10c (coin or stamps) and we will send you one postpaid.

The Faultless Rubber Co.
315 Rubber Street, Ashland, Ohio.

For enclosed 10c to pay cost of postage, packing, handling, etc., please send one complete 35c FAULTLESS NURSER, with "Sweetie" Doll, of this coupon, properly filled out, is received before April 10th, 1919.

My Name.....
My Address.....
City and State.....
My Druggist's Name.....

House Budgets from Our Readers

ARRANGED BY
HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

IN READING over the many articles and letters which I have received since the publication of the article "How Do You Spend Your Money?" I have found that many PICTORIAL REVIEW readers agree with me that five per cent., the percentage fixed by the Ideal Budget for saving, is too small. Twenty per cent. comes nearer to the estimate of our readers. How this may be done, even on a small income, several readers show quite clearly.

Here, for instance, is a woman who managed her luxuries by the novel method of putting all increases of salary into them, and continuing to live at exactly the same standard as before the increases came. She says,

"We have just purchased a touring-car, costing twelve hundred dollars, and some friends have asked us how we could under present conditions. We have bought it and will run it on the increase in my husband's salary. In July, 1917, and in January and July, 1918, my husband's salary was increased at the rate of three hundred dollars a year. Our expenses were not allowed to increase but remained what they had been on his salary January, 1917, which was two thousand dollars. This was divided as follows:

Rent	$300.00	15 per cent.
Food	600.00	30 per cent.
Clothes	300.00	15 per cent.
Savings	400.00	20 per cent.
*Miscellaneous	400.00	20 per cent.
	$2,000.00	

*Includes heat, light, insurance, dentist, doctor, donations, education, etc.

"As to details. The rent, $300.00, is figured on our own home and covers interest on cash invested, interest on mortgage, taxes, insurance, and repairs allowance.

"The food covers milk, ice, laundry bills—for three, my husband, myself, and a child four years old. We take three pints of milk a day, ice six months during the year. We have no hired help; the laundry covers finished shirts and collars. The clothing allowance gives us $125 for each parent, and $60 for the child, which buys ample clothing of good quality. We use eight tons of coal, have a monthly lighting bill of three dollars, have our furniture insured, and pay a premium on a two thousand dollar life insurance. We have been very free from doctors' bills. We have not increased expenditures as prices ran higher, eating one pound of butter instead of two, cutting down on meats and using more fish, beans, macaroni, and cheese. Coal and lights cost more, but we economize more. Our clothes do not vary as much. When I save, I buy War Savings Stamps, and we have used part of our four hundred dollar savings for Liberty Bonds. So, never touching the three salary increases, we can pay for and run an automobile, even in times of high prices.

"W. M. B——, Providence, R. I."

MRS. E. R. P——, a housekeeper of thirty-five years' experience has saved twenty per cent. of her income for years. Here is now a family of three adults and she divides her income in this way. Compare it with the Ideal Budget and you will see how she saves.

	Budget of Mrs. E. R. P	Ideal Budget	Saving	Loss
Table	$30.00	$31.25	$1.25	
Rent	22.00	25.00	3.00	
Clothes	14.00	18.75	4.75	
Upkeep	13.00	18.75	5.75	
Church	10.00	6.25		3.75
Education	4.50	6.25	1.75	
Personal	11.50	6.25		5.25
Savings	20.00	6.25		
Recreation		6.25	6.25	
	$125.00	$125.00	$22.75	$9.00
	Additional Savings		9.00	
			$13.75	

Mrs. E. R. P——'s explanations are interesting. She says,

"If an occasional purchase is necessary outside the general routine, a rug, for instance, or a mattress or a chair, this is not included in the above budget. Indeed, does not represent our whole income, but our division of my husband's salary. We have for years put money in a Building and Loan Association, and the interest on this investment takes care of such purchases together with our very brief vacations. Since Liberty Loans have come, we put our investments into them. We have an occasional doctor's bill, but are we belong to a benefit association our infrequent illnesses have left us so far, somewhat to the good. Our allowance for car-fares is large, but we live in the suburbs and our rent is so lowered that we save the car-fare needed.

"The allowance for reading-matter in the education item sounds small, but we have a good Public Library. Our fuel allowance is put aside each month and is ready to pay for the year's supply in cash, cash meaning a saving of twenty-five cents a ton.

"I have been a housekeeper for thirty-five years. I have always had to economize. I have learned that the determined banish-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Mrs. Knox Says

I WISH every woman knew the exacting care, the delicacy of detail, the perfection of refinement necessary to produce the supreme quality of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Rare quality and true economy are found by using Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Experts call it the "4 to 1 gelatine" because each package makes 4 pints of jelly—***or 4 times the quantity*** made by ordinary brands—and it is measured so that you can make the full quantity or any portion desired.

As an example of a real delight I suggest this exquisite but easily made dessert of

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Orange, Banana or Apple Sponge

½ envelope KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE
½ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
1 cup orange, apple or banana pulp
1 cup sugar (½ cup if banana pulp is used)
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
Whites of two eggs
Few grains salt

Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly, and add fruit pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat until light; then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and beat together thoroughly. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. May be served with a custard sauce made with the remaining egg yolks.

If a Charlotte is desired, line mold with strips of stale cake.

Note: This recipe only uses ½ Package of Gelatine and makes over one pint of Sponge.

Knox KNOWLEDGE Books FREE

For many years we have been gathering information for the easy making of simple, unusual, delightful desserts, salads and delicacies. This knowledge we have put in an illustrated book—"Dainty-Desserts," which, combined with Mrs. Knox's Conservation Book "Food Economy," gives a wealth of practical, helpful and original suggestions.

These books are entirely free if you give your grocer's name and address. If you wish an introduction package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine, sufficient for a dessert or salad, enclose 4c in stamps.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.

135 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N. Y.

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FOR GENERAL USES

INCLUDING PURE LEMON
FLAVOR FOR QUICK USE

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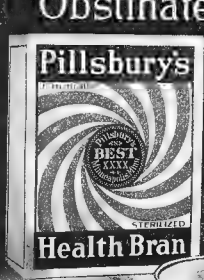


THE special Pillsbury Health Bran recipes on the package show how to make delicious bread, muffins, cookies, etc., that you surely will enjoy.

Be sure to ask for Pillsbury's as it is milled especially for human consumption. This extra clean, flaky, sterilized Bran supplies the roughage necessary to correct intestinal and digestive troubles.

Health Bran foods should be made a regular part of your daily diet. Ask your Doctor

You will like bran muffins made the Pillsbury way. They have the desired laxative effect

Insist Upon Pillsbury's At Your Grocers

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Pillsbury's Health Bran

House Budgets from Our Readers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

ment of waste in every form and the studious re-construction of left-overs and made-overs into finished products is worth while. My budget has stood the test of long use. It is never altered. E. R. P.

IN MARKED contrast to these happy women who know how to save is this letter from Mrs. S. M

"How do I spend my money? I do not know and I am growing gray-headed trying to find out. My situation is this. My husband and daughter and I constitute our family. Both my husband and daughter are willing to hand over every cent of their money to me. My income is as follows:

"We own one house (rented), $2,800. Our own home, $3,500. Mortgages against two houses, $3,100.

"We live in the country and keep a horse, a cow, pigs, and chickens.

"The weekly income is (from the two salaries), $30.00 Rental of house, $5.00. Other sources, $3.00. Total, $47.00

"Out of this I must pay taxes, insurance, interest, fuel, food, water, repairs, work on place, car-fares, etc., etc. We have an indebtedness of several hundred dollars, incurred by an unusual emergency. I have been so harassed that I have evolved this plan I will divide my income into three parts, giving each one of us one third My husband will feed the horse and pay stallrent at his place of business (he uses the horse to travel to business), also the horseshoeing and his own personal expenses, including clothing. My daughter will pay car-fares, clothing, church dues, etc. I will pay for laundry, stamps, magazines, pewrent, papers, and my own clothing. We have a big garden and live simply and I think my share will buy what we need Meanwhile I am open to suggestion.

"MRS. S. M——"

I wish every reader would consider Mrs. S. M—'s problem and see for herself how very far away her solution is. The weekly income earned by the daughter is seventeen dollars and the mother proposes to allot her $16.45 (35 per cent. instead of 33 per cent. as her share of the joint amount. Out of this the daughter is to pay only her car-fares, church dues, and clothing! She is paying nothing into the house with this arrangement, or next to nothing, just fifty-five cents a week for which she receives board, pew-rent, papers, magazines, etc. Mrs. S. M— has a complicated problem, but what she should do is this.

COUNT up her obligations. Her interest on her mortgages at six per cent. is $186.00 a year. Add to this taxes which she has not estimated, but which we will suppose to be thirty dollars. Total, $216.00. Add to this a monthly payment of $20 on $300.00 debt, $240 a year. Total, $456.00 or about $8.75 weekly.

Now from $47 income substract $8.75 and you have $38.25 for running expenses

This can be divided according to the Ideal Budget

Food	25 per cent. or almost	$10.00
Rent	20 per cent. or almost	8.00
Upkeep	15 per cent. or almost	6.00
Clothing	15 per cent. or almost	6.00
Church	5 per cent. or almost	2.00
Recreation	5 per cent. or almost	2.00
Education	5 per cent. or almost	2.00
Personals	5 per cent. or almost	2.00
	Total	$38.00

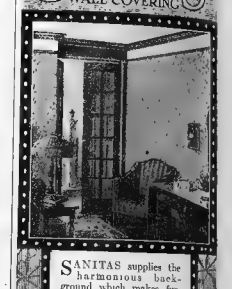
(Investment will have to wait on savings to be effected.

Now Mrs. S. M. has a garden, pigs, and chickens. She has to pay something for labor and feed. She should charge this against the garden, pigs, and chickens in a separate account and then when she sells a pig or a chicken or when she cans and puts a jar in the pantry or uses vegetables on the table she must sell them to herself and take the price off the account against the garden, pigs, and chickens. Or an easier plan would be to put the pig, chicken, and garden charges on the food item and spend no more than the amount allowed, as the results of the pigs and chickens and garden are to reduce that food item. She ought to save on the food item, the saving representing her labor and husband's labor on the garden, pigs, and chickens.

She ought also to save on rent, since they own the place, even with the mortgage interest But as I have no tax figures I can not work this out accurately It looks to me as if the rent item saving ought to cover horse expense, but if it does not she can manage with the amount saved on rent and the two dollar investment item to pay for the horse, I am certain. She is really in no position to save until that debt of three hundred dollars is paid

In working this out, I am of course assuming that the daughter is anxious to put the household on a sound footing. If she is not, her mother should charge her board, and a fair board, not a nominal one. If she helps about the house, she likewise has many privileges a boarder would not have and usually it is fair to charge a daughter the lowest rate of decent board prevalent in the neighborhood in which the family lives For the daughter's whole future she needs to be taught to pay her own way from the start. Following the plan I have indicated, the family will be out of debt in a year and three months, will have learned to adjust themselves to their income and will no doubt be able to improve on my planning

SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING



SANITAS supplies the harmonious background which makes furniture, rugs and hangings look their best.

Sanitas is a cloth wall covering finished in durable oil colors and is obtainable in

"Styles for Every Room In the House"

Sanitas does not crack, peel or fade. Dust and most marks cause injure to—a damp cloth wipes off the dirt

Do a room or two in Sanitas this spring and make them look more inviting than ever.

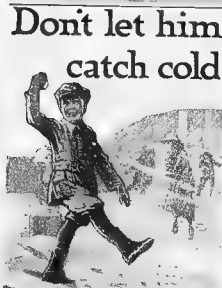
The Sanitas trademark is always on the back of the goods

Write for Booklet and Samples

and address the manufacturers of

SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING
Dept. 17
326 Broadway, New York

Don't let him catch cold



A little Kondon's snuffed up each nostril night and morning, will do wonders in preventing or remedying winter colds and contagions.

Encourage your children to clear their heads with Kondon's, as regularly as they brush their teeth.

KONDON'S

is guaranteed not only by us, but by 29 years' service to millions of Americans. If Kondon's doesn't do wonders for your cold, sneezing, cough, chronic catarrh, nose-bleed, hay fever, sore nose, etc.—we'll pay your money back. Address

KONDON'S Catarrhal Jelly
Minneapolis, Minn.

Free
"20-Treatment" Coupon

A tin large enough for 20 applications will be mailed to you free of charge on receipt of your name and address.

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selling our exclusive Dress Goods Suitings Waistings Handkerchiefs Hosiery Silks etc. Latest and best Styles designs Profitable Congenial employment of spare time for ladies of refinement. No money or experience necessary. Samples FREE Write today
Mitchell & Church Co., 116 Water St., Binghamton, N. Y

How German chemists were outdone

FOR years, Germany's boasted experts have tried to produce a tasteless castor oil—

But where they failed —America succeeded.

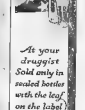
By a process of scientific refining, Kellogg has given the world a castor oil—quite tasteless and free from nausea—without the addition of flavoring—100% pure

And yet, because of efficient volume production—Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil costs but a trifle more than the old, harsh kind

For health's sake, always keep a bottle in your medicine chest.

Spencer Kellogg & Sons, Inc
Buffalo, N. Y

At your druggist's Sold only in sealed bottles with the leaf on the label



Kellogg's TASTELESS CASTOR OIL

Keep Your House Free from Rats

"Rough On Rats" is no economical diet it costs but about 5c a year to keep a house free from rats. A sure killer. Tasteless, odorless; rats eat it with food they will eat. Oldest and largest selling exterminator. Send for free booklet—"Ending Rats & Mice."

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

ROUGH ON RATS
"DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE"

10 Cents a Day Pays for This Symphonola

Plays all records Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Little Wonder, Emerson. Take 3 years to pay, after 30 days trial. Compare its tone for clearness volume, with more costly instruments Return at our expense if fails to make good Ask today for Cat

Beautifully Illustrated Symphonola Book FREE
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Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,000 others here in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my Fairyfoot treatment Free. I don't care how many so-called cures and pads you have tried without success—I don't care how discouraged you are with them all. You have my word that my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain it removes the cause of the bunion and has the right, delightfully unobscene. In fact you are wearing tight shoes this very hour send your name and address and Fairyfoot will be sent you at once. Simply mail postal or letter today. Write today

FOOT REMEDY CO., Dept. 34, 3661 Ogden Ave., Chicago

The "Womanly" Way To Remove Hair

El-Rado Sanitary Liquid

Washes the hair off by dissolving it. Women fairly revel in the comfort and cleanliness of hair-free underarms After using El-Rado chiffon sleeves can be worn without any dress shields. Entirely harmless. Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter Two sizes, 60c and $1.00. Money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps if dealer cannot supply you.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. H, 112 E. 19th St., N.Y.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 80 Colborne St., TORONTO
ARTHUR SALES LTD.

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What Is New in Initials and Monograms

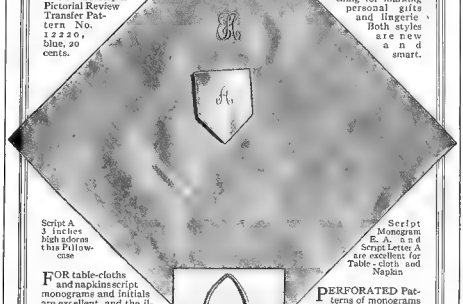
No. 579—
M. A. E.

No. 565—
M. R. T.

No. 12220—Pillow-case End. Old English B. 4 inches high.

THE use of monograms and initials on personal and household linens gives a distinctive touch. Some of the very newest are shown on this page including old English, script, block, etc. Illustrated is a pillow-case with old English initial B four inches high. The embroidery is Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12220, blue, 20 cents.

AT the top of the page are two very good-looking monograms, that at the left being Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 579, suitable for marking table and bed linens. At the right is Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 566, which is just the thing for marking personal gifts and lingerie. Both styles are new and smart.



Script A 3 inches high adorns this Pillow-case

Script Monogram E. A. and Script Letter A are excellent for Table-cloth and Napkin

FOR table-cloths and napkins script monograms and initials are excellent, and the illustration just above shows how they should be placed on the linens. Below is shown an embroidered pillow-case with a block initial. The embroidery on the pillow-case is Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12222, blue, 20 cents. A design for sheet also included.

PERFORATED Patterns of monograms Nos 579, 566, 568, 567, and 552 made to special order. Any two or three-letter monogram will be supplied in any style illustrated at these prices: ½, ¾, 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾, or 2 inches, 35 cents; 2¼, 2½, 2¾, or 3 inches, 40 cents, 3¼, 3½, 3¾, or 4 inches, 50 cents. Each added inch, 10c extra.

No. 568—B A S.

No. 12222—Pillow-case End with Block Letter H.

No. 567—
S. M. H.

No. 552—
H. S. B.

OLD English letter B; script A, block H shown may be had in any single letter in 5 sizes, ½, 1, 2, 3 and 4 inches, 15 cents.

Block Monogram M H

PERFORATED Script Monogram E. A. 1¾, 1¾, and 2 inches high, and Block Monogram M. H ¾, 1¼, and 3 inches, 15 cents each.

VICTORY'S REWARD
moans
VOLUME RESTORED

To every American business which, at the expense of quantity, maintained the full quality of its product throughout the war, peace brings restoration of normal volume.

When conservation cut our allotment of sugar in two, we cut down our output of Coca-Cola one-half in order to maintain its quality at 100 per cent. Nothing changed, cheapened, nor diluted, Coca-Cola remained "all there" from the beginning of the war to the end.

Pending readjustment of the world's sugar supply, our output of Coca-Cola will remain limited until the need of conservation shall no longer exist. Meanwhile Coca-Cola will live up to its past, and we, in common with other American business, look hopefully to restoration of the happy normal.

THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

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When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the delicate nail root, which become sore, rough and ragged

Soften and remove surplus cuticle without knife or scissors. See what a firm, smooth, even edge Cutex gives your cuticle without cutting

The wrong and the right way to manicure

"I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick and makes my nails look so much better"

Mary Hunt

CUTTING the cuticle is ruinous! When you cut the cuticle, you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

The right way to manicure

The right way to manicure is to soften and remove surplus cuticle without knife or scissors. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cutex, you realize how exactly it is what you have needed all along. It does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and leaves such a firm, smooth, even line at the base of your nails, you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

In five minutes the most delightful manicure you ever had

First, file your nails until they are just even with the finger tips and rounded. Then wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package), dip it into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. In a moment the dry, overgrown cuticle is softened. Rinse the fingers carefully in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

If you like snowy-white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails.

Finish your manicure with Cutex Cake Polish. This gives a delightful, softly brilliant polish.

Have you ever noticed this about your cuticle? In cold weather the cuticle often shows a tendency to become dry and rough after the hands have been put into water. When this happens, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to the base of the nails. The soothing cream will help to *keep* the cuticle soft and smooth.

Now look at your nails!

See how well-groomed they look, what a soft transparency they have! Notice the firm, smooth outline at their base.

Keep your nails looking well. Care for them regularly. Once or twice each week take five minutes to manicure your nails this way and you will never be bothered with coarse, overgrown, ragged cuticle or hangnails.

Cutex, the Cuticle Remover, comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c, and Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 35c.

A complete manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c for the complete manicure set shown below. It contains trial sizes of the Cutex Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish and Cutex Paste Polish, together with emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton—enough for several manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 203, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 203, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

"I have found Cutex the quickest and most effective way of taking care of my nails"

Celia Brady

A complete manicure set for 21c. Send for it today!

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 21c TODAY

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THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

Distinguished Screen and Stage Stars Who Have Graciously Posed for These Charming Gowns

FROM these fascinating photographs of Julia Sanderson, May Allison, and Josephine Whittell, a glimpse of new fashions for street, riding, and evening is obtained.

OF WINSOME charm, and a most appealing personality, May Allison, the widely-known Metro star, has won by her earnest work an enviable position as a moving-picture actress.

HERE is what, in screen parlance, might be called a "close-up" of the photograph of Julia Sanderson that is illustrated at the foot of the page (left). The hat is exquisitely dainty with transparent brim and ostrich trimming.

NOTHING could set off to better advantage the beauty of Miss Sanderson than this lovely frock of soft satin and chiffon, weighted with elaborate pearl embroidery. A distinctly new touch is introduced in the distended pocket sections at the sides, finished with a brad tassel.

HERE is a charming photograph of Julia Sanderson who has won new laurels by her work in "The Canary," one of the most successful of the season's musical comedies. Miss Sanderson wears an adorable frock of Georgette crêpe and silver lace.

IN THIS photograph Miss Sanderson posed in a natty riding habit that, tho it is the very essence of simplicity, gains from the personality of the wearer an inimitable chic.

FOR all the world like a beauty of the Directoire, Josephine Whittell looks in this photograph. Miss Whittell has gained a large circle of admirers by her delightful work in the musical comedy success "Giovanna." Her graceful figure is draped in a stunning gown of velvet with fur trimming, and her picturesque hat turns back in Napoleonic style, the brim covered with an uncurled ostrich plume.

Google

Chic Evening Gowns, Wraps, and Suits

8176—Ladies' Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. This is one of the new box jackets that are so jaunty for Spring wear.

8214 —Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 40 bust. Medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch velours de laine—5⅛ yards 36-inch satin for lining. A stunning wrap which in velours or duvetyn could be worn on the street, while in satin it would make a bandsome evening wrap. It has the new dolman sleeves, and is gathered below a yoke which extends down to form the panel front. High white kid laced boots could be worn with this.

Jacket 8175
Skirt 7830

Jacket 8212
Skirt 8215

Evening Blouse
8182
Tunic Skirt
7677

Wrap
8214

Coat 8179
Skirt 8215

8179

Evening
Blouse
7375
Skirt
8059

8182
7375
7677
8214
8059
8212
8215
8175
7630

Evening Blouse 7548
Skirt 8195

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

8199—Ladies' Wrap. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth—⅞ yard metal brocade for collar and cuffs—5¼ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. This is stunning enough for both afternoon and evening wear. The large collar is convertible and may be rolled high.

Evening Blouse 8197
Skirt 7908

Wrap 8199

8197
7908
7548
8195
8199

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Harbingers of the Spring and Summer Fashions Are these Models

8167—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7941—Ladies' One-piece Tunic Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch black satin—2⅝ yards 36-inch dotted net—1¼ yard 36-inch plain net—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Many of the newest evening frocks are fashioned of net over a foundation of satin. This garment is particularly pretty with the new kimono blouse closing at the back. The blouse has a tunic attached, but in this view it is omitted, as the skirt also has a tunic. For the tunic plain net is used trimmed with wide and narrow bands of dotted net. A single or double tunic may be selected for the skirt, and as both tunics are cut with straight lower edge, they may be fashioned of bordered fabrics or flouncing.

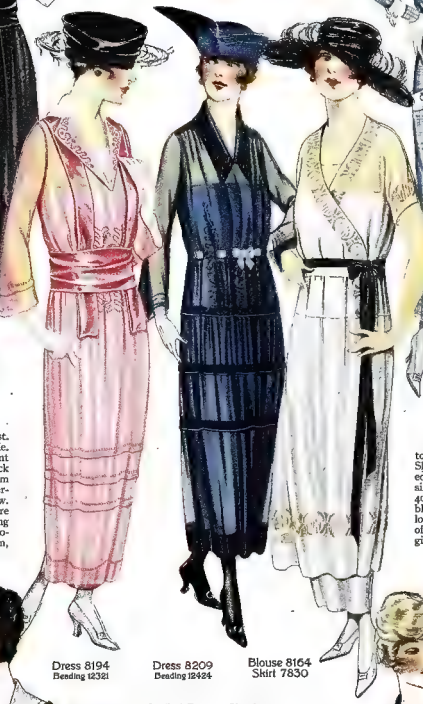
Dress 8210

Blouse 8167
Skirt 7941

Dress 8213

Blouse 8208
Skirt 8203
Beading 12372

8210—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch lavender voile. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Box plaits front and back relieve the plainness of this charming frock of lavender voile which is just the thing for Palm Beach wear. Later on it will form a dainty Summer-time frock. The flat circular collar is very new. Allowance is made for long one-piece sleeves which are perforated to be cut off and finished with flowing sections as illustrated. Under the belt the two-piece skirt is attached at natural waist-line. Yarn, silk, or soutache may be used for the embroidery.



Dress 8194
Beading 12321

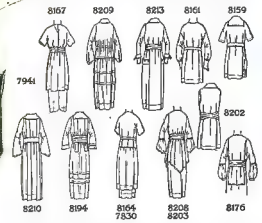
Dress 8209
Beading 12424

Blouse 8164
Skirt 7830

8208—Ladies' Peplum Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 8208—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch satin—3¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Beading No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Combined with a long narrow skirt of satin is this charming blouse of Georgette crêpe beaded, the peplum of which gives the effect of a short tunic.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

8194—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch rose-color Georgette crêpe—1½ yard 36-inch rose-color satin for girdle and trimming-bands. Beading No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer pattern, providing 3½ yards of 2½-inch border and 12 motifs. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Despite its universal acceptance Georgette crêpe is still among the most fashionable materials for Summer frocks as well as for early Spring frocks for indoor functions.



Blouse 8161

Blouse 8159

Overblouse 8202
Embroidery 12193

Blouse 8176
Beading 12465

8161—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen—⅛ yard Roman striped linen for belt. In the fashionable drop-shoulder style is this collarless slip-over blouse.

8202—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 18 years, 36 and 40 bust. Medium size requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch sports satin—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest. Embroidery No. 12193, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 41 motifs. Many of the new sports blouses are made like this in overblouse style to be worn over a separate blouse. The collar extends into long revers.

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Box Jackets and Chemise Frocks Are Among the Novelties

8185—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch check serge—⅞ yard 42-inch white cloth for collar. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. To relieve the plainness of this severely simple frock, a box plait is formed each side of the center-front and back. The dress closes at center-front, and a square collar finishes the open neck. The long plain sleeves which are illustrated are perforated to be cut off at the elbow and lengthened with flowing sections.

8180—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch navy blue satin—¾ yard 48-inch striped cloth for collar and sleeve facing. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Simple and practical tho it is, the diagonal closing and the novel sleeves give to this frock a distinctive style value.

8205—Ladies' Box Jacket. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch gabardine. No. 8143—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. So youthful and jaunty are these new box jacket suits that it is not to be wondered at that they are meeting with exceptional favor. This model features a novelty in the shaping of applied trimming pieces to form pockets. The skirt, too, is quite novel in style with a one-piece yoke having irregular lower outline. The skirt closes at left side-back.

8216—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch tricolet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Embroidery No. 12465, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The fashionable simplicity is a feature of this frock, but novelty is given by the outstanding pockets at the sides.

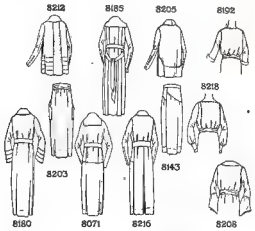
Jacket 8212
Skirt 8203

Dress 8071
Embroidery 12473

8212—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch navy blue serge—4½ yards braid. No. 8203—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Here is one of the new box jackets which are among the latest novelties for Spring wear. This model fastens in single-breasted style and has a long rolling collar. If preferred, however, the jacket may have small round collar with the fronts rolled to form revers. The skirt is a simple gathered model with two-inch raised waist-line, and closes at left side seam.

8071—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch duvetyn—⅝ yard white broadcloth for vest—⅝ yard black satin for collar and trimming. Embroidery No. 12473, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The new street frocks show the long straight lines that are emphasized in this attractive frock of green velours. The long-waisted bodice is in kimono style, as are many of the new models, with long plain sleeves, or three-quarter flowing sleeves. The joining of the two-piece skirt to the long-waisted body section is concealed by an attractive embroidery design worked out in points. The dress slips on over the head.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



Dress 8185

Jacket 8205
Skirt 8143

Dress 8216
Embroidery 12468

Dress 8180

Blouse 8192

Blouse 8218

Blouse 8208
Embroidery 12270

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Chic Frocks and Blouses that Reflect the Inspiration of Paris

8116—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch black satin—¾ yard white satin for collar. Braiding No. 12147, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3 yards of ⅛-inch border. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch black satin. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Paris decrees that Spring street frocks shall be cut on straight slim lines with the skirt frequently narrowing in toward the foot. Blouses, too, are frequently in kimono style like this model which closes in front. At center-front and back a panel is arranged, the front panel with an extension that forms a girdle.

8207—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch white gabardine—¼ yard 27-inch blue satin for collar. Embroidery No. 12095, blue or yellow transfer pattern supplying 3 yards of 1¼-inch border. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. For Southern wear frocks of white serge, gabardine, and tricotine are very smart, and a new fashion note is the use of collars in colored satin. The panel front of the blouse extends down to form the front gore of the skirt which widens out below the yoke at the sides to form the new pouch pockets. The back of the waist and skirt are cut in one. Allowance is made in the pattern for long plain sleeves which are perforated to be cut off as illustrated and lengthened with cuffs that flare out over the hand.

8174—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch navy blue gabardine. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Beading No. 12184, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 30 motifs.

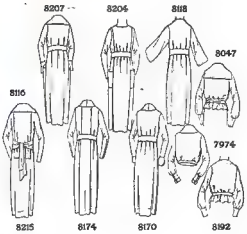
Dress 8204

Dress 8170

8204—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch broadcloth—15 yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A trimming of braid put on in slightly military style relieves the plainness of this one-piece frock which is made in panel style front and back, and closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front. The round collarless neck is outlined by a shaped trimming band.

8170—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yard 44-inch check worsted—½ yard 48-inch white cloth for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Check materials share favor with the plain serges, gabardines, and tricotines for Spring tailored frocks. This is a particularly effective one-piece model with yoke in front that extends down to form a panel. A shawl collar of white cloth finishes the open neck. This collar may have as a finish three rows of heavy machine-stitching in coarse silk, or if preferred, heavy yarn embroidery may be used in long and short stitch. In fact, many of the new Spring frocks of heavy silk and crêpe de Chine are embroidered in coarse yarn of contrasting color. With a frock like the one just described, pumps of soft kidskin, high white kid laced boots, or brown calfskin boots may be worn.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



Blouse 8116
Skirt 8215
Braiding 12147

Dress 8207
Embroidery 12095

Dress 8174
Beading 12184

Blouse 8047
Embroidery 12372

Blouse 8192
Embroidery 12467

Blouse 7974

Dress 8118
Braiding 12426

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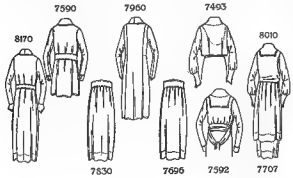
New Styles in Dresses, Suits, and Blouses for Stout Women

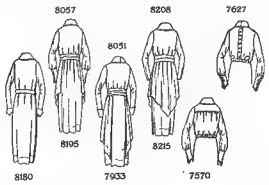
7590—Ladies' Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The suit in medium size requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch black satin—½ yard 36-inch white satin for collar. Tho belted in across the front this jacket shows the new loose box effect at the back. A notched collar may replace the shawl collar illustrated. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with long trimming pieces at the sides that are extensions of the belt.



7493—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch taffeta—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Braiding No. 11453, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Taffeta is one of the new Spring materials for blouses, and it is combined attractively here with Georgette crêpe.

8051 Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 7933—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch check taffeta—⅞ yard 36-inch black satin for collar and cuffs—⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest. Paris favors checks and plaids, and check silks make exceptionally pretty Spring frocks.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



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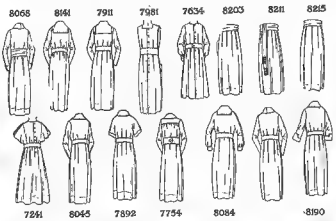
The Housewife Will Like these Practical Morning Dresses

7981—Ladies' Sleeveless Apron and Cap. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires for apron alone 3⅝ yards 36-inch check gingham. The pattern includes a cap which is not illustrated.

8045—Ladies' House-dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch percale—⅝ yard 36-inch white lawn for vest and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The round collar is rolled to form revers.

Apron 7981 — House-dress 8045



House-dress 7754 Embroidery 12460 — House-dress 7911 Embroidery 12460

8068—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch gabardine—⅝ yard 36-inch black satin for vest. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The straight simple lines of this frock are very attractive, for both house and street wear.

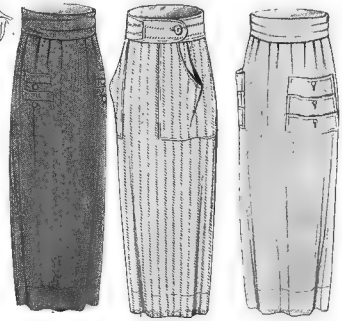
8141 -Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard white voile for collar—1¼ yard lace insertion. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Dress 8068 — Dress 8170 Emb. 12460 — House-dress 8141 — House-dress 8190

8170—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch linen. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Embroidery No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer pattern. A yoke that descends into a panel at center-front is an outstanding feature of this frock.

House-dress 7892 Embroidery 12460 — Apron 7241



Skirt 8215 — Skirt 8203 — Skirt 8211

Apron 7634 — House-dress 8084 Embroidery 12460

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Cleverly-Designed Blouses and Skirts

7815—Ladies' Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch figured voile. No. 8143—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 42-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard. This is a good looking blouse for sports wear to be slipped on over the head. The skirt is a one-piece model attached to an oddly shaped yoke showing the new diagonal outline. It is a good skirt for general wear.

Blouse 7815
Skirt 8143

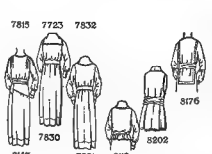
Blouse 7723
Skirt 7830
Embroidery 1336

Blouse 7832
Skirt 7831

Blouse 8112

Overblouse 8202
Braiding 11516

Blouse 8176
Braiding 12471



7723—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard rose-color Georgette for trimming. Embroidery No. 11335, blue or yellow transfer pattern. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch plaid. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Plaid is one of the favorite fabrics for Spring skirts and it makes up admirably in models like this one. The belt has extensions at each side.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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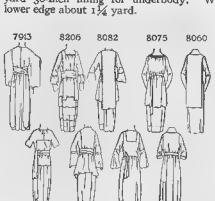
Again We Have the Evening Frock of Formal Beauty

8163 Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2¾ yards lace for trimming—3 yards velvet ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Beading No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 24 motifs. There is a most engaging simplicity to this little dance frock of Georgette crêpe banded at the bottom with filet lace. The gathered blouse has short kimono sleeves and closes at the back.

7913—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch black satin for girdle and panels—4⅝ yards 40-inch dotted black net—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. A simple back-closing blouse and gathered skirt of finely dotted black net, form this dainty frock. A new touch is given by the bodice-girdle and swinging panels of satin, and the wide sleeves are very novel in style.

8206 Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 40-inch organdy—4⅜ yards lace banding—¼ yard satin for girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Delightfully girlish in style is this tucked organdy frock with no trimming save bretelles of embroidered net or lace, and the satin girdle. A choice is offered of square and round neck outlines and the closing is at left side seam. The blouse is arranged over a front-closing underbody and the skirt closes at left side.

8075 Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard 40-inch figured Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.



8193—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor—3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 6 yards of 4-inch border. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Here is the new bouffant tunic attractively worked out in this afternoon frock of Georgette and crêpe meteor. The collarless blouse is in the fashionable kimono style, with front, back, and flowing sleeves cut in one. Over the skirt is arranged a short tunic tacked to form a bouffant effect.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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New Spring Frocks Are Slim and Straight of Line

8131—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 44-inch blue serge—⅝ yard beige serge for trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding No. 11290, blue or yellow transfer pattern supplying 4 yards of 1-inch border. The outstanding feature of this smart street frock of blue serge is the pocket effect at the sides of the skirt formed by draping the skirt up at center-front. The waist closes at left shoulder and underarm.

Dress 8183
Braiding 11601

Dress 8171

Dress 8121

Dress 8147
Embroidery 12372

Dress 8131
Braiding 11290

8188—Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch tricolet. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding No. 11601, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 5 yards of 2-inch border. No lining is required for this chic frock which closes at left side - front and is plaited front and back. A long shawl collar finishes the open neck, and short one - piece sleeves lengthened by straight bands may replace the long sleeves illustrated.

Dress 8178

8171—Misses' One - piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Here is another attractive one-piece frock. The front is in panel style, the panel an extension of the square yoke. The closing is at left side-front, and the neck finish is a shawl collar. Two styles of sleeves are provided.

Dress 7802

Dress 8128
Embroidery 12473

Dress 7856

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

8121—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin for skirt—2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The front of the skirt of this smart dress has a panel extension which is continued up onto the long-waisted blouse. A plaited frill of Georgette crêpe finishes the collarless neck.

8147—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern. One of the fashionable tunic blouses forms part of this frock of wool Jersey, the blouse with embroidered border.

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Box Jackets and Dolman Wraps Are Spring Novelties High in Favor

8041 — Misses' Single - breasted Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—3½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. No. 7773—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires for plain skirt without jumper attachment 1¾ yard 54-inch wool Jersey. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. For the first cool days of early Spring here is a smart suit to be fashioned of wool Jersey in overseas blue or one of the fashionable tan shades. The jacket has a panel front and back, and a convertible collar which may be worn low as illustrated, or draped high to the neck.

Jacket 8187
Skirt 7714

Jacket 8196
Skirt 7773

Dress 8026
Braiding 12470

Jacket 8041
Skirt 7773

Jacket 8217
Skirt 7714

8026 — Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires for dress with gathered skirt and flowing sleeve as illustrated 4 yards 44-inch Poiret twill. Braiding No. 12470, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Oval collarless neck-line, flowing sleeves, panel front and back-closing mark this frock of blue twill as being up-to-the-minute in style. Instead of the flowing sleeves plain sleeves may be selected, and an accordion-plaited skirt may be substituted for the gathered one illustrated.

8187 — Misses' Box Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. No. 7714 - Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch blue serge. Here is the new box jacket suit that is having such a vogue particularly for young girls. There is something especially jaunty and youthful about the style of these box jackets that appeals to the younger set. A dart on the shoulders in front gives a smooth fit, while the lines hang perfectly straight. Serge, gabardine, or tricotine may be selected for making the suit.

Wrap 8214

8196—Misses' Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. No. 7773—Misses' Two-piece Suspender Skirt. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch check worsted. This is another type of the fashionable box jacket. In this model there are applied trimming sections that form pockets. The front of the jacket is underfaced and rolled to form revers extending into a round collar. The plain sleeves that are illustrated are perforated to be cut off and finished with bell-shaped sections. The skirt may be worn with or without the suspender attachment.

Dress 7730

Dress 7845
Braiding 12443

8214—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap or Dolman. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 40 bust. Small size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Pom pom cloth—4¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. This is one of the novelties of the season, a coat with dolman sleeves, which in cloth is suitable for street wear, while fashioned of velvet it makes a handsome afternoon wrap.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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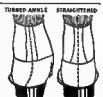

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Here Are Delightful Little Party Frocks

8144—Girls' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 4⅛ yards 27-inch piqué—3 yards black velvet ribbon for belt—1 yard embroidered banding. Embroidery No. 12148, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Scallop No. 11661, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8188—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Nine sizes, 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch flowered organdy—1 yard 40-inch plain organdy—4¼ yards net ruffling. Embroidery No. 12428, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The embroidery appears on the bretelles only. For party or best wear this frock is ideal made without lining and closing at the back. The waist is tucked in front, and may have round or square neck. The bretelles extend into a collar across the back, and in front they are carried down on the skirt underneath girdle.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

7985—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch figured voile—¾ yard 36-inch plain voile for trimming—2 yards lace. Scallop No. 11979, blue transfer pattern providing 3 yards of ¾ and ⅜-inch scallops. Plain and printed Georgette crêpe would also combine well. The dress closes at the back and may have round or square neck, and long or short sleeves.

8201—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 40-inch dotted organdy for collar and cuffs. Scallop No. 11659, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 6 yards of ⅝-inch scallops. Among the new frocks there is nothing cuter than this little kimono model with surplice bodice drawn around the waist-line to form a girdle.

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7803 Ladies' Dressing sack Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 27 inch albatross—⅝ yard 27-inch figured crêpe for collar and girdle. A large square collar finishes the open neck of this dressing-sack which has short kimono sleeves. The pockets may be omitted.

Camisole 7880
Drawers 8120
Embroidery 11741

Negligée 8029

Dressing-sack 7803

Combination 8139

Nightgown 8172

Nightgown 8127

Combination 7976

Pajamas 8181
Embroidery 12404

Pajamas 8044

Negligée 7633

Negligée 7348

7880—Ladies' Camisole. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. No. 8120—Ladies' Two piece Drawers. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 26, 30, and 34 waist. Together they form a combination which illustrated in small size requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch flesh-color batiste. Embroidery No. 11741, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 36 sprays.

Dress Sleeves 8200

7976—Ladies' Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard ribbon. V neck and armholes may be substituted for the straight top and shoulder straps illustrated

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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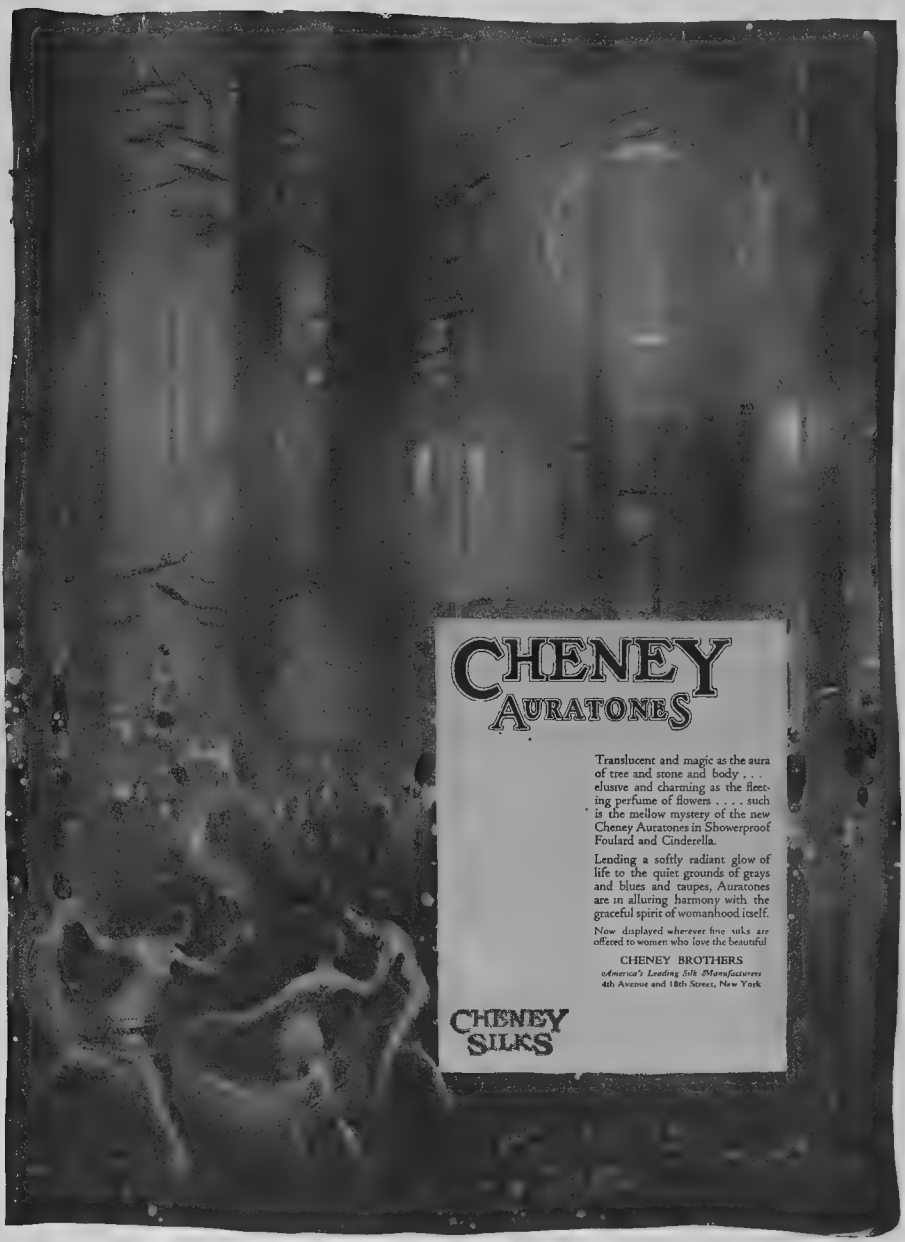
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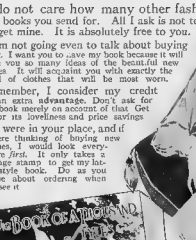

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

8212—Ladies' Box Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch check velours —¾ yard 54-inch plain velours for collar. Delightfully youthful are the new box jackets with their straight lines. There are many different types of these jackets, some buttoning to the neck, others like this model with low front opening finished with a rolling collar. Instead of this collar the, the fronts may be rolled to form small revers.

8179 -Ladies' Three-quarter Length Coat. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch army cloth. Length at center-back 36½ inches No 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch plaid. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The coat buttons in double-breasted style and is finished with a shawl collar. At the left side seam the skirt closes.

8182—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7877—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch figured Georgette crêpe —1⅜ yards 36-inch black satin—⅜ yard lace—3¼ yards silver braid. Again we have the formal evening gown which during the war was in temporary eclipse. This is a charming model with surplice bodice and tunic of the new figured Georgette crêpe. The blouse closes at the back

7875—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 8059—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor for overblouse and drapery—2⅜ yards 40-inch brocaded chiffon for bodice and skirt. Very lovely are the new evening gowns. This model combines crêpe meteor with brocaded chiffon. The waist is in surplice style closing under the left arm and arranged in jumper style over a front-closing underbody.

7548—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 8195—Ladies' Draped Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch black satin for foundation—¾ yards 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for surplice blouse and tunic sections—2 yards silver flouncing—1¼ yard silver lace for waist —⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

8197—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7908—Ladies' Two piece Skirt with Draped Tunic. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch chiffon velvet—1½ yard silver brocaded satin 1 yard silver lace banding—1 yard 40-inch white Georgette—2¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and cap of skirt Attractive features of this evening gown are the draped bodice girdle that extends into a deep point.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

8209—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch navy blue voile—1 yard satin for trimming bands and collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Beading No. 12254, blue or yellow transfer pattern. A simple frock for afternoon wear that shows the fashionable low waist-line and back closing. The waist is elaborately beaded, and the two-piece gathered skirt which has straight lower edge may be made with or without tucks

8164—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No 7830—Ladies' Two piece Gathered Skirt Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 36-inch white voile—2 yards banding. A charming Summer frock which is suitable for Palm Beach wear showing the fashionable diagonal closing and kimono sleeves which may be short as illustrated, or may be lengthened by flowing sections. The pattern provides a full-length dress, but there are perforations for shortening it as illustrated to be worn over a separate skirt.

8213—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 36 inch voile for trimming. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yard. Gingham has lost none of its vogue for Summer frocks, and this model is charmingly simple yet with a distinctive style all its own. The square necked blouse closes at left side-front, and a choice is offered of long and short sleeves.

8159—Ladies' Slip-over Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch linen —⅝ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and shield.

8176—Ladies' Collarless Kimono Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Beading No. 12465, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Many new style notes are incorporated in this charming blouse, notably the oval collarless neck-line, the panel front descending below the girdle to form a peplum, and the kimono sleeves lengthened by puffs in 1830 style.

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THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

8192—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Here is one of the new collarless blouses tucked on the shoulders and closing on the left shoulder and at left side-front. Long sleeves are provided perforated for shorter length

8218—Ladies' Collarless Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch voile—¾ yard ribbon. The fashionable oval collarless neck-line is a smart feature of this blouse, and the panel front as well as the band of ribbon drawn through a slash are also new. The closing is at left side-front.

8208—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Embroidery No. 12270, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

8118—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch tricot. Braiding No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Here is another of the simple frocks for which PICTORIAL REVIEW has won nation-wide prestige. This model closes very much to one side, and the open neck may be collarless or finished with a shawl collar.

8047—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard satin for cuffs and trimming. Embroidery No. 12272, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8196—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Embroidery No. 12407, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The closing of this charming blouse is arranged on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

7974—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile. A rolling collar may be substituted for the shawl collar illustrated.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

7592—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest. Braiding No. 11602, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8176—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch serge—¼ yard 27-inch crêpe de Chine for collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding No. 11653, blue or yellow transfer pattern. There is nothing smarter for Spring than these simple one-piece frocks fashioned of serge, gabardine, or as shown in the next model, check materials. This is made with a yoke that descends into a panel at center-front.

8180—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch check cloth—¾ yard 36-inch satin for shawl collar and vestee. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A small round collar may replace the shawl collar illustrated, and two styles of sleeves are provided.

7970—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar. Embroidery No. 12467, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

7987—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch beige voile—¾ yard 36-inch blue voile for collar and trimming.

7906—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch serge—¼ yard 36-inch satin for shawl collar. No. 7707—Two-piece Cathedral Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. For the stout woman no better looking suit can be found than this model which gives the length of line so desirable. The blouse has a panel back which narrows the effect of width, and is belted across the front. Instead of the shawl collar, a large square collar may be worn.

8010—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 7707—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Beading No. 12379, blue or yellow transfer pattern. This frock of Georgette crêpe and satin will form a very valuable addition to the stout woman's wardrobe, as it may be worn to all sorts of afternoon functions and to informal social affairs in the evening.

8208—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 8015—Ladies' Two-piece Cathedral Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Beading No. 12193, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Here is another attractive frock for afternoon wear.

8057—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 8195—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch black satin—2¾ yard 36-inch white satin for vest and tunic facing—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves. Embroidery No. 12270, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Handsome enough for afternoon social functions yet not too elaborate for street wear is this frock of black and white satin.

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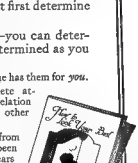

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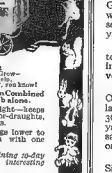

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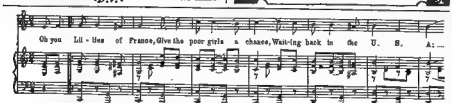

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

8190—Ladies' House or Morning Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch figured percale—5¾ yard 32-inch gingham for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. For the housewife nothing could be neater than this frock of figured percale which closes diagonally.

7754—Ladies' House-dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 32-inch chambray. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Embroidery No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

7911—Ladies' Morning Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 27-inch plaid gingham—⅞ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Embroidery No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

7892—Ladies' and Misses' Apron. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 5⅜ yards 27-inch chambray—⅞ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar. Embroidery No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer.

7241—Ladies' and Misses' Work Apron. Sizes 32, 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch percale.

8216—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yard. A practical skirt for separate wear.

8203—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch striped serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8211—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

7834—Ladies' and Misses' Apron. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36, and 42 bust. Medium size requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch plaid.

8084—Ladies' House-dress. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires for apron with short sleeves 3½ yards 36-inch striped percale—⅝ yard 32-inch white lawn for collar and belt. Cross-stitch No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer pattern. There is no reason why even the most busy of house-wives should not have an ample supply of simple little house-dresses like this, as they certainly are easy to make.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

7832—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch voile. No. 7831—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8112—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch check voile—⅝ yard 36-inch plain voile for collar and trimming.

8202—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 18 years, and 36 and 40 bust. Medium size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch figured voile—⅝ yard white satin for vest. Braiding No. 17514, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8176—Ladies' Collarless Kimono Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch voile. Braiding No. 18471, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

8082—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch taffeta for foundation dress—2¾ yards 36-inch plain silk net—2¾ yard 36-inch dotted net—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Taffeta is being revived for afternoon and evening frocks, and in this model it is charmingly combined with plain and dotted silk net. Round neck may be substituted for the fashionable collarless neck.

8180—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch black crêpe meteor—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The vogue of figured and printed Georgette crêpe is increasing all the time, and it may be used for an entire frock, or as in this case, combined with plain Georgette.

8090—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch charmeuse — 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Beading No. 12493, blue or yellow transfer pattern, providing 2¼ yards of 1¾- and ¾-inch borders.

8082—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch taffeta for foundation dress—2¾ yards 36-inch plain silk net—2¾ yard 36-inch dotted net—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Taffeta is being revived for afternoon and evening frocks, and in this model it is charmingly combined with plain and dotted silk net. Round neck may be substituted for the fashionable collarless neck.

8180—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch black crêpe meteor—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The vogue of figured and printed Georgette crêpe is increasing all the time, and it may be used for an entire frock, or as in this case, combined with plain Georgette.

8090—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch charmeuse — 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Beading No. 12493, blue or yellow transfer pattern, providing 2¼ yards of 1¾- and ¾-inch borders.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

7802—Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. Width at lower edge of double-breasted dress about 1¾ yard; of single-breasted dress about 1⅝ yard.

8128—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch gabardine—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Embroidery No. 12473, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

7856—Misses' and Juniors' Dress. Nine sizes, 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard.

8179—Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Box plaits are inserted each side of the center-front and back of this good-looking frock which may have a sailor or rolling collar, and long plain sleeves or three-quarter length sleeves.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

8217—Misses' Single-breasted Box Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. No. 7714—Misses Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch satin—1 yard braid for trimming.

7730—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 44-inch check cloth—⅝ yard 44-inch white cloth for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

7845—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch blue serge—⅜ yard white organdy for vest. Braiding No. 12443, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

7972—Child's Dress. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 3½ yards 27-inch figured cotton crêpe—¾ yard 27-inch plain crêpe for trimming. Below a square yoke this little frock is gathered front and back. Long sleeves are provided in the pattern with perforations for shortening.

8098—Juniors' One-piece Dress. Three sizes, 13, 15, and 17 years. Size 13 requires 3 yards 36-inch wool Jersey.

8173—Child's Empire Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 27-inch striped cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 27-inch plain cotton crêpe.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

8139—Ladies' Brassiere Combination. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch nainsook—⅝ yard lace banding. The woman of full figure will find this an admirable combination, the upper part taking the place of a brassiere.

8172—Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 3½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Rows of shirring on the front of this nightgown give a dainty trimming touch. The neck is square in front.

8127—Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard wide, 1¾ yard narrow filet banding.

8181—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards plain crêpe georgette crêpe. Embroidery No. 12404, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8044—Ladies' One-piece Pajamas. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2¾ yards 44-inch nainsook—4¾ yards Valenciennes edging.

7638—Ladies' Negligée. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3 yards 27-inch allover shadow lace—1¾ yard picot-edge ribbon.

7848—Ladies' Negligée. Sizes 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 27-inch figured cotton crêpe—3½ yards satin ribbon for trimming-bands.

8090—Ladies' Dress. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires for any sleeve 1 yard 40-inch material.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

6511—Child's Set of Short Clothes. Five sizes, ½ to 4 years. Size 2 requires for the dress illustrated 1⅞ yard 36-inch gingham. The set consists of a dress, petticoat, sack, and one-piece drawers.

8160—Babies' and Children's Caps. Five sizes, ½ to 4 years. Size 2 requires for cap No. 1 as illustrated at right—⅛ yard 36-inch poplin—¼ yard 27-inch silk for lining. For cap No. 2 illustrated at left, size 2 requires ⅛ yard 36-inch poplin —¼ yard 27-inch silk for lining.

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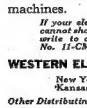

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We think you know they are not. Teeth still discolor, still decay. Tartar still forms on them. And most folks at some time, despite their brushing, suffer pyorrhea.

Statistics show that tooth troubles are constantly increasing, yet the tooth brush never was so widely used as now.

Science has found the reason. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which you feel with your tongue. That causes most tooth troubles.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that film is your teeth's great enemy.

You brush teeth and think you have cleaned them. But much of that film remains. It clings to the teeth, gets in crevices, hardens and stays. It is doing a ceaseless damage, while you ignore it, relying on tooth-brush protection.

There is now a way to combat that film —a way proved and approved by many high authorities. It is easily used and as pleasant as any other tooth paste, but it does what nothing else can do.

That way is called Pepsodent. We urge you to try it, then decide for yourself if you want it.

A 10-Day Revelation

What we urge is a 10-day test. It will cost you nothing. Compare the results with your present results, and decide which you prefer.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it. Then, day by day, to prevent its accumulation.

The use of pepsin seems simple, but it long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. Today it is possible because science has found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents on it.

Dental authorities subjected Pepsodent to every form of clinical test. Years were spent in proving it before it was offered to users. Today its results are known beyond question, and dentists all over America are urging its adoption.

See what it does. Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Do this for your own sake. See the effects, read the reasons for them, then judge if you want them continued. A delightful surprise awaits you. Cut out the coupon now.

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Making a New Start

By MARTHA KEELER

SCORES of women who, according to their own account, formerly were well-to-do, write me that the wolf is at the door. In many cases the distress of poverty is augmented by illness or loss of family. While explicit in statements that concern the past, regarding the future they are usually vague. That widows often are ignorant of the value of money—especially if Friend Husband was wont to hold the purse—that they are bewildered by the prospect of providing for themselves and deficient ideas of ways and means to earn, is not to be wondered at; to make terms with life anew and on a basis wholly different is, for those who have spent many years in the shelter of the home, extremely difficult. But vagueness must be banished if success is to be won.

In my school-days the teacher used to send us to the blackboard, in algebra class, to copy problems from the book and work them out; when the tasks were finished the whole class, guided by the teacher, inspected the results. And I recall that many who failed of the right answer had no chance from the first, since in copying from the book they had been inaccurate: the whole thing was wrong because they started wrong.

Many correspondents, in acknowledging that they are middle-aged, complain of being doomed to failure just on that account: "If I were only young and beautiful," writes Mrs. H——, "I could easily find work. But nobody takes any interest in the middle-aged." To my mind this initial blunder occasions most of the error later on. In general we find what we are looking for; between friends the bond strengthens with the years, while the view-point of new acquaintances—in business as well as social life—is influenced not so much by the bunch of birthdays a woman has acquired as by her own character, attainments, attitude.

IF MIDDLE-AGE has a bad name, is it not due largely to the inflexibility and imperiousness of the middle-aged? With the years we should grow in grace. But the mature woman who heretofore has lived happily at home and never been in competition with any one, frequently on entering the labor market overestimates her worth. Too often she does not esteem the dignity of honest work; if through lack of ability or lack of training she is forced to accept employment that she mistakenly calls "menial," she thinks it a disgrace! If she has been "educated" in the fripperies of a fashionable finishing-school, she resents the fact that business firms pay only for such education as makes workers valuable to them. With no special training nor aptitude she often expects employers to reward, with a sizable pay-envelop, qualities which made her treasured by her family. Reading letters from the middle-aged I often come upon these words, "I am willing to do anything." But investigation frequently reveals that this means "anything that offers me a liberal salary for conducting myself as I used to do in my own drawing-room."

In regard to training, she who has seen better days is sometimes supercilious. One correspondent on whom I had urged the necessity of qualifying for well-paid work replied, "Unhappily at this time funds for the attractive projects you suggest are not available." Adequate preparation is more than "an attractive project," it is a requirement indispensable. And the trouble they frequently experience in making a new start the middle-aged are not always, nor exclusively, responsible. But it lies with them to prove their fitness for any post desired.

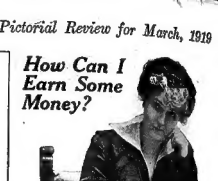
While the years bring—or should bring —wisdom and judgment, they are liable to rob us of courage and initiative. Beginning life anew at Halfway House demands discernment and also bravery. If our case is desperate and we seek the saving remedy, we must count the cost and be prepared to pay it even if it calls for our last cent.

The Man Who Causes Most Trouble in the World

THE man who does the most harm in the world is the grouch. We affirm this in the most positive manner, knowing its truth from extensive observation and bitter experience. The grouch turns the most innocent of pleasures into a blue tangle of tragedy; he dampens up the generous impulses, fills people about him with anxious and troubled thoughts and is the arch-assassin of enthusiasm, thus furnishes the motive power for all great things.

The man who commits crimes against society is frequently an egotist. His range of destruction is limited and his career short. We can walk abroad any fine day without danger of being shot or robbed, but the grouch is ever near us. His method to roam at large, his baleful influence may, like a dark cloud, encircle over us at any moment. There is no cure for the grouch. The mere suggestion that he is one, the suggestion that he get over it, only fills him with apprehension and makes him worse. He is a man gone blind, for he fails utterly to see the pain he causes to others. It is sufficient to say of him that the greatest happiness he could ever reach would be to make everybody else like himself.

How Can I Earn Some Money?



How can I, a woman with no previous experience, earn the money necessary to the welfare and happiness of myself and those dependent upon me?

This perplexing question has been answered to the entire satisfaction of thousands of women and can be answered for you just as satisfactorily. We have shown them a pleasant, dignified way of obtaining needed money. In this work, admirably suited to a woman's tastes and ability, you may devote all or part of your time and be sure of handsome returns for every hour so engaged.

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Sulfo Solution

Simple, Safe and Easy to Use

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BOOKS AND READING

For the Leisure Hours

BY

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

A VARIED list of books greets us this month. Stories of travel, mystery tales, satirical novels, in fact one has only to choose, for every possible type of book is represented. Among the new novels that stand out is "The Winds of Chance," by Rex Beach (Harper & Bros.). This is another tale of the frozen North, of high adventure, and with a plot that holds one spellbound from start to finish. For one who likes this author, his new novel will prove a rare treat indeed. Contrasted with this is "The Magnificent Ambersons," Booth Tarkington's new novel of typical American life (Doubleday, Page). It does not deal with adventure, aside from the adventure we meet with every day, but it holds one's interest just the same, for there is not a single character in its pages whom we have not known well in some friend or acquaintance of our own lives.

SIMPLE village stories are always interesting, because they get down so close to bed-rock where human motives are concerned. "Shavings," by Joseph Lincoln (D. Appleton), is one of the most delightful village characters sketched in a long time, and needs not even the reputation of other Lincoln's Cape Cod people to make him live long in the hearts of the people who know him.

MANY people have been looking forward to a new novel by William Allen White, and at last we have it. "In the Heart of a Fool" (MacMillan) is what is called an American novel, but it deals with more than surface problems. The book is extremely long and takes up in detail the cause and effect of a big strike, and its relation to the people. Altho the novel is wordy and didactic, in a sense its purpose is big and the problems it discusses are very real and vital ones.

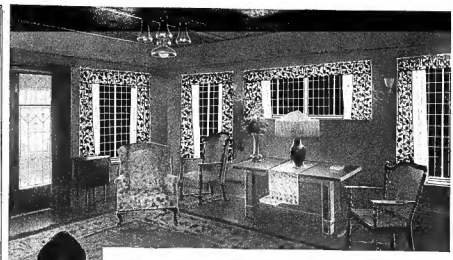
"WILD APPLES" (Doran), by the author of that very enthralling book of a year or so back, "The Straight Road," does not in any sense fulfil the promise shown in the earlier novel. Aside from the California atmosphere, which is very well done, the book is almost trashy, dealing as it does with a most impossible pair of children grown to know anything about the comedy and tragedy of love.

"ESMERALDA," by Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen (Lippincott), is a frothy little tale about a girl and a dog who alternately shock and amuse the queer, convention-draped people of what is supposed to be New York society. This book is so very light that it would have some trouble in holding even the most casual of readers to the printed page. However, we assume that the authors intended it to be frivolous. Occasionally a book does appear on the horizon that seems to fall midway between solid reading and real humor.

"NIGHTS in London," by Thomas Burke (Henry Holt), is a book of short stories written in almost essay form. There is very little of the fiction element about any of these, even the few characters that are introduced do not have anything in particular happen to them during the narrative, they are brought in chiefly to add atmosphere. For those who were fascinated by the appeal in "Limehouse Nights," this book will be a disappointment, but it will appeal widely to the connoisseur of atmosphere, who will consult it almost like a Baedecker.

FOR the lover of clever satire, George Bronson Howard has given us a series of sketches called "Birds of Prey" (W. J. Watt & Co.), for hearts, as a sub-title. "Pages from the Book of Human Nature" and we feel, after perusing the book, that Mr. Howard knows his Broadway well. The tales of chorus girls, chorus men and the like would be more interesting if they were handled more humanly and with not so much of a desire to sneer on the part of the author. They are interesting, however, from the standpoint of the stage, and many well-known characters live in the pages.

ALTHO the war is over now, it has taught us many valuable lessons. Among these there will be none of more lasting value to the women of America than that of food conservation. In fact we shall never again return to the old extravagant ways practised before the war initiated a more rigid list of rules. Three little inexpensive cookbooks have been prepared by Mrs. C. Bailey Allen, author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook Book," and embodying the best of the recipes which she developed to meet the war demands for the use of wheat-, meat-, and sugar-substitutes. The books are called, "Mrs. Allen's Book of Wheat Substitutes," "Meat-Substitutes," and "Sugar-Substitutes" (Small, Maynard). These recipes will be of great value to the housewife who wishes to play an intelligent part in the new era of cooking which is bound to follow the better food habits the war has given us.



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are the most economical you can buy as well as the most practical. They don't dent or twist—stay like new for years—never need replacing. They permit many changes in draping design, without changing rods. Made in white, velvet brass, oxidized copper. FIT ANY WINDOW. The most satisfactory rod for French doors or casement windows. Easy to put up, easy to take down. No knobs. No fussy brackets. The ends curve gracefully to small, neat brackets, invisible in use, leaving liberal shade room.

Kirsch-Kraft Novelty Curtains

are ready-to-hang curtains of excellent quality—cut by the thread and painstakingly made. Look for the Kirsch label.

Kirsch Flat Rods readily slip through the seams of the curtains with the aid of the Kirsch Pilot or thimble. See the above picture.

Ask Your Dealer

to show you Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods. They are sold in extension style—adjustable to fit all windows—or cut to length to fit your windows. Both styles supplied in single, double or triple rods. More durable and practical than solid brass round rods yet cost less.

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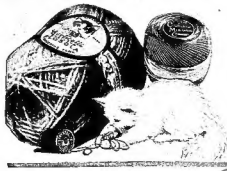

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